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ABRAHAM'S 'HOME TOWN'

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And they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan.
— GENESIS XI. 31

I

READERS of the Bible will not need to be reminded that Ur is mentioned in a passage that occurs not far from the beginning of the Book of Genesis. It is one of the substantial facts contained in that Book of Beginnings, a long-forgotten fact that is now being verified in the most miraculous way as excavation proceeds and we see the ancient city emerging from the sands that have covered it for ages. The eleventh chapter of Genesis is a most arresting human document, recording as it does the beginning of a great adventure. It opens with the building of the Tower of Babel and it ends with the simple statement that Abraham went out from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan — that is to say, the land we call Palestine to-day. We are not told at this point why Abraham emigrated with his family from Ur, and we are left at liberty to assume, if we choose, that his motive was not different from that of many emigrants in all times and places, and that he left the city of his fathers to seek a home among strangers and to be the founder of a new inheritance, under

that divine guidance that becomes his ruling motive and his chief incentive as his adventurous journey continues and as his astonishing story develops.

Abraham may have had other reasons for leaving Ur. We shall never know, but it is worthy of passing note that he did not depart by divine mandate. That came to him later. He and his father Terah, and his nephew Lot, and Sarai, his wife, and their little band of followers traveled north till many days' journey lay between them and the city they had left, 'and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there,' and Terah, Abraham's father, died in Haran. It was then that he received the commandment that was to remain throughout the rest of his life his supreme possession and guiding principle — the mandate for Palestine, 'the land of Canaan,' for himself and for his posterity forever; for it was made known to him at Haran that he would become a great nation. To phrase it in modernist fashion, his Oriental imagination became possessed with that idea and he formed the

purpose of making the dream come true. So he left Haran and continued his journey.

We are assuming that Abraham was a real person; and indeed, though his name has not yet been found on any contemporary document, it is probable that such a person lived about the time assigned to him in the Scriptures. 'And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.'

Here for the time being we may take leave of the Bible, for we are not now concerned with the wanderings of the Patriarch, but with the history of his birthplace, Ur of the Chaldees. That city is not again mentioned in the Book of Genesis. To fill up the blank we must turn to some of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times — the finding of buried records extending backward to a period four thousand years before Christ, and the yet more miraculous discovery of the key to these writings.

But why should a city of such considerable antiquity be called 'of the Chaldees'? The Chaldeans are known to have been a small Semitic tribe of which nothing is heard till a relatively late date, whereas Ur, till long after its prime, was a city of the Sumerians, who were neither small nor late nor Semitic, but a great people who played their part before any Semites appeared on the Mesopotamian plain. The explanation is simple. The Book of Genesis was written long after the Sumerians had fallen on evil days, when the Chaldeans lived in some of their cities. The Persians were then masters of the land; and the captive Jews in Babylon, learning that the Chaldeans lived at Ur, called it Ur of

the Chaldees, and in compiling the Book of Genesis so wrote its name. But Ur was then a city fallen from its place and power. It was in a half-ruinous condition, and Babylon had long since confirmed its supremacy over all cities, however ancient. To the Jews of the Captivity, it was Ur of the Chaldees, the heritage of a small tributary tribe; but to their father Abraham, fifteen hundred years before, it had been a royal city of the Sumerians, and the tradition that he, a Semite, was born there would involve the presumption that at an early date it harbored aliens of the race that actually came into possession of it in its later and less glorious days.

Before laying down our Bible and taking up the pick and shovel to pursue our proper quest, let us bear in mind the fact that the Book of Genesis, the Book of Beginnings, depicts the valley of the Euphrates as the cradle of civilization. To-day men are at work turning over the sands of that desolated valley, and in the light of their labors the plain watered by the Euphrates is revealed once more as the place where civilization began. Indeed, that desert plain might itself be described to-day as the new-found Book of Beginnings, because as the excavators go on turning over layer after layer of sand, as one turns the pages of a book, they read backward through millennium after millennium, in clear and tangible outlines, a wonderful story that carries us toward the very dawn of what we know as history. It was not a false dawn, for the light that rose on the Sumerian horizon, though many times obscured by storm cloud and eclipse, has never been totally extinguished. It penetrates our own historical background and survives in some of the replenished lamps of our religious and economic life.

II

Ur of the Chaldees was one of the oldest cities in the Euphrates Valley. It was situated about ten miles west of the river, surrounded by the desert; and, till our excavations began, its ruins were completely covered by the sand that wrapped itself around the towers and temples and palaces as one wraps a flower bed with litter in the autumn to protect it from the weather. This wrapping-up in the desert sand has preserved the ruins from total obliteration; for Ur was lost to human knowledge, swallowed up in the desert, its very name forgotten, for more than two thousand years.

To understand how that name came to be restored to the pages of history and geography we must come down to the middle of the nineteenth century, when the circle of human knowledge was rapidly widening, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great archaeologist, was traveling down the valley of the Euphrates and through the neighboring land of Persia. Searching for clues to the past, he picked up some writings on stone and on clay tablets, in an unknown language and in strange characters. His discovery of the key to these writings is one of the great triumphs of the human intellect. Since then thousands of similar documents have been unearthed, and these obscure records can be read by scholars to-day about as readily as we read the equally obscure headlines in a newspaper. Among these documents, preserved for ages in the sand, were some that mentioned the city of Ur, gave the names of some of its kings, and enabled Sir Henry Rawlinson and others to go to the very spot where the proud city once stood and stir the sand and conjure up the hidden secret of the Arabian desert. That was the magical beginning of our late recovery of the lost history of Ur.

I have said that the discovery of the lost key was one of the triumphs of human ingenuity; but, like many great discoveries, it looks very simple when you know how it was done. The writings are inscribed in characters called cuneiform, because they are wedge-shaped. We know now that they were invented more than six thousand years ago by the Sumerians and adopted by their successors, the Babylonians, who employed these cuneiform signs to write documents in their own language, a language entirely different from that of the Sumerians. Much later still the Persians borrowed and employed these symbols to reduce to writing their own language, the Persian. The Persian kings, when they wrote inscriptions on their monuments, often took the trouble to place side by side with the Persian text the same matter in the older Babylonian language. Now, when Rawlinson saw these two columns of writing side by side in cuneiform characters, it occurred to him that they might contain the same message in two different languages. Moreover, he noticed that certain groups of signs occurred in the same position in the two inscriptions. These combinations of signs he guessed to be words. Then he ventured on another guess. Knowing that personal names are usually written down in different languages without changing their sounds, he concluded that these words, repeated in the two inscriptions, must be the names of kings, assuming that the symbols stood for sounds. But of what kings? As certain of these inscriptions, of special prominence, were carved on a rock near an ancient royal city of the Persians, Rawlinson hit upon the idea that the names, if such they were, must be those of Darius and Xerxes, the greatest of the Persian kings. All his guesses proved correct, and he now had in his possession the

phonetic key that enabled him to translate the inscriptions. After him came scores of eager scholars inspired by his wonderful example, and through their combined labors not only the Persian texts of 500 B.C. but the Babylonian texts of 2000 B.C., and even the Sumerian texts of the third and fourth millenniums before Christ, have yielded up their mysteries; and a vast body of literature in all three languages, and in other languages as well, has been restored to the world from thousands upon thousands of tablets recovered from the earth by the excavator's spade. The cuneiform signs in which this literature was preserved were to the ancient world what the Latin alphabet is to the modern world — the medium through which many languages now extinct were reduced to writing. The oldest of these extinct languages was the Sumerian, the language that first employed the cuneiform script. These earlier writings scholars are now finding in the excavations at Ur, and they carry us back six thousand years and enable us to reconstruct the life of the city in the days of that remote antiquity.

III

Sir Henry Rawlinson was the real discoverer of Ur and he wrote the first chapter of its recovered history. But we have had to wait till to-day for the later chapters of that history. He was followed in the last century by Taylor, and during and at the conclusion of the war the place was visited and examined by Thompson and by Hall. All these scholars were from the British Museum.

Until the Great War, the Euphrates Valley was in the hands of the Turks, who, holding all European scholars to be suspicious characters, practically prohibited excavation. Since the war that land of ancient empires has been

governed by the Arabs under British guidance, and the work of the excavator and scholar is no longer discouraged. A serious and sustained effort to recapture the history that was made so many millenniums ago could be attempted. By an interesting combination of circumstances, the University Museum of Philadelphia and the British Museum of London found themselves joined in this arduous undertaking, and together they are digging up out of the desert sands and piecing into a plan the disjointed fragments that time has spared of the ancient city of Ur. The work was begun in 1922 and has been continued until now under the direction of Major Leonard Woolley, a learned and experienced excavator, who is accompanied by a staff of scholars and expert assistants. The labor necessary for the spade work is recruited from the Bedouins of the neighboring desert, who, though more accustomed to handle a sword than to flourish a spade, are willing to be introduced to the arts of peace and enlisted in the cause of science for a consideration of about a shilling a day. Two hundred of these untamed sons of the desert are learning in this way to appreciate the blessings of labor and, in the excitement of their novel experience, to forget for the time their hereditary feuds. So great is the interest of these uncommon recruits that there has not been a strike in three years. Their special delight is to dig up something that has writing on it, and so clever are they that they have learned, by arts of communication known only to the East, to recognize the names of the ancient Kings of Ur stamped upon the bricks. Major Woolley and his colleagues have grown accustomed to hearing the names of Ur-Engur and Gimil-Sin and Sanballat shouted exultingly as each gang announces its latest discovery. At first Major Woolley and his companions

were startled at the keenness of observation whereby these tribesmen, who cannot read their own language, picked up without instruction enough of the scholar's accomplishment to enable them to detect and distinguish the names of kings written thousands of years ago in a language of which they know nothing whatever. But, having grown used to it, the investigators are now careful to give their Ishmaelite confederates due credit for great learning, and this pleases the latter almost as much as their pay.

But native Arab versatility soon outstripped the erudition of the scholar, for the eye of the latter is blinded by scruples, and his understanding is dulled by excessive respect for facts. These prejudices leave the Arab cold. He delights in a freedom that serves his mental processes as well as his personal honor, and he has a quick and ready perception of the essential fitness of things. With the help of these resourceful allies, it was not long before the Expedition began to make discoveries sufficient to establish the reputations of a host of scholars. One was the House of Abraham, duly identified and labeled. Another, a footprint on a brick, was promptly recognized as Abraham's footprint, and a similar impression left by an antique dog was declared with voluble confidence to be the footprint of Abraham's dog.

No one need be troubled to account for Abraham's fame among the Arabs. Are they not the descendants of Ishmael, his eldest son? And is there not a deadly feud between the Ishmaelite and the Hebrew to this day? Abraham is their Patriarch, and they repeat many wonderful stories, some of which are quite as creditable to him as some of those related of him in the Book of Genesis. Who has a better right to recognize his footprints on the brick

pavements of Ur and pronounce upon the place of his dwelling? Not that they really care; but it would be unseemly if they should fail to instruct the infidel in these matters. They would not willingly be shamed in their own house by the giaour.

They are indeed like children, content to be happy with trifles, — a cheerful, amiable, and wholly uncivilized delegation of the desert, — and one can hardly help liking them. At night they make the darkness vocal by recounting the day's adventures or by singing tribal songs and reciting tribal legends till they fall asleep under the stars and leave the desert to its silence and to whatever spirits may be abroad on the new-swept pavements of Ur.

To illustrate the hazards of life at Ur one little incident will suffice. During its first season in the field the Expedition's camp was attacked one night by a band of tribesmen armed with rifles. The only protection was a party of five native guards, also armed with rifles. Many shots were fired and, though no member of the Expedition was injured, some of the guards were killed. As peace and security are conditions essential to the pursuit of archæological investigation, Major Woolley had recourse to an approved form of desert diplomacy. He negotiated a treaty with the most powerful sheik of the district. According to its terms the sheik guarantees the peace of the Expedition, undertaking to secure its protection from all attack and himself going security for the integrity of the treaty. The sheik receives in return an annual subsidy in cash. Under this neighborly arrangement the Expedition has enjoyed profound peace and freedom from all anxiety.

Work in the excavations is not continuous the whole year round, for during the hot months the thermometer goes up to 125° in the shade, and there

is n't any shade. Then the Arabs fold their tents, and Major Woolley and his companions pack up their discoveries and return to London and to Philadelphia to await the next season of cooler weather.

IV

I have mentioned the fact that the people who founded Ur and dwelt there for some thousands of years are known to scholars as Sumerians. Where they came from and in what country they lived before they settled in the Euphrates Valley are among the mysteries still to be resolved. What has been made clear is that after they had possessed themselves of the fertile plain of the lower Euphrates they were a people well advanced in the ways of civilization. In their new habitations they kindled a flame that illuminated the ancient world with their Sumerian culture, and they remained the torch-bearers of civilization for not less than two thousand years. They themselves gave way to other less civilized peoples and eventually vanished from the scene, but they passed on their light and their learning to their conquerors and successors. The place of the Sumerians in the human pageant is therefore a place of peculiar importance, filling and illuminating a space between the utterly obscure and the earliest legendary passages that precede and usher in the dawn of history. Ur was first a Sumerian city; in the course of time it became a possession of the conquering Babylonians; it passed in turn to the Assyrians, when they extended their rule over the country; and finally it fell to the Persians, when they became the masters of Mesopotamia and all adjoining lands.

Cyrus the Great himself rebuilt the ancient city, which he found in a ruinous condition, and restored it to some of its ancient power and influence.

That was in the year 538 B.C., the year in which Cyrus permitted the captive Jews in Babylonia to return to Jerusalem to repair its walls and rebuild the Temple. The restoration, at about the same time, of the Temple of the Moon God at Ur by Cyrus is one of the facts discovered by archæologists of the Joint Expedition. When Cyrus made himself ruler of Babylonia and master of Ur, taking the title of King of the World, it was a very ancient city that he inherited with his kingdom, for the recent excavations have brought to light the name of a king who reigned in that city about 4000 B.C. His name was A-an-ni-pad-da and he was the second king of the First Dynasty of Ur. He appears on a small marble tablet that had been imbedded in a foundation that he laid — the foundation of the Temple of Nin-Khursag, the Goddess of Creation. The inscription on the tablet records his name, the name of his royal father, and the name of the Goddess, and it is the oldest inscription in the world to-day. The temple stood at a little distance from the walls of Ur, in a small suburb of the city. It was a convenient place of pilgrimage for the Urites, who in their periodical excursions to its shrine found their spiritual wants not more urgent than the need of the body for nourishment. Inns and places of refreshment have come to light in the excavations not far from the Temple of Nin-Khursag, with kitchens not unlike those now in use in Mesopotamian towns and villages. In time a little town grew up at El Obeid.

This Temple of Nin-Khursag is of absorbing interest on account of its very great antiquity; the details of its architecture have been studied with so much success that a restoration of it has been prepared. Its porch was adorned with a pair of columns of wood encrusted with a mosaic in red, white,

and black tesserae of stone and mother-of-pearl inlaid to form an idealized date-palm trunk. On the façade were several remarkable friezes. The lowest of these ornamental features is more correctly described as a detached row of bulls in the round standing on a ledge that formed a slightly advanced lower wall. Between the bulls were clusters of artificial flowers resembling gigantic daisies, the petals made of white and colored stones. The bulls were of copper very skillfully wrought upon wooden cores. The wood was completely decayed, and the metal when found was converted into a soft friable substance difficult to handle and to preserve. Nevertheless, two complete examples have with infinite patience been preserved. These and the other copper animals found on the same building are the oldest examples of historic sculpture that have ever been found. Although only twenty-seven inches high, these copper bulls were proportionate to the scale of the building, which was small in size though rich in ornament.

At a higher level a band of ornament in relief consisted of young bulls, this time in a reclining position, very natural and effective. The metal shell of each animal, as in the case of the bulls in the round, enclosed a core of wood that had been carved to the proper form and proportions. The head of each was made in a separate piece of copper, cast and attached to the body by means of rivets. These castings, being thicker than the plates forming the bodies of the animals, still retain the copper metal.

At a still higher elevation was a most remarkable frieze of which some panels have been preserved. One panel represents a milking scene and a byre — cows being milked while their expectant and unwilling calves are tied to the heads of the mothers.

Accompanying these scenes are figures of men preparing the milk jars and straining the milk. These pictures are all wrought in white limestone inlaid in asphalt, with wooden backing edged with copper plates, and the whole is attached to the brick wall by means of copper fastenings. Above this frieze ran still another, in similar technique, representing a procession of cattle, each animal being constructed of separate pieces of shell fitted together and admirably carved.

In what had been the interior of the Temple were found remains of wooden columns and wooden beams all encased in copper. The structure of the walls and the platform on which they rested was composed of brick, — sun-dried brick for the upper part and burnt brick for the lower, — all laid in bitumen or in mortar made of mud. The foundations of the platform were of stone, and it was provided with a flight of stone steps very well cut.

The builder of six thousand years ago, like the builder of to-day, had his problems, and his expedients anticipated the methods of modern construction. 'Brick for stone and slime for mortar' describes the method of the builders of the tower of Babel. That was the prevailing fashion even earlier. The excavators at Ur have found a small amount of stonework also, but stone was scarce in that country; it had to be imported and was rarely used in building construction. They have also found columns and arches, inventions that associate themselves with the history of architecture throughout the ages. The problem of decoration was met and solved with materials and methods familiar enough to the building trade to-day. In that remote era we see the beginnings of a trade that has had six millenniums of development without changing in essentials. The first lessons embodied the principles

on which cities and palaces and temples are being built to-day. Even the skyscraper may be recognized in the ziggurat. Civilization has since built for itself better habitations and 'temples more divinely beautiful,' but the later builders were not better builders than their predecessors in that very remote antiquity at which the excavators have now arrived.

The association of the bull with the Temple of Nin-Khursag and the milking scene found in the same connection may be explained by the fact that the bull was a symbol of divinity, and by the essential fitness of a dairy to express the life-giving principle appropriately associated with the Goddess of Creation. The symbolism came naturally to the minds of a people largely dependent on pastoral pursuits and deeply impressed by an aspect of existence that was always before their eyes. In fact, the Goddess Nin-Khursag presided over a large farm in the suburbs of Ur. Besides being the Goddess of Creation, she was the mother of gods and of divine kings.

V

Within the walls of Ur, where the principal excavations are being conducted, a scene of great activity may be witnessed to-day. Busy gangs of workmen, under the watchful eyes of the native foremen, — Arabs of standing, possessed of authority, very proud of their position and faithful to their trust, — are engaged in filling wicker baskets with sand and débris, while a continuous line of their companions are transporting these burdens on their heads to the dump. Going and coming, these bearers move with the deliberate progress and the swinging gait of men whose movements are adjusted to the slow march of the centuries, unconscious or scornful of the fluttering

pace of upstart peoples who are hurried and harassed by an uneasy sense of the shortness of existence. Their ample flowing garments of many colors take the rhythm of their bodies, or resign themselves to the action of the winds, while their voices are heard in improvised chants celebrating the virtues of their masters, reflecting upon their tasks, intoning their troubles, or simply liberating their feelings.

Meanwhile brick walls come to light, brick pavements are cleared and swept clean, doorways are laid open, and foundations are traced. Objects of art: fragments of statues, ornaments of gold and precious stones, stamped bricks bearing the names of royal builders, clay tablets covered with writing — the records of transacted business or of historic event; door sockets of hard stone with inscriptions dedicating the building to the god or to the divine king; pottery vessels and utensils of stone; precious fragments of literary compositions — all these are in the day's work. They are gathered into the laboratory in the house of the Expedition, cleaned, recorded, translated, and carefully packed for transport to their destinations.

Where yesterday the wandering Bedouin or the rare traveler from Europe saw only rolling waves of sand that seemed to beat against the shapeless mass of the Ziggurat rising like a rock in a sea, to-day the semblance of a plan reveals itself — the plan of a city built by men. It is a broken and a confusing plan; parts of it are effaced and other parts are barely visible. It is fantastic, like the images of a disordered dream. All is disarray and ragged, interrupted outline. No feature is altogether whole and it all needs to be interpreted by expert intelligence trained to see and to divine. But it is the task of the archæologist to reverse the action of time and translate chaos

and confusion into an intelligible plan, tracing, even in the empty void, the thoughts and purposes of the forgotten builders. The most delicate operation known to surgery is not more a matter of skill and experience than are the operations of the excavator properly performed.

The Ziggurat of Ur, that formless rock in the sea of sand, presents, after excavation, a fairly regular outline and is indeed an imposing monument, the most imposing in all of Mesopotamia, though the upper stages are in ruin. It rises foursquare on its broad platform and on an immense scale, in massive buttressed tiers of brick laid in bitumen. A hundred feet above the level plain its upper stage once supported a sacred shrine lifted into the heavens that now know it no more. The receding stages, connected by stairways, though solid and serving no other purpose than to attain elevation, still lend to the lofty structure very much the effect that we associate with certain very modern methods in building-construction in great cities. The very name of ziggurat as rendered by scholars is the equivalent of skyscraper. In every ancient city of Mesopotamia the ziggurat was the principal feature, a towering landmark flinging its shadow across the flatness of the land. The most celebrated and the highest was the Tower of Babel, which was nothing else than the Ziggurat of Babylon, the loftiest structure known to its builders. It was three hundred feet high.

Of the Tower of Babel not a brick remains, but the scheme and method of the builders as described in the Book of Genesis are found to be reproduced in the older Ziggurat of Ur.

What was that scheme and what the idea embodied in the plan of the ziggurat? It was in its inception an artificial mountain with a shrine on top. The receding stages, on which trees and

flowers and shrubs were cultivated, represented the steep mountain-sides, for it was meet to worship on mountain-tops under the watchful stars and invoke at close quarters the gods in their abode. And as that level land afforded nothing resembling a mountain it was necessary to build a mountain in every city that there might not be wanting a place to worship. 'Let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven' and storm the Almighty in His starry mansions — a plan so bold that the Lord was moved to intervene, and brought confusion on the builders and their works. But there must have been a strong tradition back of this gigantic plan, to act as an incentive to such great effort and audacity. To supply this traditional incentive, scholars have supposed that the Sumerians, the first builders of ziggurats, were a people who at an earlier period in their history had dwelt in a mountainous country where they had formed the custom of making their communications with Heaven from the highest ground — a very natural and a not ignoble thought.

The Bible has much to say concerning idolatry in 'high places' — the antique worship upon which the priests and prophets of Israel, jealous for their covenanted rites, poured the vials of their wrath. In the name of the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob — the God who chose a mountain-top to reveal Himself anew to Moses — the pious and the faithful, the orthodox among the Jews, breathed destruction on the altars built on mountain-tops. The image is used with fine poetical effect in King David's threnody on the death of Saul: 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.' The sense of the song is that Saul and his sons had been slain as a sacrifice to the heathen gods of the Philistines at altars set on high.

VI

To return to Ur. The remarkable state of affairs revealed around the base of the Ziggurat may be briefly described. In that sacred area, dominated by the aspiring pile and enclosed by a protecting wall, are grouped, in a complex plan, all the buildings connected with the worship of the patron god and with the government of the city, for that government was conceived on a divine model and framed in a spirit of obedience to the divine will. The Moon God was the actual ruler; and the king, himself half a god, held communication with his protecting deity, whose word he translated into action and whose decrees were put in operation by responsible ministers and minor officials. Taxes were collected in the name of the Moon God and public works were executed by his command. The group of buildings recently brought to light contained the offices of this hierarchy, where the ministers of State and their subordinates transacted the business of the god and ran the government. There was system in these offices. Documents found in them, clay tablets, show for instance that taxes were paid in kind, each citizen bringing his corn, oil, copper, wool, dairy produce, cattle, kids, hides, beer, ointments, spoils of the chase, fruits of the earth, or whatever he dealt in or produced. The exact amount of his payment was written against his name on a tablet that was kept on file with thousands of others. At the same time the taxpayer was given a receipt for his payment, and his account was carried in a special ledger. There was a factory where ninety women were employed at looms and paid by the piece according to their labor and their skill. Each weaver had a separate account and was charged minutely with the materials used and the provision furnished for

her maintenance. There was a school where apprentices were taught how to conduct business.

Did the youthful Abraham attend that school? In any event, spending his impressionable youth within the orbit of the lunar deity and subject to his sway, his mind could not fail to receive and retain some lessons from the common experience. Life at Ur under a reign of such rigid commercialism must have been well fitted to develop any native business talent, such as Abraham undoubtedly had. Big business folded in the trappings of a State religion — that was the tidy package that the illustrious emigrant carried with him on his enterprising journey. In the land where he was a stranger and a sojourner, his investments always paid, and there is told only one instance where it would almost appear that he took a loss, though it is not expressly so stated. That affair concerned his interest in the Cities of the Plain. When he drove a hard bargain with God for the purchase of Sodom and Gomorrah, he demonstrated a capacity for high finance that might have done credit to the Moon God's government and the Ziggurat at Ur. Though it appears to have failed, it was a most interesting and honorable transaction. But there was a slight miscalculation, and the reduced price at which cities were selling on that day was still more than he could manage. There were not ten righteous men to be found in Sodom and Gomorrah, — or else they failed him, — and nothing came of the transaction. Whatever were the Patriarch's investments in the wicked cities, they went up in smoke and flame. It was Abraham's only failure, if I read the Scriptures right.

Perhaps some of his methods were not strictly in keeping with our own professed business principles. Such were his dealings with the house of

Pharaoh, and likewise with Abimelech, the Canaanite. When we are told that both Pharaoh and Abimelech — who, if he knew not the fear of God, was at least a gentleman — were plainly shocked at the behavior of their neighbor and guest, we are inclined to sympathize with them; but perhaps it is our judgment that is at fault, for is it not written that Abraham prospered? And what is prosperity if not the reward of righteousness? That seems to me to be the main burden of this Scripture story. It is a point that is labored considerably. Whatever construction we may put upon the extraordinary story of Abraham's life after his arrival in Palestine, we must suppose that his character was formed in that Urish environment that it is my present purpose to describe. Still I would allow a large margin for the workings of a peculiar mentality. I have no great reason to suppose that the moral atmosphere of a Sumerian market place was very different from that of many modern cities, where it is a common observation that individual aptitudes and hereditary traits assert themselves strongly. In the case of Abraham, these influences were doubtless quite as strong as the influence of early environment. His character may well be a cause of amazement to some and of embarrassment to others, but there is really little occasion for either feeling. After all, Abraham was an Oriental sheik, and moreover he was the father of all Israel.

I find that it is impossible to write of Ur without reflections such as these, and it is difficult to keep on digging without digression for the sake of the emigrant who made its name a household word. Our minds have great capacity for little things. Abraham's departure from Ur could not have made the slightest impression on that

city. If it was mentioned in the market place, it did not move the councils or cause any commotion on the Ziggurat. But his posterity produced a Book, and his fame fills its pages; and, because it tells us that Ur was the place of his nativity, we can think of that great city of antiquity in no other terms than these. To many familiar with its name it conveys no other message — has no other meaning. Let us, however, keep in mind the fact that to the serious student of history and antiquity Ur occupies a position determined solely by a consideration of the weight that it pulled in the long, laborious march of civilization. That is the test of its importance.

VII

Turning once more to our study of the unfolding plan before us, we are informed that a long range of buildings in that official quarter of the town within the Temenos wall contains the habitations of the priesthood, with its troops of acolytes and servants and all the pageantry of public worship and official rites. A huge building, now roofless and with ruined walls showing an open gateway surmounted with a round arch, was the Hall of Justice, where the judges sat and read the law and heard cases argued and made decisions and accepted fees — all in the Moon God's name, for he was a mighty god and a just god, who showed mercy to the weak and punished the wicked. The arched gateway faces a great court between the Hall of Justice and the Ziggurat. It is paved with burnt brick, and there the crowd of minor litigants gathered with their counsel before the judges who sat in the gate. Another court paved with asphalt was the place where prisoners, offenders against the State, were brought before the magistrates — a police court, in

fact. And so the plan goes on unfolding itself, each feature, as it emerges and renders the picture more complete, being identified by some sign or inscription or stamp on a brick, with the added help of a little imagination or a little shrewd guessing that makes the pursuit of knowledge under these conditions such a satisfying game. If the next move confirms your first guess, the game is yours. If the contrary, you revise your calculations, guess again, and await developments. It takes a lot of practice, but few games are so absorbing. Time is your antagonist and Time is a most accomplished player, but accomplishment is by no means all on one side, nor is the game always to the most adept, for it is a game of chance as well as a game of skill. But Time is the banker, and you know that Time will always be ahead of the game no matter what your winnings. The pieces of the game you play are cities and castles and kings, and your tablet is the realm of the dead — that populous realm.

A great and rich city, with accumulated treasures and adorned with art, always has its powerful neighbors that seek a safe occasion to make it a prey. When a city is sacked — and it would appear that Ur was sacked several times — several things happen. The population is disposed of or it finds safety in flight. Its treasures are carried off to enrich the conqueror, and its most celebrated monuments of art are removed to his capital as trophies of victory. The statues and memorials of its rulers that are not wanted as trophies are demolished, and the principal edifices, palaces and halls and temples and the dwellings of rich and poor, having been given up to plunder, are left in ruin and destruction.

Restoration and rebuilding are the first tasks of the returning population. The refuse of the sack — broken

monuments, headless statues, mutilated forms that have been a sculptor's pride, splintered columns and graven images defaced, and tablets shattered to a thousand pieces — all these are leveled with the dust, discarded relics of a ruined past, and laid beneath the new foundations. Or, mingling in disorder and consolidated, they repose in layers between the older pavements and the new, like veins of historic ore. In these deposits are found some of the best clues. The scattered fragments, recovered and laboriously pieced together, assume once more their proper form and deliver their messages, although usually something is missing. When search and skill and perseverance and patience have exhausted their resources, there remains a headless statue, a reconstructed torso, the half of an alabaster vase engraved with the name of a king, an incomplete inscription, a broken seal, a plaything, or a battered and half-obliterated form in which perchance a trace of beauty lingers. Such are the bricks of the new Babel.

This is a day of antiquarian pursuits, but the builders of old time also had their antiquarian tastes and their curious contemporaries who spelled out old inscriptions and salvaged ancient monuments in the interest of learning. Sometimes the labors of restoration and rebuilding were combined with research and sweetened by discovery. Ancient foundations laid by remote ancestors or early dynasties, on being penetrated by their descendants, yielded deposits in sealed receptacles that told the story of legendary builders who had wished to be remembered by posterity. Or the restorers found mutilated monuments in long-forgotten rubbish layers, and all these recovered relics of their past they carefully preserved and passed on to later generations, together with their own commentaries. One such museum, three thousand years old, was

discovered in the year of grace 1925 in the Temenos of Ur.

Again the finding of a really great monument is a rare event, and one such event that rewarded the excavators during the year 1925 must be mentioned in some detail because the monument is imposing in itself and because it illustrates the form and the symbolism by which the Kings of Ur sought to commemorate and preserve a knowledge of themselves and of their works. Before it was shattered into many pieces by the followers of some conqueror, the stela of Ur-Engur stood near the Ziggurat. It was a slab of basalt about fifteen feet high, six feet broad, and eighteen inches thick, covered with sculpture on the front and on the back. The scenes portrayed were arranged in orderly fashion in three horizontal divisions on each face of the stone and were very skillfully carved in relief. As the broken parts came to light one by one and were fitted together, the pictured scenes were restored like a jigsaw puzzle on a gigantic scale. When all had been recovered that could be recovered, the upper and the lower portions were still missing, and the great stela of King Ur-Engur remains incomplete but yet a document of the very first importance.

Ur-Engur lived forty-six hundred years ago and his great stela had stood beside the Ziggurat for six hundred years when Abraham was born. It was a familiar object to him. The part that has now been recovered preserves a faithful record of the building or

rebuilding of the Ziggurat and the execution of other public works by Ur-Engur, King of Ur. In one scene the king is shown in consultation with the Moon God concerning the building of the great tower. In another the king goes forth to lay its foundation, carrying builders' tools over his shoulder — measuring rod and line, compasses, bronze axe and bar, and a curious implement of unknown use. The building operations are shown in another picture: the stages rise and workmen go up and down on ladders; the bricklayers are seen above. Another scene represents the sacrifice of a bull and divination by signs on his liver, performed by the priests of Ur. Men are shown beating a big drum and gods are seen in council. The king pours a libation. Two flying angels pass overhead, each pouring from a vase a copious stream of water that parts into two streams as it descends. This evidently refers either to the construction of irrigation works or to the making of rain. The flying angels are full-breasted females in long flowing robes, the oldest female angels or spirits on record. They are clearly beneficent beings. One cannot help lamenting the loss of missing scenes that would complete the tale of King Ur-Engur's works as told in his own fashion by the aid of his skillful artists. A long inscription completed the proud performance, but only a few broken lines remain to mortify the scholar, to sustain and satisfy the cynic, and to reprove the proud.

PROHIBITION WITHOUT PROPAGANDA

THE PLAIN FACTS OF THE CRISIS

BY FREDERICK ERNEST JOHNSON

I

NATIONAL prohibition has presented the American people with several questions of major importance.

Has prohibition as a social and economic measure justified itself in substantial results?

Has the nation as a whole accepted, or is it in the way of accepting, prohibition as a permanent policy?

What contribution does our experience with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act make to our knowledge of the science of social control?

Is the policy embodied in these measures in line with current trends in American political thought and practice?

Upon what sanctions does this policy rest and to what principle must ultimate appeal be made for its maintenance?

These questions are pressing for answer and it is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that they make prohibition our foremost domestic issue. It is too much to expect conclusive answers to them, but there is light to be had upon them all. The fact that so many of our social scientists continue to regard prohibition as merely a 'reform' measure and to look upon it somewhat superciliously seems to the writer to indicate an extraordinary want of insight. Even if one has little interest in the liquor question, as such, the collective effort to suppress the traffic in intoxicants by

drastic means has important implications for the sociologist. It is most unfortunate that students of social science have given it so little attention.

There are, plainly, two wholly different angles from which the foregoing questions may be approached. The answers may be sought either in terms of abstract right and wrong or in terms of developing social experience — that is to say, in terms of theoretical or of practical ethics. On both sides of the prohibition issue are found persons who take an abstract, theoretical view of the matter, and who dismiss the question with an affirmation either that prohibition is incontestably right or that it is incontestably wrong. 'It would make no difference to me,' an eminent American jurist said to the writer, 'how much sociological data might be presented in support of prohibition. I consider it morally wrong.' On the other hand one hears the contention: 'What possible difference can it make whether prohibition be regarded as successful or not? It is morally right and must be maintained as a national policy whether its concrete results are considered to be satisfactory or not.'

Because the issue is so sharply controversial, it seems proper to state at the outset my own position — or bias, if that is a more candid word. My treatment of the subject will be

unacceptable to anyone whose opinion rests upon theoretical considerations rather than upon cumulative social experience. I am one of those who support prohibition as at present defined by constitutional amendment and Federal statute, but I should be at a loss to defend this position by reference to ethical concepts alone. In a scientific age no political or social measure can find ultimate sanction outside social experience. If prohibition should, after adequate trial, prove ineffectual as a means of destroying the social evils at which it is aimed, I, for one, should favor some other expedient.

The claim of prohibition to support rests, as I see it, upon the fact that it represents one possible method, not hitherto tried on so comprehensive a scale, of accomplishing a social task which has thus far baffled all collective efforts. In the long run it must be judged by the degree to which its material and moral results commend themselves to the nation. Like any other social policy its worth must be measured by the yardstick of events. In no other way can it acquire permanence. It follows similarly from the view that I am putting forward that a practical demonstration of the success of prohibition, socially and politically, would presently overcome all objections to it on the familiar ground of infringement of 'natural rights.' For, after all, it is hard to defend the position that prohibition makes any greater inroads upon the sphere of hitherto unrestricted private action than do certain other political measures that have been adopted in recent years over the most emphatic and sincere protest — measures that have nevertheless come to be generally accepted as consistent with democratic government.

In expressing this judgment, however, I wish to disclaim any attitude of intolerance toward the person who is

irreconcilable to prohibition on moral grounds. I would accord to a 'conscientious objector' against prohibition the same respect and liberty of dissent that I believe should be accorded to one who objects to military service on grounds of conscience. But the mere existence of dissent does not invalidate a law. And, in any case, there appear to be few whose opposition to prohibition is maintained on the level of a great moral urge. I have not met more than a score for whom such a claim could be made.

And it is precisely because the case for prohibition must be tried in the court of social experience that the questions raised at the beginning of this article are of such grave and pressing importance. Whatever merits or defects the recent report on prohibition issued by the research department of the Federal Council of Churches may be considered to have, it is now generally recognized that it did not over-emphasize the critical aspect of the present situation. The annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League which was held shortly afterward was frankly a 'crisis convention.' There was no apparent disposition in that assemblage of 'dry' leaders to conceal the fact that a crucial test impends. Not that five or six years may be regarded as the appropriate demonstration period for such a colossal venture in social control: it might very well be argued that a decade is a short time in which to give the quality of permanence to a régime that has in it such essentially novel elements. But social and political measures do not receive their final testing at the hands of social scientists, but at the hands of an impatient populace, which makes up its mind on the basis of temporary impressions conditioned by strong prejudices. It is quite evident that the present tendency of the proverbial man-in-the-street is to regard

the Volstead Act as on the defensive because of the huge difficulties that have been encountered in the effort to enforce it. The political testing of prohibition will not wait for social scientists to complete their observations.

II

The effort to appraise national prohibition is beset with manifest difficulties because the period of our experience with it has coincided with social and economic changes which have profoundly influenced the life of the nation. When the Volstead Act became effective the country was in the throes of post-war adjustments and was on the verge of one of its periodic depressions due to a downward swing of that mysterious thing known as the business cycle. Then came a period of extraordinary prosperity. Much of the propaganda that has thrown the prohibition question into confusion has been due to a failure to recognize the existence of many other causes for the phenomena that have been pointed to as resulting directly from prohibition. This lack of discrimination is just as fatal to the arguments on one side of the controversy as to those on the other.

Many people have been misled also by the assembling of testimony which had the appearance of being representative but which was in reality 'selected' and biased. For example, a certain magazine which is read by manufacturers circulated questionnaires among a thousand business and professional people, some of them very well known, asking for their opinion as to the effects of prohibition. The result was overwhelmingly 'dry,' and has been used all over the country to assure the public that business and professional men in America are thoroughly committed to prohibition. It has been referred to as a 'nation-wide study.'

Yet one fact concerning it has been completely overlooked, although it was stated frankly by the magazine in reporting the initial inquiry — the questionnaires were sent to a list of persons who prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment had signed a memorial to Congress for the abolition of the liquor traffic. The purpose was legitimate enough — namely, to learn whether experience with prohibition had changed their minds. But to use such an inquiry as a method of determining public opinion is about as valid as an attempt to learn the attitude of the country toward religion by sending a questionnaire to ministers. And the use of the results was grossly misleading and mischievous, creating as it did a wholly unwarranted sense of security.

The study undertaken by the Federal Council's research department was made with full recognition of the attendant difficulties. It was designed to be only a general survey, or, so to speak, an assay of available materials that might serve as 'soundings' until the more extensive studies needed should be made by research agencies thoroughly equipped for the task. The report which resulted from the study was warranted, not by any semblance of conclusiveness in the findings, but by the fact that they disclosed an undeniable trend in the social consequences of prohibition whose significance was clear despite the lack of adequate data.

We have been asked why an organization committed to the cause of prohibition should have attempted an 'impartial' report upon it. Are we not at war with the liquor traffic? To publish a report which includes the weaknesses as well as the strength of the prohibition régime seems like informing the enemy in time of war where the country's defenses are vulnerable! There are many to whom such a course

is quite anomalous. Granting their premises, there is no answer to their argument. If a great social issue must be settled as the boundary disputes of nations have hitherto been settled, — by combat, — then a frank report upon it by those who have an interest in the outcome is without justification. But lying back of our report was a conviction that such an issue can be rightly settled only by the people as a whole, not by warring factions. And the people can settle it rightly only if they are in possession of the facts, particularly those facts which may be admonitory. Whether such a report is justified or not depends upon one's theory of social progress.

The public has gained a somewhat erroneous impression as to the findings of our study. The report was in frank contrast to the usual statements of religious bodies on this question, and the press, with an unerring instinct for the sensational, seized upon what were termed 'admissions' and accorded them a disproportionate emphasis. Of course, this was not unforeseen, but there appeared to be no other way to clear the air of the general confusion that prevailed with respect to the facts than to present them in unbiased fashion. The distortion that resulted in a good many instances was to be deplored, but it was, perhaps, not too great a price to pay for the dispelling of illusions. The aftermath of publication is bringing a realization that the report was by no means a one-sided affair.

Our first important finding was the undoubted material and social gain that has resulted to the nation as a whole from the outlawing of the liquor traffic and particularly from the passing of the saloon. Living-conditions among the working people improved, savings were increased, the death-rate from alcoholic diseases declined, cases of dependency due to alcoholism became

less numerous, arrests for drunkenness fell off very materially, and there was a reduction in the number of arrests for other offenses. In general, these changes were not sudden, but began with the war-time restrictions upon the manufacture of liquor and continued until complete prohibition was adopted. The more striking of these results cannot be measured statistically, but they are supported by abundant evidence.

But the second major finding of the study revealed that these gains were not entirely permanent. The impressive decline that prohibition brought about in those social phenomena that are commonly taken to be indices of the amount of liquor-consumption terminated abruptly in 1920, or approximately at that time, and a counter trend was at once established. This trend has continued with disquieting steadiness since that time, with this reservation, that the picture for 1924 shows some indications that the present year may mark the climax of the reaction. In particular, the death-rate from alcoholism, according to incomplete data tabulated from the Federal Census returns for 1924, has again begun to recede. The counter trend has, to be sure, by no means canceled all the earlier gains. It has, however, rendered them less secure. It would seem clear that the success of prohibition from a social point of view depends upon the prompt overcoming of this unfavorable trend.

The reaction was, of course, to be expected, and it was expected. It is doubtful, however, if even the least sanguine of prohibitionists in 1920 anticipated that it would be so great and so persistent. It has been due presumably to three factors. First, and chiefly, the illicit liquor-trade had not developed in 1920; the traffic in intoxicants had been put to sleep, so to

speak, though not asphyxiated. Much time was required to assemble the resources and develop the technique necessary successfully to defy the Constitution of the United States. Secondly, the zeal of the prohibition reform ran true to type and spent itself on the external, structural, and, on the whole, the less vital aspect of the problem, leaving to governmental administration not only the task of enforcement but the task of winning acceptance of the law by the people, or that portion of the people that presently began to make its hostility felt. Thirdly, this hostility became more marked as time went on, in keeping with the general tendency among our people to change their mood in any matter that has been made the subject of a crusade. Thus we have been witnessing the steady growth of an illicit industry that offers such enormous rewards as to be well-nigh insuppressible, accompanied by a cooling of the zeal of the reformers and a growing resentment on the part of the forcibly reformed.

It is gratuitous to assume that the reaction of the past four years is due to a lessened efficiency of the enforcement organization of the government. This assumption seems to be quite contrary to fact. The machinery of enforcement is undoubtedly stronger now than it was in 1920. What the rise of the liquor curve indicates is the extent to which the outlaw liquor-industry has outstripped the efforts of the government to perfect its own organization.

The question of the effect of prohibition upon crime requires special notice. It is undeniable that the number of arrests in proportion to population for all offenses combined is higher now than at any time in the past ten years. It is equally true, however, that the significant increases are in misdemeanors, not in serious offenses. A large proportion of them are minor violations of the

traffic laws. In spite of all the current discussion of a 'crime wave,' there is no statistical evidence of such a phenomenon. On the other hand, there is no blinking the fact that increases in arrests for drunkenness, which had reached a low point with the advent of national prohibition, account for a very substantial part of the total increase in arrests, particularly up to the end of 1923.

The important point in this connection appears to be that such crime data as are available — and they are meagre — afford no impressive evidence that prohibition has affected the crime level in any important way.

III

But the foregoing considerations do not tell the full story of the social effects of prohibition. An element of the situation that was perhaps not sufficiently elaborated in our report is the overpowering influence of political and moral factors which persist without reference to the concrete social gains that are undoubtedly attributable to the prohibition régime. The crucial point in the present controversy is, after all, not a question of fact as to whether or not the law has produced specific, desirable social results. The gravity of the situation arises rather out of the fact that a régime which has brought about definite material and social gains should be imperiled by a political and moral crisis precipitated by popular opposition to it in many sections of the country. This distinction between tangible, material effects of prohibition, on the one hand, and certain less tangible but equally significant political and moral effects on the other, is of the utmost importance. Mr. Hoover called attention to it in an interview some months ago, in which he expressed much satisfaction with the

former set of results, but less with the latter.

The degree of optimism or of concern with which one views the situation depends in part upon which set of facts one dwells most upon. The friends of prohibition are mainly preoccupied with the important and undeniable gains that have followed upon the outlawing of the liquor traffic, while its opponents, so far as they are sincere and disinterested, are chiefly concerned with other aspects of the situation. From their point of view national prohibition might conceivably be pronounced a substantial success by those most competent to judge its objective social results and yet fail to justify itself because of the incubus of lawlessness and corruption from which it has thus far not been able to free itself. It is not too much to say that if the moral and political problems that have arisen in connection with the prohibition régime could be satisfactorily solved the objective consequences of the closing of the saloons would more than justify the Eighteenth Amendment. But if prohibition is to become a permanent and accepted policy the law must be made sufficiently effective to acquire the same sanction that is accorded to other laws which regulate conduct.

The question here raised is one of political science and is quite independent of the ethics of the prohibition issue. Many other laws pass through a similar period of testing. Any measure that puts restraint upon the habits and predilections of a large part of the people must win such overwhelming assent that those who refuse to conform shall be a thoroughly manageable minority. Not only so, but those who violate it must be predominantly of that element in the community which is generally regarded as antisocial: if they are of the socially approved their conduct is likely to outweigh any legislative

attempt to outlaw it. If the law is to sustain itself it must win a measure of assent that will give it full and permanent social sanction.

It is all very well to contend that the violation of a law is no reason for abandoning it. The fact remains that any law which continues to be defied as the Volstead Act is now defied in many of our most populous communities has to that extent been virtually abandoned already. The question whether it remains on the statute books or not is of secondary importance. I am saying this as one who believes that it is eminently worth while to keep the Volstead Act on the statute books, but that course can be defended only as the conditions now obtaining can be progressively improved.

The prohibition movement is not without wise and able leaders who realize all this. The difficulty is that the crisis has found the movement unprepared. Its technique has been developed almost wholly with reference to a militant legislative campaign. The present task is largely one of securing wider popular acceptance of the law whose enactment was secured with unexpected ease.

For this new task the militant strategy is inadequate. For the most part the violators of the prohibition law are immune to any moralizing on the subject. The effort to assure them that they are bad citizens, or even criminals, leaves them cold. Nullification is no longer merely an instrument of revolt: it is coming to be a philosophy, if not a cult. I was recently discussing the prohibition question with a group of men, several of whom were well-known educators, while others were writers who enjoyed a national reputation. In general, they would be considered a thoroughly socially minded and public-spirited group. In the course of the discussion I was assured that with one

or two exceptions all the men present believed in violating the Volstead Act at every opportunity that offers. These were highly trained and disciplined men. We may probably look for the spread of the opinions to which they gave voice, particularly in the colleges.

The third major finding of our study had to do with the problem of enforcement. We undertook to test the claim that all the inadequacies of the prohibition régime are directly due to remissness on the part of the constituted authorities. It is commonly asserted that all the so-called failures of prohibition are rather the failures of non-prohibition! This is partly true, but it is in part a begging of the question. If there were no criteria of effective enforcement except success, then all failures might be visited upon those who carry responsibility for enforcing the law. But obviously there are many conceivable laws that no government could enforce. The real question is, how much can be expected of enforcement and how far is the success of a law dependent upon the public attitude toward it. But more of that presently.

It requires little study of the situation at Washington and elsewhere to convince one that extensive violations of the Volstead Act have, in effect, been encouraged by the failure of the Government to make them difficult and costly. In its enforcement policy and programme there has been such a measure of inefficiency, weakness, and in many cases actual corruption (on the part of prohibition agents) as would inevitably cripple the operation of any law, to say nothing of a statute which demands an unusual amount of vigilance and an elaborate enforcement technique. There is much to be said by way of extenuating the failures of enforcement on the ground of the unprece-

ented difficulties that it presents. But there is no excuse for the extent of permit abuses which have flooded the country with industrial alcohol that has been diverted from legitimate uses, or for the scandals connected with the withdrawals of 'sacramental' wine, or for the leakage of spirituous liquors from warehouses and of beer from dealcoholizing plants, or for the general lack of coördination of effort on the part of the several government departments and divisions that are responsible for the administration of the law. The smuggling of liquor which went on almost without let or hindrance until a few months ago brought our Government into disrepute all over the world.

Responsibility for this situation lay chiefly with the Treasury Department. It was, to be sure, impossible to deal with smuggling without the equipment which Congress was tardy in providing, but it is unreasonable to suppose that a Congress as obviously 'dry' as ours has been for several years would not have responded much earlier had there been anything like strong and earnest leadership in the administration.

But it is easy to make too much of all this. The failures of the Government with respect to the prohibition laws are all of a piece with other Federal delinquencies and inadequacies. This particular case is more conspicuous and the results are more serious because this law is one that depends so largely upon governmental efficiency. Laws are normally self-enforcing. There is, it is true, a wide range of this self-enforcement; some laws are more dependent upon force than others. In the case of laws that are clearly established in the popular will, the responsibility for making them effective rests more largely with the Government. When the law in question is one that is still fighting for popular acceptance it is in the nature

of the case not possible to expect so much of the Government. The fate of such a law rests more in the hands of the people themselves than in the hands of enforcement officers.

Our experience with prohibition has thrown much light on the problem of legal administration, in that it has made clear the relationship of the Federal and the state governments in any matter where, as in this case, they have concurrent power. While it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Federal Government has a responsibility for prohibition that it alone can discharge, it is equally true that the local and police phases of the task are quite beyond the power of the Federal Government as now organized. When one contemplates the plight of the Federal Government when confronted with criminal activities that are country-wide in their scope he understands the political significance of the old controversy over 'States' rights.' It is not merely a question of 'rights' in the sense of exclusive privileges, but of the limits of physical possibility. Our Federal judicial system, for example, was never designed to deal with police cases, and it cannot be forced into such functions without an enormous increase in its equipment as well as a revolutionary change in its procedure. As the Federal district attorney in New York City rightly says, either the state must take responsibility for the suppression of minor offenses, which we commonly consider police cases, or the Federal system must be enlarged to include police courts for the disposition of petty cases. Much criticism has been directed at the district attorneys because so many violators of the Volstead Act have escaped with light sentences meted out to them in return for entering a plea of guilty. Ordinarily such criticisms would be justified, but in this case the alternative would be a

jury trial for every offense, with the prospect that the court calendars would be increasingly congested.

The situation is, of course, most serious in New York City, where there is no state enforcement law to fall back upon. Wherever there is a state statute the cases may be brought in the local courts and disposed of in the usual manner for minor offenses. But even then the state and the municipality must accept the larger share of the responsibility for the apprehension and trial of the small offender in order that the limited resources of the Federal Government may be concentrated upon the more important cases. This division of responsibility underlies the whole business of prohibition enforcement. No matter what verbal niceties may be resorted to in order to avoid a repudiation of responsibility on the part of the Federal Government, every informed person knows that this is about the way the matter stands. It is too much to expect that any responsible person at Washington is going to proclaim immunity for small offenders — that is much too crude a way to put it. Nevertheless a virtual immunity exists in many of our cities and will continue to exist as long as the people of those cities do not want enforcement badly enough to make it practicable by a much more general observance.

Of the utmost importance in this connection is the drift that is everywhere apparent in America toward political decentralization. 'Not more Federal government,' says Mr. Coolidge, 'but better local government.' And no Coolidge utterance has been more popular. Witness the fate of the Child Labor Amendment. The reorganization of prohibition enforcement during the present year — which has marked, by the way, a deliberate departure from the previous intimate relationship between the Government

and the prohibition lobby — has proceeded in accord with this principle of decentralization and the sharing of responsibility with the states. It has even extended to the administrative procedure. It is difficult to see what other course the administration could consistently take in the event of a failure of the present drive for enforcement than to put the problem squarely and finally up to the states and cities whose immediate concern it is.

IV

But the reader will wish to know how, in view of the conviction here recorded, — that the people themselves hold the destiny of prohibition in their hands, — I can justify the maintenance of the Volstead Act when it appears to be only partly enforceable in important sections of the country. The answer is that no one can predict what effect a serious and sustained effort at efficient enforcement of the law will have on the whole situation. I am assuming that, if the politicians at Washington do not cripple his efforts, General Andrews is going to give us a demonstration along this line. Suppose that the Federal Government should attain a reasonable degree of success with its own end of the task — that is, the 'wholesale' end of it; that liquor-smuggling is reduced to negligible quantities; that the scandals of industrial alcohol are eliminated; that effectual control is established over the big 'breweries,' or dealcoholizing plants, from which beer has been finding its way to an illicit market; that the big conspiracies that have made possible country-wide illicit operations are presently broken up. Would not the result presumably be to take the profit out of the business, to reduce the supply of potable liquors to dregs and thus destroy the market, and to create a 'psychology' of respect for

the law instead of distrust and contempt, of success instead of defeat? And would not this enormously simplify the task of enforcement in the local community? In other words, the Government must bear responsibility for creating a situation in which general support of the law will naturally increase.

I am, therefore, personally opposed to any 'liberalizing' of the Volstead Act until an adequate attempt has been made to stop up the main illicit sources of supply. But if, when these rivers cease to flow, the demand for liquor continues so great as to promote the moonshine industry on a colossal scale, as is freely predicted, then our wet cities will remain wet until they have the will to be dry.

The proposal that the law should be modified to permit the sale of 'light wines and beer' should be viewed very critically. It is exceedingly plausible. The argument is that an inexpensive, standard, legal beverage of low alcoholic content will drive out of the market the hard liquors that now command a high price because the law has restricted the supply and surrounded the traffic with so great hazards. Theoretically this is correct. But there is no evidence that the light beverage will satisfy a well-developed appetite for alcohol. Canadian 'four-point-four' (which contains between two and three per cent of alcohol) has not been a commercial success. And, if the demand for hard liquor continues, what hope is there of preventing its illicit sale in the places which will be licensed to sell lighter drinks? The liquor traffic was ever a lawbreaker, and the plan proposed would presumably recruit its dispensers largely from the ranks of the bootleggers of to-day. It is not an encouraging prospect.

Much is said pro and con about the

state of public opinion on the prohibition situation. Our report gave only a few indications, but they have been supported by the notable study since published by *Collier's Weekly*. That study was carefully and conscientiously undertaken, and its result should be taken seriously. It indicated an overwhelming dissatisfaction with enforcement, and a widespread pessimism as to the enforcibility of the law. Nevertheless, no poll or canvass can be assumed to yield the same result as an election which comes at the end of several weeks of reflection and debate. The probabilities are that the country as a whole wants prohibition continued, but wants a more genuine article than it has yet been given.

The extraordinary treatment accorded our study by the press associations made possible a fresh appraisal of newspaper opinion. Five hundred and fifty editorials on the report were received and classified, of which 136 were expressly favorable to prohibition, 125 were hostile, and 289 were non-committal. They were also classified as to their attitude toward the report: 340 were expressly favorable, 16 were hostile, and 194 were noncommittal. This would seem to indicate that the press is still open to conviction as to the outcome of national prohibition.

There were several minor findings of our study. No basis was uncovered for the charge that prohibition has increased drug addiction; in fact, it seems clear that it has had no effect either way upon the drug traffic. No support was given to the theory that prohibition has caused a moral breakdown among young people; rather, it appears that illicit drinking is one phase of a defection from conventional ideals and standards whose causes are difficult to probe but are certainly of complex origin. It is altogether likely

that with the increased popular use of the automobile and the passing of chaperonage the hip flask would have come into the picture in any case in response to a demand for a sort of portable dispensary. The coming of prohibition has no doubt made it more of a toy than it would otherwise have been, and given it a preferred place in the hierarchy of illicit indulgences upon which our moral education has as yet made slight inroads.

Likewise, it was shown that the wholesale charge, now emanating from one side, now from the other, that all respect for law is being broken down by the want of observance of the prohibition laws rests upon a gratuitous assumption. Fortunately our attitudes toward law and government are, like our other attitudes, particular rather than general. We do not have one general attitude that we draw upon whenever a new law is passed; we tend to make up our minds about each law on its own merits. It is true there is a widespread feeling that the mere fact that a law is on the books makes it mandatory upon the individual, and many people are to-day observing the prohibition laws on that basis. But, by and large, we are coming to see that compliance with a statute must be secured by assent to that particular law on its own merits or there will be an increasing breakdown in its observance.

One finding of the study may be regarded as conclusive: the enactment of social legislation is never a substitute for social education. Whatever the result of the new enforcement crusade may be, — and there is much ground for hope that important progress will be made, — it is a safe prediction that the illicit liquor-traffic will be finally overcome only when and where education in temperate living strongly reënforces the arm of the law.

THE QUESTION OF PERSONAL LIBERTY

BY MORTON P. FISHER

THE great case in which Prohibition is the recognized defendant is now on trial before a jury of the entire nation. Within a comparatively short time the verdict must be rendered. Will it be repeal, amendment, efficient enforcement, or nullification? The decision is in doubt; the issues are vital. As never before, this jury of the nation needs a fair, impartial charge, from a court, imaginary or otherwise, clarifying the real issues, summing up the real facts, honestly submitting the whole to the public for the correct and final decision. Fanaticism, overexaggeration of many material facts, and suppression of facts equally material, have continued long enough, and neither press, pulpit, nor politics may be found guiltless. Proponent and opponent have erred in their zealous interest in the cause.

It would seem that a fair beginning in an attempt to understand the problem would be an inquiry into the reasons why certain outstanding, disinterested persons used their best efforts to secure the passage of the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution. Many of the reasons are obvious; most are forgotten in the flare of excitement which now follows any mention of the issue.

Those engaged in law enforcement, from the prosecuting attorney to the policeman, knew from experience that a substantial part of the criminal population centred about saloons and dives where whiskey was dispensed. These saloons and dives not only were havens for the planning of crime and refuges for escape, but they furnished cheaply

the stimulus of intoxication without which many crimes would never be planned or carried through. Moreover, the background of such places encouraged the existence of a 'gang' element, which created and maintained a code of existence in which the star of ambition was the more successful and larger-scale commission of crime. In addition, enforcement officials traced many isolated crimes of frenzy, of which the taking of human lives formed no small part, to the immediate stimulus of whiskey and the atmosphere of the saloon.

Employers of labor saw clearly the waste of time as well as the loss of money occasioned to them and to their employees because men did not come to work when their pockets were full enough to supply them with liquor for a day or more. Social workers saw abject poverty due solely to the drink habit of the head of the house; judges in divorce courts saw liquor as the real cause for the separation of otherwise well-mated couples. The increase in automobile traffic focused the eye of the public upon the evil of the drunken driver.

All of the above practical everyday happenings, appealing even to the thoughtless, fought side by side with the often sincerely religious belief in the immorality of the use of intoxicating liquor as such and the obvious danger to the community of any habit-forming vice. Needless to add, the fanatics, the opportunists, and the publicity-seekers gave their aid.

Enough reason, indeed, for practicable prohibition.

Doubtless the many sincere people who advocated the passage of the Prohibition Amendment, carried away though they were by enthusiasm, made an honest effort to foresee any practical objections to its passage. Two substantial objections appeared: first, the resulting loss in revenue to the Government and the losses to those who had invested their money in business which would be curtailed or abolished; second, the interference with the rights of personal liberty. No other objections were openly suggested, and no others appeared to exist, except the personal interest of certain politicians.

The first objection was readily dismissed. No question of revenue could be permitted to prevent or delay steps for the betterment of the nation in so important a matter. The investments of individuals would be taken care of — or at least that was the belief — in such a way as to minimize if not remove the possibility of loss.

There remained only the problem of the infringement of personal liberty. Did personal liberty in this connection involve a great principle? Was it a blow at fundamental rights for the Government to interfere with, or regulate, the right of an individual to indulge in intoxicating liquor? Would more extensive suppressions follow? The answer came that this is the age of necessary regulation. Our public-service commissions control our intra-state public-service corporations, and the people are educated to rejoice in the fact that they are not left to the mercy of street-railway, gas, and telephone companies. Our banks are subject to regulation by state or Federal government, our railroads by an interstate commerce commission; we are protected against trusts, profiteering, and price-fixing; our food is inspected; our traffic is regulated. In a word, we have accustomed ourselves

in recent years to protection with respect to those public matters which are too large or too complicated to be coped with by the individual. And we realize the value of this protection on the whole. Viewed in that light, is not the liquor traffic — just as the narcotic traffic, with its important relationship to the public weal — a proper subject of regulation? So thought the supporters of the Amendment.

Did personal liberty mean the right to the congenial influence of liquor in the home, at the wedding, at the feast? Was this glowing aid to good-fellowship to be entirely abolished? Probably but few except those who viewed the prohibition of liquor as a moral instead of as a practical issue believed in such a possibility. They were aiming at the saloon, the rallying-place of drunkenness, the breeding-place of crime. That they, who were sure they knew how to drink their sip without excess, without harm to the public, might also be deprived appeared unnecessary, remote. That could be arranged. Or so they believed.

With such beliefs, upon such theories, with such support, and without a tangible fundamental argument urged in opposition, the Amendment itself was carried. Who shall say, if its enforcement had been planned in the same spirit, that the results would not have justified its passage?

But this is the age of overcompensation, in the insurance sense. Nothing may be done moderately. Advertising glares, slogans bellow, the press exaggerates, enthusiasts see but one side. The nation adopted a Prohibition Amendment. Congress, or the states, or both, were to enforce it. The National Prohibition Act was passed. Light wines and beer, as well as stronger drink, were legislated out of existence; every avenue of moderation, of compromise, of allowance for human

nature and the shock of great change, was closed. The need of the spirited and understanding support of a public accustomed to its independence was forgotten and discarded. Prohibition was to be imposed by force upon a people traditionally proud of personal liberty. The broadest exercise of regulatory power ever known to the world was to be rigidly carried out to its greatest extent without the whole-hearted support of the nation; indeed, with a sincere opposition by a substantial and respected part of the people.

At this point, indeed, the question of personal liberty became a fundamental issue. Of all those who sincerely favored the Prohibition Amendment, only those who viewed the whole question of intoxicating liquor as a moral issue favored the strictness and inelasticity of the terms of the National Prohibition Act. With these sincere persons followed the politicians, and professional seekers of publicity. Opposed to enforcement as provided in the Act were the personal-liberty advocates, the believers in light wines and beer, and almost all those who had previously used and respected the moderate use of intoxicating liquor. Included in the above were those respected citizens, foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents, coming from lands where light wines, beer, or whiskey in moderation have been approved for generations. Naturally the laboring class opposed so strict an enforcement, as did those who spoke affectionately, and without much thought, of the 'good old days.'

Such a power of opposition has the strength to rebel successfully. Those who believe so fundamentally in personal liberty have real point to their argument that the law has gone too far. The original purpose of community good has been forgotten, and, instead of an enforcement directed only to the end of public welfare, there is

an enforcement which insults the pride and suppresses the normal instincts of many good men. If necks are bowed to this yoke, what next?

Native and foreign-born alike who believe in the use of beer and light wines, and who have never seen evil result from their use, resent the needless interference with their rights and pleasures. Worst of all, they refuse to place a fullness of trust in a Congress which moves to needless lengths of oppression. They ask the reason for such deprivation. Some doctors reply that any amount of alcohol has a toxic effect. The citizen knows from his experience that such a toxic effect from beer and light wines will never affect the public in general, and that its effect on the individual is negligible compared to the benefits which the individual derives from the independent enjoyment of liberty. The reformer declares that beer and light wines must be suppressed because, if the public gets a finger, it will want a whole hand. The everyday citizen instinctively replies that the effect will be just the opposite; that a public safely satisfied with beer and light wines will offer little opposition to the prohibition of whiskey.

What wonder that there has spread over the nation a sincere indignation at the National Prohibition Act, which in many cases has grown to include indignation at the whole fundamental theory of prohibition. With the wave of indignation has also come a wave of sentimentality toward the 'good old days.' Out of this normal manifestation of human nature the bootleggers are reaping a fortune, and with experience the bootleg organization is becoming more and more efficient, and gathering, perhaps, a larger number of potential criminals to its banner.

Against this increasing resistance the Government throws its small band of prohibition agents, its district

courts with power of injunction, and its district attorneys. The stronger the sincere resistance, the greater the effort to tighten up by force. The safety valve of public opinion as an important moral aid slips further and further from the minds of enforcement officials. A vicious circle: stricter enforcement results in greater public opposition, and greater public opposition begets more drastic enforcement. And with it all comes the natural evil of a new and growing criminal class, bribery, corruption, and a public loathing of prohibition agents, without reason though it may be.

What, then, is to be done? Conditions will not remain unchanged, and to the average observation it appears that any change will be for the worse. What shall it be: enforcement, nullification, amendment, or repeal?

Conditions as they exist to-day indicate that enforcement of the present law in a satisfactory manner is impossible without the aid of public opinion. Public opinion is veering further and further away from enforcement. Views of individuals may differ as to this last statement, but the strongest advocates of the National Prohibition Act must admit that a large part of the public is showing a stronger and stronger disposition to oppose the principles of the Act. The longer such a condition exists, the greater the danger of confusing the issue of the National Prohibition Act with the fundamental issue of prohibition. Continued attempts at strong-arm enforcement appear to lead only in the direction of nullification.

Strangely, perhaps, many profound thinkers look to nullification as the best solution. I believe, however, that the best thought is to the contrary. A mere abandonment or forgetting of the law will be an unsatisfactory solution to both sides. Repeated attempts will

be made to reinstate the enforcement machinery. The fundamental theory of prohibition will be neither sustained nor defeated. Individuals will be uncertain as to the safety of pursuing their desires, and will suffer from occasional attempts at enforcement. Advocates of personal liberty will have failed in establishing their great principles. The bitterness engendered by the National Prohibition Act will remain. Worst of all, an atmosphere of disrespect for the Government, its laws, and its courts will be fostered, with consequences that no man can foretell.

Should the Prohibition Amendment be repealed in order to eliminate the whole principle of prohibition from our national government? Probably many thinking people would reply spontaneously in the affirmative, with the picture of the present chaotic conditions clearly before them. Anything to eliminate the waste, the corruption, the engendering of criminal classes, the patent efforts at oppression so evident in the present laws. Properly led, a stampede of nation-wide opinion might conceivably accomplish the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment in the comparatively near future. Calm reflection, however, seems to show the lack of wisdom in such a course. Few fair-minded people, upon careful consideration, will deny that the whiskey habit has many bad effects which should be eliminated if possible. Few would oppose carefully planned steps to abolish the saloon as it formerly existed, and even to-day exists. The world is in arms against the drunken driver. All approve of reasonable means of divorcing the use of liquor from its causal relation with crime, existent or potential.

Again the question, what to do? Perhaps each of us has a different thought, depending on the individual point of view. Upon so important an issue it is the duty of each of us to

explain and discuss our carefully considered ideas. On some of the major premises we might all agree. Surely it would be a step forward to advance fair-minded, honest views.

It would seem important at the outset to realize that most important and effective criminal laws are passed and enforced to suppress as far as possible the willful commission of acts which are recognized by a substantial majority of the people as inimical to public welfare. These laws are not passed for the purpose of forcing upon an unwilling people rules of morality and conduct which the large majority of a respected and thinking citizenry would not otherwise obey. A proper criminal law presumes the support and obedience of the substantial people upon whom the existence and future of the nation depend. They do not require whipping into line. The law and the comparatively small enforcement machinery are aimed at the few enemies of the common welfare, the beasts of prey, who must be controlled if the honest citizen is to go his way in peace.

Let, then, the advocates of prohibition seek first to discover and impress the nation with the ways in which the use of intoxicating liquor is inimical to the public welfare. Many of the ways have been suggested, and a proper presentation of the facts to the public will bring a whole-hearted approval. Let there be eliminated from the enforcement laws those provisions which are not aimed at the elimination of a public menace. Let there be included those provisions which the fair-minded citizenry will understand are necessary for the betterment of the nation in aiding to eliminate the stimulus to crime, pauperism, unemployment, and treachery to the family. Recognize the importance and wisdom of public opinion and save the tremendous waste of attempting to oppress a people who

hold the loftiest traditions of freedom.

A good beginning may be made by permitting light wines and beer for beverage purposes. The experience of the average man has been that comparatively no harm has ever resulted to the public from the use of such beverages. This is not advocated as a compromise or a sop to the people. It is their right. It is theirs to judge as to the use of food and drink where its use has no material effect upon the public. That a substantial reaction of public opinion in favor of prohibition would follow seems quite probable. The more oppressive and unpopular provisions of the Act would be eliminated thereby and the desires of a very large number of people would be satisfied harmlessly. Personal liberty would be a far less vital issue. The people would begin to appreciate that enforcement is to be carried out with reason.

Practical enforcement of the Act would be easier if beer were legalized. One of the great difficulties of enforcement is the inability of agents to distinguish between beer of more or less than one half of one per cent of alcoholic content. Many cases of illegal search have turned upon this issue alone. Eliminating home-brew, which is distinguishable by the sediment of yeast, beer and near-beer look alike, smell alike, and to many people taste alike. Whiskey, on the other hand, is unmistakable in odor, taste, and frequently in appearance. The task of the agent would be simplified if he were allowed to concentrate on hard liquor, the elimination of which as a beverage is the fundamental purpose of prohibition.

No one can say what the opinion of the majority of the people may be upon the question of whether whiskey as a beverage should be forbidden absolutely, or whether its use should be permitted in limited quantities under government supervision. It is reported

that the latter plan has been carried out successfully and satisfactorily in other countries. Honest investigation of such experience and fair-minded reports should place this country in a position to judge for itself. If the latter plan be practicable, it is invasion of personal liberty to refuse to permit it.

While considering some of the problems suggested by this great issue, let it be remembered that the advocates of prohibition have gone too far. The people are aroused. They will not change their opinions without clear indications that future changes are to be made with a view to respecting their rights and opinions; that enforcement will not be directed against them as

individuals, but only against conditions and practices which menace the nation. To convince the people of such good intentions, it will be necessary to go further in the direction of personal liberty than would have been necessary at the time the Amendment was carried.

Meanwhile, the trial goes on with its conflict of evidence, conflict of propaganda, and conflict of opinion. Better would it seem to attempt the abolition of the saloon and the separation of liquor from crime by fairness, truth, and the support of the public, than to defeat forever the high ideal of reasonable prohibition by oppressive attempts to abolish entirely the use of alcohol as a beverage.

SCIENCE AND CASH

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

It is a commonplace that the wealth of modern societies is in a large degree the creation of scientific research, and it is therefore often suggested that scientific workers should share in this wealth on a scale more or less comparable to that on which labor and capital are rewarded. In particular Sir Ronald Ross has for some years supported the idea that scientific workers who have made important discoveries should, as a routine, receive pecuniary rewards from the State — of course the State — on a scale comparable to those rewards received by successful generals.

At first sight the justice of his contention seems clear. In other intellectual occupations — for example, literature, music, and the fine arts — those men and women who are most highly

esteemed by their contemporaries enjoy fairly large incomes. A scientist can practically never hope to earn as much as £2000 per year as such, and is generally glad if he gets half that sum, while incomes of £300 are quite common. To make more he must go out of the path of pure research and teaching, and apply his talents to industry, administration, popular writing, or some other activity for which there is an economic demand. Very little can be made by taking out patents. One cannot patent a new fish or a new star, and medical etiquette rightly forbids the patenting of a new medicine or a new surgical instrument. The physicist and chemist cannot patent their great discoveries, for two different reasons. In the first place they do not know how

they will be applied. When Richardson discovered that all hot metals emit electrons he did not, presumably, suspect that he had made wireless telephony practicable. He could not take out a patent for all possible applications of his discovery; and many equally fundamental facts elicited at about the same time — for example, the emission of electrons by radioactive bodies in the cold — have found no paying application as yet.

Again, as a general rule, the greater the discovery the longer the time before it is applied. It was a long time before Faraday's discovery of electromagnetic induction could be applied to the manufacture of a practical dynamo. He did not make a penny out of it, and fortunately his heirs-at-law are not still being paid for it, as are those of Nelson for the Battle of Trafalgar. The Chinese might regard it as equitable that every user of electric light or power should burn at least one currency note per year before Faraday's image, and even a posthumous reward is better than none.

The French, for example, do not pay their men of science a living wage. On the other hand they give them statues — often very good statues — when dead, and call streets after them. And to many scientific men, such is our perversity, the prospect of becoming a street name is a better incentive to effort than a rise of salary.

The greatest difficulty of a scheme of rewards during life is to be found in the impossibility of estimating the importance of a discovery until the discoverer is dead or too old to enjoy the money. Any jury will inevitably tend to rate the discovery of a fact above the invention of a method of research. Let us take as an example the recent and thoroughly justifiable award of a Nobel prize to Banting and Macleod for the preparation of insulin, the substance by

whose injection a victim of diabetes may be restored to health. The numerous extracts prepared before success was reached had all to be tested by injection into dogs in order to study their effect on the amount of sugar in the blood. Now accurate blood-sugar analysis is extremely difficult, especially when one has only a few drops of blood to work on. It has been brought to its present degree of efficiency by some sixty years of very persistent and rather dull work in hundreds of different laboratories. This work had occupied far more time and probably required more thought and patience than the final stage at Toronto. But its value was less obvious at the time and its appeal to the imagination is smaller.

As a matter of fact a great scientist is very lucky if in his own day he receives such recognition as a Nobel prize. Willard Gibbs, the father of modern physical chemistry, was probably the greatest American scientist of the nineteenth century. He was so far recognized by his contemporaries as to be made a professor, though I cannot believe that his lectures were very intelligible. His sister habitually compelled him to drive her round in her buggy on the ground that her husband was a business man and could not spare the time.

But the fact that under a system of rewards much merit would be unrecognized is the least argument against such a system. No conceivable system can forestall the judgment of posterity. It would tend to divert scientific effort toward the obtaining of sensational rather than solid results. If a prize of a million dollars had been offered fifty years ago for a substance whose injection would relieve diabetes (and insulin would have been very cheap at the price) many of the men who devised the methods of blood-sugar analysis

would have been drawn into fruitless attempts to isolate insulin.

Again, no chemical discovery is more obviously worthy of recompense than that of a new element. Three new elements — hafnium, masurium, and rhenium — have been discovered in the last three years. But in each case the discovery was made through the application of Moseley's law connecting the X-ray spectrum of an element with its atomic number. This law was arrived at as the result of a series of very careful and laborious measurements, which furnished the chemist with a weapon of enormous power. But I do not suppose it was considered worthy of a paragraph in the popular press at the time of its discovery, and I doubt if the public would stand the allocation of large sums from its exchequer as a reward for work which is unintelligible to it.

Scientific discovery should be paid for on a system of credit rather than of cash down. At present, research in pure science is mainly performed by professors and lecturers at universities in the intervals of the teaching and administration for which they are paid. A little research of this kind is paid for as such by the Medical Research Council and other public bodies, but the vast majority of public money spent on research goes out for work on various branches of applied science, such as aeroplane design and practical medicine. The Royal Society has established a few professorships wholly devoted to research work, and one cannot but hope that many more such will be founded. A great discoverer can generally expound his own work, but he may be a thoroughly bad elementary lecturer and an extremely incompetent administrator of a laboratory. It would be an advantage to education as well as to research if these duties could be more often separated.

And everywhere the salaries are

extremely low. It is too late to reward Faraday, Hertz, or Pasteur. We can at least see that their successors possess an income large enough to allow them to bring up a family of five children and give them a first-class education, while allowing themselves such luxuries as a small motor-car. I can think of no professorship in Britain or France that satisfies this criterion. Our research workers are faced with the choice of deserting their calling on marriage or drastically limiting their families. I can think of some who have become expert witnesses, journalists, civil servants, and even tobacco salesmen, to their own economic advantage, but hardly to that of posterity. Others content themselves with one or two children — a questionable advantage to the public, since scientific ability is strongly inherited.

There is perhaps a final argument, from the point of view of the scientist, against a system of rewards for research: namely, that it should logically imply a system of punishments for discoveries adjudged to be of disadvantage to the public. The discoverer of a new explosive, a new poison-gas, or a new principle in aeronautics might find himself or herself condemned to the most appalling penalties. Such discoveries are often made by persons of the mildest character who have no idea that their work will serve to kill a fly, much less a human being. And as it is equally true that discoveries of immense general utility are often made by misanthropes only interested in pure theory, and caring not a rap for their own or anyone else's welfare, there is perhaps no injustice in refusing them pecuniary rewards which few of them have ever demanded.

However, it is not only unjust but contrary to the public interest that scientific research should be, as it is, the worst paid of all the intellectual professions.

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER. II

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

[Translated by George L. Howe]

I

WHILE his friends read and reread his touching letters, wept for him, and pictured his lonely languishings with an uneasy pity, Goethe was walking briskly down the pretty valley of the Lahn, on the way to Coblenz. There, at Frau de la Roche's, Merck was to meet him.

A misty chain of mountains in the distance, the whitened pinnacles of the rocks above him, a stream filtering under a vault of reeds in the bottom of a gorge at his feet, composed a landscape aptly solemn.

His pride in having broken the spell of Wetzlar tempered the pathos of his still recent memories. Brooding over the adventure he had just enacted, he thought, 'Why not make an elegy of it? Or an idyll?' Then he wondered whether, after all, his real vocation were not to draw and paint such scenery as he was now traversing. 'Come,' he decided, 'I am going to toss my good knife into the river. If I see it hit the water, I shall be a painter; if the reeds hide it, I shall give up Art forever.'

He did not see the knife sink, but he caught the rippling of the water. The oracle seemed ambiguous. He postponed his decision.

He walked as far as Ems, then took a boat down the Rhine and reached Frau de la Roche's. He was welcomed

most graciously. Councillor de la Roche was a man of the world, a great reader of Voltaire, a skeptic and a cynic. His wife, accordingly, was a sentimentalist. She had published a novel, she entertained the devotees of letters, and in spite of her husband, or perhaps because of him, she had made his house the rendezvous of the Apostles of the Heart.

Goethe was specially taken with the black eyes of sixteen-year-old Maximiliane de la Roche — pretty, bright, and precocious. He took long walks with her in the country, where he held forth on God and the Devil, Nature and the Heart, Rousseau and Goldsmith, and played his part so perfectly, in short, that Lotte might never have existed. The memory of her even added a zest to the new friendship. 'It is a pleasant sensation,' he noted, 'when the heart listens for the first accents of an infant Love before the last sigh of a dead one has echoed itself into nothingness. Even so, turning from the setting sun, one hails the moon, climbing her own horizon.'

But before long he would have to go back to Frankfort.

The return to the paternal roof after disaster always brings a mixed feeling of relief and dismay. The fledgling has tried to fly; he has had to fold his wings; safe in the nest, he still

longs for the great space that would not sustain him. The child escapes the troubles of an exacting and hostile world; he returns to the domestic round, where old habits are renewed, but where he finds again the weariness of feelings he has known too well, the loving bondage of home.

Those who have gained a traveler's perspective are astonished to find their families still busy with stale and useless quarrels. Again Goethe heard in the house the same phrases that had irritated him when he was a child. His sister Cornelia complained of her father, his mother complained of Cornelia, and Councillor Goethe, whose temper was far from smooth, vowed he would drive back to his case-books a son whose head was so full of wraiths and fancies that he could not see the world about him.

Goethe felt himself succumbing to the depression he dreaded. He decided that his only hope of salvation lay in starting some great work of literature. The only difficulty was the choice. He still envisaged a Faust, perhaps a Prometheus, or perhaps even a Cæsar. But when he had sketched several schemes, written several verses, rubbed out and torn up, he admitted that none of it was good. Between his work and himself there always intervened the face of Lotte.

His lips still tasted the only kiss he had got from her; his hands remembered the touch of hers, so firm, so gentle; his ears remembered the sound of her frequent and cheery voice. Now that she was far from him he found she had always belonged to him. As soon as he sat down at his desk, his fancy rambled off to painful and profitless dreams.

Like all the bereaved, he tried to reconstruct the past. If Lotte had not been engaged. . . . If Kestner had been less worthy or less kind. . . . If

he himself had been less honorable. . . . If he had been brave enough to stay. . . . Or to escape wholly, and crush by force of will the ghosts that tempted him. . . .

Over his bed he had hung a silhouette of Lotte, cut out of black paper by some rural artist. He stared at this image with an almost fanatic devotion. Each evening before he went to bed he kissed it. 'Lotte,' he would whisper, 'will you give me one of your brooches?' Often at nightfall he sat till late conversing with the portrait of his lost friend. Natural and easy as this make-believe was at first, after a few days it seemed an empty and sorry rite, but he still drew from it some balm for his unrest. The mediocre and even absurd snip of paper had become an altar.

Almost every day he wrote Kestner with tender messages for Charlotte. He still spoke of his devotion in that half-tragic, half-jesting tone which at Wetzlar had alone allowed him to release his stormy feelings without arousing Kestner.

'We were talking,' he wrote him, 'of what may be happening above the clouds. I am not sure, but what I do know is that the Lord God must be a chilly fellow to let you have Lotte.'

And on another occasion: 'Lotte has n't dreamed of me? I am very much hurt, and command that she dream of me this very night, and without telling you about it afterward.'

Sometimes spite and pride got the better of him: 'I shall not write again till I can tell Lotte that someone else is in love with me—deeply in love.'

After several attempts, he saw he could not go back to work on the themes he had planned till he had rid himself of this obsession. There was only one task now for which he

was fit—a book about Lotte, a masterpiece in which Lotte would be the heroine.

In spite of his vast material, his diary, his memories, even his still burning heart, the obstacles were great. The subject was distinctly slight: a young man arrives in a city, falls in love with a girl who is already taken, and retreats from his attempt. Was there a book in that? Why did the hero draw back? All the women would blame him. If he had really been in love, he would have stayed. As it had happened, Goethe had left because the call of his art, the will to create, had been stronger than his love. Who but another artist would accept that explanation? The more he thought, the slimmer and triter did the theme become, the less did he seem likely to make anything of it, the greater grew his weariness and disgust for writing.

In the middle of November Kestner sent him some astounding news. The young Jerusalem, the handsome melancholy youth in blue jacket and yellow vest, who had so often walked abroad in the moonlight and whom they laughingly called 'the Lover,' had just killed himself with a pistol-shot.

'Unhappy Jerusalem!' answered Goethe. 'The news is a terrible shock. . . . Those who experience nothing because they worship the idol of vanity and the bauble of pleasure — they are guilty of this misfortune and the misfortunes of us all. The Devil damn them, dear friends! The poor chap. . . . When I came back from our walk and met him in the moonlight, I said, "He is in love," and Lotte will remember that I laughed. . . . I had hardly ever spoken to him. . . . When I left I had one of his books. Now I shall treasure it, with his memory, as long as I live.'

The adventures of others always

stirred Goethe when they completed the possible but unachieved fragments of his own experience. He pursued the story of Jerusalem with an almost morbid eagerness. He saw that if he himself had been only a little different, if a few elements had been lacking in the fabric of his own intelligence, he too would have tended toward the same despair. But he was specially interested in the tale because his first thought, when he had heard it, had been: 'I have got my ending.' Yes, the hero of his idyll could and should kill himself. Death, and death alone, held the element of tragic grandeur that had been lacking in his own adventure.

He begged Kestner for a full account of all he could learn of the case, and Kestner, who was not without talent, sent it to him.

II

Between his Wetzlar diary and the story of Jerusalem's death Goethe had certainly collected the beginning and the end of a masterpiece. The two tales were true; they would be tragic if only they could be convincingly set down. The book would breathe the deepest and intensest passion. At last he could write from experience. He was confident. He loved his subject. And yet, still busy with his dreams, he could not set himself to work.

In order to write, he had always needed, in some quick and lightning glance, scorning details, to survey the whole. This time that flash was lacking. His love affair with Lotte and the death of his friend would do, but the two episodes did not fit, for they were taken from different series in the game of destiny. The characters of the protagonists in the diary could not justify so dramatic an end. Kestner's equable good-nature, Lotte's gayety and wholesome simplicity, and Goethe's own invulnerable spirits and persistence were

traits which made the hero's suicide impossible. In vain he tried to picture the meetings of Frau Herd with Jerusalem, or his last meditations. He would have to recast his characters and forge another chain of events. But events are strangely linked. Touch one and the others fall apart. It seems that truth must after all be one, for as soon as you displace it, however slightly, however carefully, you open a whole Pandora's box of troublesome alternatives.

Again calm eluded him. A vast brood of purposes and plans romped in his weary brain. As soon as he caught glimpses of beautiful and misty figures, they would vanish. Like a pregnant woman obsessed by her womb, he could find no attitude that brought repose.

To learn the details of the drama he went back to Wetzlar. There was the house where the young man had killed himself — his pistols, his chair, and his bed. He spent several hours with Charlotte. The engaged couple seemed perfectly happy. Even the memory of their former evenings seemed missing from their calm and ordered life. Goethe felt unhappy and alone. His love revived. Sitting on the sofa in the Teutonic Headquarters, and gazing at Lotte, who was so placid and fresh, he said to himself, 'Jerusalem was right. And I, too, might —' But Goethe remained Goethe, and returned to Frankfort master of himself.

Home seemed drearier than ever. Kestner's wedding was drawing near. At night, in his lonely room, 'upon his virgin couch,' Goethe pictured Charlotte in the bridal chamber, her gown striped with blue, her hair braided for the night — ravishing, chaste. Desire and jealousy cruelly kept him awake. If he is to live, a man must progress toward some goal. But what hope was left to him? He saw himself doomed to the life of a lawyer or petty official in a

town whose stupid mediocrities would always be hostile to his dreams. His brain, which he knew could have created, would fritter itself away in foolish testimony and dispute. 'I shall live on here like a giant chained by dwarfs,' he thought, and if he was not modest, at least he was not wrong. It was as if he were to be buried alive. One after the other, all the comrades of his youth would go. His sister Cornelia was about to be married. His friend Merck was leaving for Berlin. Soon Charlotte and her husband in their turn would quit Wetzlar, 'while I remain,' he wrote the Kestners. 'If I do not marry or hang myself, conclude that I love life.' And a little later: 'I wander in deserts where no water is.'

He came to think that a frequent cause of suicide must be the hunger of a humdrum life to astonish itself, almost to amuse itself, by some act that would break the monotonous routine. 'The love of living,' he thought, 'depends on our interest in the regular round of day and night and the seasons, and on the pleasure their revolutions bring us. When that interest ceases, nothing is left but a weary burden. An Englishman hanged himself to escape dressing and undressing every day. I once heard a gardener groan in his boredom, "Must I always watch these dull clouds float from west to east?" — a symptom of that disgust which is commoner among thoughtful people than we know. . . . Think it over impartially: what have I to get from life? Another Frederica to desert? Another Lotte who will forget me? A stupid life as a lawyer in Frankfort? . . . I swear it would be natural, even praiseworthy, to escape delights like those.

'Yet, if we reflect on the methods of suicide, we see it is so repugnant to the nature of man that to cut himself off from the living he must have recourse

to tricks. With firearms we kill ourselves indirectly. When Ajax falls on his sword, it is the weight of his body which does him that last service. The only real suicide is that of the Emperor Otto, who plunged a dagger in his own breast.'

For several evenings as he went to bed he laid a dagger beside him. Before blowing out the light he tried plunging the point in his breast. But he could not even make a scratch. The flesh betrayed the spirit. 'After all,' he thought, 'it is because I wish to live.'

And when he questioned himself honestly, when he tried to brush aside the ready-made phrases and confusing prejudices which obscure the real thought, when he sought the reasons why, in spite of all, he wished to live, he found first the ever-renewed pleasure in the splendid spectacle which is the world, then the sweet and solemn prospect of the birth of a new love, and finally the vaguer but eager impulse to watch over the still mysterious masterpiece growing within him — growing, he felt, cruelly slowly. 'Do not be dismayed,' he wrote his friends in Wetzlar. 'I am almost as happy as you two who love each other; I am hopeful as a real lover.'

Just before Charlotte's marriage he begged the privilege of buying the ring himself. He had a strange passion for irritating his wound. Since he was to depict his woes, he should have them harrowing. Goethe, posing for himself, struck his best attitude.

On the morning of the wedding, Kestner wrote him an affectionate letter. Goethe had asked for the bridal nosegay. They sent it to him, and he stuck it in his hat for his Sunday walk. On Good Friday, he decided, he would take down Lotte's portrait, dig a grave in the garden, and solemnly bury it. But when the day came that ceremony

seemed a little ridiculous, so he gave it up. The slumbers over which the black and white silhouette presided were peaceful from that time on. The Kestners had set out for Hanover. Goethe could not imagine their life in that new world, for he knew nothing about it. His sorrow, like his love, needed visible idols if it were to last. Had he not already lost the moment for preserving emotions so fragile?

III

He had kept up a sentimental correspondence with that delightful Maximiliane de la Roche whose black eyes had been such a consolation for Wetzlar. One day he learned that she was marrying a wholesale grocer of Frankfort, Peter Anton Brentano, fifteen years older than she, a widower with five children. 'Fine! Very fine!' wrote Goethe to Kestner. 'Dear Max de la Roche is marrying a distinguished tradesman!' Doubtless the skeptical Herr de la Roche had preferred to the Romance of Youth a large fortune with a numerous family.

Goethe was really sorry for poor Max, who was to exchange one of the sweetest nooks in the world for a gloomy mansion at Frankfort, and her mother's cultivated circle for a society of newly rich merchants. None the less he looked forward to being near so amiable a person.

As soon as he heard of her arrival, he flew to her, used every weapon to win over the widower's five children, and after the first quarter of an hour succeeded, of course, in making himself indispensable. When Goethe tried to please, no one could resist him. Brentano himself was flattered by the visits of a Bürgermeister's grandson who was said to be nobody's fool, so he displayed his most gracious welcome.

Goethe, picking up his passion where he had left it, rushed into an ardent devotion with his usual energy. To be with Max, to console her for 'her husband's manners and the smell of cheese,' to distract her by walks and readings, became the only aim of his life. Work was abandoned again. And why should he write? What occupation is there worth the fugitive smile, the sweet content and gratitude, one can bring to a beautiful face?

Max was unhappy among the jars of oil and the tubs of herring. She did not like Frankfort. She tried to love her husband, but it was not an easy task. Goethe became her confidant.

Being less practical than Charlotte Buff, she did not set him to peeling vegetables or to picking fruit, but she spent hours with him over cello and piano duets and the latest French novels.

They often went skating together. Goethe borrowed his mother's red-velvet mantle and threw it over his shoulder like a cape. He skated perfectly. Gliding with sovereign grace, while the wind behind him bellied out his royal train, he looked like a young god. So, at least, thought pretty Frau Brentano, for whom the spectacle was meant, and the Frau Geheimrätin, his mother.

'Everything is well with me,' he wrote. 'The last three weeks have been continuous delight, and now we are contented and happy as can be. I say we, for since the middle of January I have never been alone. The destiny I cursed so often has now earned the politer terms of benevolence and kindness, for this is my first recompense for the loss of my sister. Max is still the same angel whose simplicity and charm captivate us all, and my devotion to her is the joy of my life.'

How happy it would all have been had Brentano not been jealous! At the

beginning he had found the little fellow convenient for escorting his wife, for he was occupied by his business, where no one could take his place. Several times he had chosen Goethe to judge between them; on certain points, surely, the sensible sex would all agree. Unfortunately Goethe was a traitor to it, because he was an artist. As the comic poets have noted, there is always a delightful comradeship between a husband and another man of sense, — that is, one who agrees with him, — but a lover who undermines the husband's authority is justly odious.

Brentano noticed that his wife did not get used to Frankfort, criticized the habits of his old and respectable family, and was always talking of music, books, and other unhealthy subjects. He concluded, not without reason, that some evil genius was whispering counsel subversive to the conjugal hierarchy, and that this foe was young Goethe.

As soon as he made these momentous discoveries, he began to treat Goethe with a coldness so insulting as to make his situation in the house most difficult. If he answered haughtily, as he should, he could never come back; if he meekly accepted the affronts, they would doubtless grow more frequent. Soon Max herself, worn out by quarrels which spoiled all her pleasure, begged him to be careful and to come less often. 'For the sake of my peace,' she told him, 'this cannot — no, cannot — go on.'

He began to pace about the room, repeating between his teeth, 'No, it cannot go on.' Max, seeing how violent he had become, tried to calm him. 'I beg you,' she said, 'control yourself. Think of the happiness you will earn by your wit, your knowledge, your talents; and be a man. Why *me*, Goethe, who belong to another — just why must it be *me*?''

He went home vowing never to return, but he was miserable. In his excitement he talked aloud to himself. So on the path to his happiness he was always to encounter the petty laws of society. Only in the constant and loving company of a woman could he find calm and joy and self-forgetfulness. Yet to earn that happiness legally he must either give up his own freedom or condemn his chosen one to 'misery and guilt.' The conflict between the aims of the individual and the rules of the State had never seemed so unjust. . . . Charlotte? Charlotte at least loved Kestner. But Max could not, did not even pretend to love her grocer. Yet he, Goethe, must yield. 'Your knowledge and talents will make you happy!' What mockery! Knowledge is dead, but the tree of life is green. Knowledge, too, is limited by human frailty. What do the wisest know? Nothing of the real essence of things. What is man, who lacks strength when most he needs it? Laughter or tears, is he not always confined, always brought back to the sorry spectacle of his smallness at the very moment he hopes to soar to the Infinite?

Then all at once, he did not know how, the crisis passed, and he was tranquil again, and master of himself. He looked down upon his own distress as if it had been another's. 'Why yes,' he whispered, 'that is how Jerusalem must have felt. And doubtless it was after such a scene as this that he . . .'

And suddenly, with a lucid flash, he saw how his unhappy episode could fit in with the death of Jerusalem. Doubtless it was less tragic, — in fact, it was not tragic at all, — and he knew that it was ended, but none the less it showed him the course and current of sensations he had never known. Max and her husband, Charlotte and Kestner, Goethe and Jerusalem, seemed to melt, to mingle and dissolve, while their

component atoms, plunging incredibly fast through the vast spaces of the mind, combined in just and natural measures. It was all beautiful and delicious, and Goethe, at last, was perfectly happy.

Thus were born three new heroes: Werther, Charlotte, and Albert. Werther was a Goethe who was not an artist. Albert was a pettier Kestner, complicated with Brentano's jealousy and Goethe's own intellect. Charlotte was a Lotte who had been brought up by Frau de la Roche to read Rousseau and Klopstock.

The next day he locked himself in to work, and in four weeks the book was written.

IV

When Goethe had finished *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* he felt as joyful and free as if he had just been to confession. Reverie and remorse, doubt and desire, had each found its fit and lasting place. The Cathedral was built. Already the last work-thoughts were leaving their labors. In the close, which was silent at last, the architect awaited the first of the faithful. His past was no longer within him, but before him. He saw that it was good, as he gazed on it with languid triumph and dreamed of the new life he could begin.

The book would not be put on sale till the time of the Leipzig Fair, but the author must first, at least, send it to Charlotte. He often tried to picture her reading it. Perhaps she would begin *Werther* at night, in her bed, when her swelling breasts would lift the counterpane; perhaps sitting in a chair across from Kestner, who, a little jealous, would study her expression unobserved. For the first time she would know what Goethe's love had been. Doubtless she would blush when she reached the passion of the end —

those furious kisses which she had never got from him and which now, by means of an art almost magical, he could imprint upon her lips. . . . And dear Max Brentano? She too would doubtless ponder long.

As soon as the first copies came from the printer, he made a package of two, one for Charlotte and one for Kestner. 'Lotte,' he wrote, 'when you read this little book you can guess how dear it is to me; this copy is as precious as if it were the only one in the world. It is for you, Lotte. I have kissed it a hundred times; I have sealed it that no one but you may touch it. Ah, Lotte! . . . I hope that you and Kestner read it separately, and that each of you sends me a line. Lotte, Lotte, farewell.'

Kestner and his wife smiled and proceeded to obey. Each took one of the little volumes and opened it with a loving eagerness.

Charlotte was a little uneasy. She knew Goethe's fiery nature and dislike of control, whether by himself or by the useful laws of society. In real life his fear of committing himself, of becoming involved, had usually pent in the brimstone torrent before it was too late. But what would Goethe be untrammelled?

With the very first pages she foresaw that the test would be hard for her husband. The scene at the dance, so simple in the event, had here somehow assumed a tone of passionate sensuality: 'To hold in my arms that most charming of beings! To fly with her like the storm! To see everything fade and vanish about me! To feel! . . . I swore then that the woman I loved should waltz only with me, at the risk of my life! You understand.'

Charlotte paused thoughtfully. Candidly, she had known from the first that Goethe loved her in that way. The idea had glided into the depths of her consciousness, but she had firmly locked

it there, and long ago had succeeded in forgetting its indiscreet and restless presence. Yet the memory was there, for, as she read, Charlotte suffered a sweet, a troublous reminiscence.

She reached the passage: 'Ah, what flames course through my veins when by chance my finger meets hers, or our feet touch beneath the table. I fly as if from fire, but a secret impulse draws me back. Dizziness lays hold on me, and trouble is in my soul. Ah, her innocence and purity do not let her guess how the least touch of intimacy tortures me! When, as she speaks, she lays her hand on mine . . . ' Charlotte set down the book and thought for a while. Had she been wholly innocent? Had she not always, in moments like that, fathomed the trouble of Goethe? Had it not stirred her deliciously? Even now did not an illogical delight steal over her as she read? She rebuked her coquetry. She looked across at her husband, who skimmed the pages of the little book with a dark and worried gaze.

After a short time he too glanced up, and asked what she thought. He seemed stiff and angry. 'It is unworthy,' he said impressively. 'Goethe draws characters who at first are like us; then somehow he transforms them to falseness and fancy. Who is this sentimental Lotte forever weeping over Werther's hand? Have you ever gazed at the heavens and exclaimed, "O Klopstock!" Worst of all, to a young man you had just met? . . . It is hard to imagine you in the rôle. Ah, I see now that Goethe never understood your charm. Only I, Charlotte, only I. . . . What is lovable in you is that gay and natural dignity which forbids every thought of evil. . . . But he — why, he has spoiled even his own portrait! The real Goethe behaved far better than Werther. During those four months there was something noble and generous in our friendship, but he

could not express it. . . . And as for me, whom he makes so insensitive; me, whose heart "does not beat in sympathy to a noble book" — am I really so cold? Ah! I am sure that if I had had to lose you, Lotte, it is I who should have been Werther.'

At that the couple approached each other. A scene of conjugal tenderness ensued which perhaps was hardly what the author would have wished. It was side by side, holding one another's hands, that they finished the novel together. Kestner, at least, ended the reading in a burst of anger. To disguise their simple and straightforward story as a tragic adventure struck him as nothing short of monstrous. Yes, this hybrid of Goethe and Jerusalem was some double-headed monster. Doubtless, too, Kestner saw that the last meeting of Werther and his beloved was taken whole from the letter he had written Goethe about Jerusalem's death. But when he recognized a heroine named Lotte, who had begun with the character of his Lotte, he suffered as if some sottish painter had chosen the face and body of his wife for the subject of an obscene picture.

Charlotte, to tell the truth, was more affected than angry, but she could understand her husband's feelings and agreed with him for the sake of calm. Besides, she shared his fear. What would the neighbors say? All their friends, in Wetzlar and even in Hanover, could not fail to recognize them. How could they explain which parts of the book were copied from them and which were not? How could they escape a gossip which would be malicious, but natural after all? Had they been clear-headed they would have foreseen that the vast ocean of human indifference and forgetfulness would swallow in half a year the adventure that seemed so momentous. But Wisdom and Sorrow

are seldom bedfellows. Their happy and secluded life seemed forever spoiled by the indiscretion of their friend.

V

The next day Kestner wrote Goethe a severe and dissatisfied letter: —

It is true that into each character you have woven something alien to him, and that you have joined several in one. That is very good. But, if you had heeded your heart in that weaving and mixing, the originals whose traits you have borrowed would not have been prostituted as they are. You wished to copy nature to make your picture real, but you brought together so many contradictions that you have missed your aim. . . . The true Lotte would be most unhappy if she resembled yours. . . . And Lotte's husband, whom you called your friend — and God knows he was — feels as she does.

What a wretched creature your Albert is! . . . If he had to be mediocre, must you have made such a sot in order to triumph over him yourself and cry, 'What a fine fellow I am!'

For several days Goethe had been impatiently waiting for the verdict of Kestner and Lotte. He hoped for two long and enthusiastic letters, for lists of the passages that had specially moved them, for quotations perhaps, perhaps for the recalling of episodes he had forgotten or neglected. Happily and eagerly he broke the seal, only to be stupefied by that acid condemnation. 'What?' he thought. 'Is it possible that an intelligent man can understand so little what a book should be? Why does he wish Werther to be Goethe? On the contrary, it was necessary to kill Werther before creating Goethe. I may have had some traits of Werther, but I was saved in the crisis by that quality we call decision. Omit Goethe's will and you have Werther left. Omit imagination and you have Albert. Why does he say my Albert is "wretched"?'

Why should I have made Albert unworthy? The beauty of my subject is that Werther and Albert, though they are rivals, are equal. Besides, why does Kestner assume that he is Albert? Does he think I cannot find a reasonable man within myself?’

The more he reflected, the more he reread Kestner’s letters, the less he understood and the more his bewilderment grew. Yet he hated to think he had hurt his friends. For a long time he sought a way to appease them. But what could he do? Hold back his novel? He had not the courage:—

My dear displeased friends: I must write you at once to ease my heart. The deed is done, the book is out, so forgive me if you can. Do not write me till events have proved how exaggerated your fears are, and until you are able to see the mixture of fact and fiction that the book contains. . . . And now, my dearest friends, when you feel your anger mount, remember, only remember, that your old Goethe is devoted to you forever and ever and more than ever.

As they had expected, when the book was published the Kestners were asked questions and given sympathy. Lotte’s brother, Hans Buff, sent them the verdict of the Teutonic Headquarters. There, at least, everyone knew Goethe, and the sorrows of the young Werther had met with brilliant success as a farce. ‘By the way,’ wrote Hans, ‘have you read *Werther*? There is a curious spectacle here. There are only two copies in town and, as everyone is anxious to read them, everyone steals as best he can. Last evening Papa, Caroline, Lele, Wilhelm, and I read together from a single copy. We tore off the binding; each section went through five pairs of hands. . . . Poor Werther! We laughed heartily as we read it. Did he laugh too when he wrote it?’

Kestner had to swear to the impor-

tunate friends who sent their sympathy that his household was exemplary, that his wife had always loved him, that Goethe had never dreamed of suicide, and that a novel was a novel. Finally Charlotte persuaded him to write Goethe a letter of absolution.

But a pardon was nothing. The young author was intoxicated. All Germany was shedding tears for Werther’s fate. The young men wore his blue jacket, his yellow waistcoat, and his brown-topped boots. The girls copied Charlotte’s gowns, especially the pink-beribboned one of her first meeting with her friend. In every garden the sensitive built little antique monuments to Werther’s memory. Climbing plants twined round Wertherian urns. Songs and poems were written about him. Even the French, who were so apt to be scornful, hailed this disciple of Rousseau. Since *La nouvelle Héloïse* no work of the intellect had moved Europe to such an extent.

Goethe answered in a tone which was hardly repentant:—

O ye of little faith! If you could feel the thousandth part of what Werther means to thousands of hearts, you would not even think of the sacrifice you have made to him. . . . To save my life, I would not suppress Werther. Believe me, Kestner, believe me, your doubts and dreads will fade like phantoms of the night. If you are generous, and do not torment me, I will send you letters, tears and sighs for Werther, and, if you have confidence, trust that all will turn out well and that gossip is meaningless. Lotte, farewell; Kestner, love me and trouble me no more.

After this his correspondence with the Kestners became most infrequent.

Embalmed, encased forever in his periods, they had lost most of their reality for him. Once a year, for a long time, he wrote them letters which began ‘My dear children’ and asked for news of an ever-growing family.

In 1816, Frau Sekretärin Kestner, a widow fifty-nine years old, ugly but pleasant and cheerful, paid a visit to His Excellency Minister of State von Goethe at Weimar. She hoped that the great man could be of service to her sons, August and Theodore, but especially to Theodore, who was going to devote himself to science.

She found an old man, polite but bored, in whose features she sought in vain the face of the young madman of Wetzlar, whom 'one was forced to love.' The conversation was halting. Goethe, not knowing what to say, showed her his engravings and dried

plants. They read in each other's eyes surprise and disillusion. Finally the Minister offered the old lady his own box at the theatre, but begged her to excuse him for being unable to escort her. As she went out, she thought: 'If I had happened to meet him without knowing his name, he would have made no impression on me.'

The truth was that Doctor Goethe had died long ago; Fräulein Lotte Buff, who had been so fond of dancing and moonlight walks, was dead too. Of all the characters in that story only one was still alive, and he was the sorrowful Werther.

THE FALLACIOUS PROPAGANDA FOR BIRTH CONTROL

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THERE has never been a time when the problem of population has received more attention than now. It is on everyone's tongue. In one phase or another, it is constantly the subject for discussion among individuals, for legislative consideration by Congress, and even for international interchange and agreement between nations. Largely in response to this increasing popular interest, a succession of scholarly and stimulating books on population have recently followed one another in England and the United States, all of them urging upon intelligent people the necessity for constructive thinking on a population programme.

It is not difficult to explain the current vogue. The Great War itself was, in a sense, an expression of the population problem as it confronted the nations of Europe eleven years ago.

The crowding of the peoples of Germany and Austria was undoubtedly one of the underlying causes of the war. Each country believed it needed more room for expansion, and desired additional markets and colonies where its surplus people could be accommodated and food raised for the use of the homeland. During the war, and in the succeeding years, a flood of nationalist feeling was unloosed in each belligerent country, stimulated by a type of population propaganda which glorifies one's own people, but always at the expense of the enemy and even of the neutrals. Even at this time the population problem transcends all others; but the consideration it is receiving is not particularly sound or conducive to the happiness or prosperity of the nations or the peace of the world.

I

In our own country, intense nationalist feeling has fairly run away with us and has been particularly misdirected. It has expressed itself primarily in two movements: first, the Ku Klux Klan; second, the new immigration policy. Both appeal to a great number of native Americans in all parts of the country and may be summed up in the slogan, 'America for Americans.' What underlies these phenomena is, first of all, a distrust of the newcomer, resentment at his success, and the fear engendered by his greater fertility and rapid increase in numbers after his arrival. The adherents of the Klan see themselves losing control of the country. Their formation of an organized group, then, is really the expression of a defense reaction to the passing away of power from their hands and its concentration in those of aliens whom they consider inferior, or, in any case, unable to conduct properly the affairs of the country. Essentially the same reasoning is at the bottom of the new immigration law, which admits into the country only a limited number of aliens selected from the few countries whose peoples and standards of life most closely resemble our own. The stream of papers and books in recent years which has centred around and supported the Nordic myth is simply an effort to give the appearance of science to what is fundamentally an expression of unreasoned prejudice.

Such sentiments and passions, however, may be allowed to run their course. They will soon give way to better judgment. The extravagances of the Ku Klux Klan propaganda have already abated, and we are probably through with the worst phases of this queer phenomenon. The immigration restrictions, on the other hand, are of a different nature. These appear to have

been based upon a scientific assumption — namely, that the country was rapidly reaching the saturation point. More than one writer has been sounding an alarm that America is rapidly becoming overpopulated and that, if we are to maintain our high standards of living and avoid the troubles of the rest of the world, we must keep our population down. They have been fearful lest the future growth of the country keep pace with the increase of past decades and tax our natural resources to the limit. They have, therefore, urged the most drastic limitation of immigration and have encouraged even a further restriction of our own fecundity. Such an assumption must be subjected to examination and criticism.

The fact upon which these fears are grounded is that we are increasing at the rate of a little over one per cent a year. Our birth-rates are still running as high as twenty-three per thousand per annum and our death-rates only about twelve, leaving a natural increase of eleven per thousand. If this rate were continued without let-up, our population would double in about sixty years even without any further additions from immigration. A population of more than two hundred millions by 1980 is too much, and all the horrors of overcrowding, of lower living-standards, and even of war with our neighbors, are conjured up to warn us against this horrible adventure. Careful study has convinced me, however, that there is really very little justification for this point of view. In spite of the crude figures of increase in recent decades, the American population has not been running wild, nor even approximately approaching the limit of its resources. We are to-day supporting only ninety persons per productive square mile of land, as against two hundred for France. If the density of the latter country per productive square mile

prevailed in the United States, the population would be two hundred and fifty millions. Yet France gives no impression of overpopulation. She is very well able to take care of herself, to supply her necessities of life, and even to export large quantities of goods to the outside world. To-day France has no unemployment problem and has, in fact, welcomed several million workers, especially from Italy and Poland, to her fields and factories. With our superior soil and incomparably richer natural resources in forests, coal, oil, and other minerals, we are as yet nowhere near the situation in which the quantity of our population need give us concern. The quality of our population is another question, and to that I shall refer later.

But I should point out that there is little, if any, immediate danger of our increasing our population to the density of that of France or of the other Western European countries. The time of rapid multiplication of our population has been left behind for good. Professor Willcox of Cornell University, from a critical analysis of American population statistics, infers that a natural decline in the native American birth-rate began as early as 1810 and that it has continued since that time. The decrease has been much more pronounced in recent decades. But this has received very little attention because its effects have been covered up, partly by an improvement in mortality and partly by the increases resulting from recent immigration. The increase in our numbers in the last half-century has been due in a large measure to immigration and to the results of immigration. In 1920, the foreign whites and their native offspring constituted 34.4 per cent of the population. Since 1900, over sixteen million foreigners have entered the country. These people are of fertile stock, accustomed for cen-

turies to large families. They arrived here during their reproductive years, and they produced large numbers of offspring soon after their arrival. It is this which has given the appearance of rapid and healthy increase to our population figures, but few have analyzed them to their source or have attempted to understand the implications which are involved in them.

II

To-day the picture is on the way to being completely changed. The recent restrictions on immigration will take good care that our future increase of population, if there is one, shall not come from that alien source. More and more it will depend upon the excess of births over deaths in the native population. If present indications are any guide, the phenomenal growth of the past will never again be repeated. Already in 1920 the native stock residing in the urban areas was scarcely reproducing itself. The birth-rate of native Americans in our cities is among the lowest in the world. There are also clear indications that among the foreign stock the families become smaller in successive generations reared in the United States. With immigration restricted, and with the spread of American ideas and standards of life among the newcomers and their children, the birth-rate will decline to new minima. Professors Baber and Ross, investigating this subject among middle-class families of the present generation in the Middle West, found a shrinkage in family size from 5.4 to 3.3 children in the course of one generation. This is equivalent to a drop of 38 per cent in the number of offspring in the space of only a relatively few years. Others have found exactly the same situation in other localities. The tendency toward small families has apparently become a

fixed habit among the American people. Every population forecast that I know must, therefore, be revised with due regard to the declining fecundity of stocks now composing the American population. We must be prepared at a comparatively early date for a stationary population unless we completely change our present attitude toward the foreigner and his further entry into the country, and modify our approval of small families. Such a reversal is not likely to take place, because restriction in the number of children apparently offers many personal advantages and appeals to the average family, which is much more concerned with the immediate increase of its comfort than with abstract principles of obligation to country or to mankind in general.

It will clarify our discussion at this point if we consider the number of births that it requires, under present conditions of mortality, to keep our population stationary. According to the mortality and marital conditions prevailing in 1920, out of every thousand females born only 788 will eventually marry. In other words, we must count on 788 married women to give birth to a thousand daughters in order to replace the thousand from which they sprang. To put it another way, a thousand married women must have 1268 daughters to replace themselves and their unmarried sisters under present mortality conditions. Likewise, it can be shown that a thousand married men must be the fathers of 1350 sons in order to replace themselves. Combining our figures, we find that one thousand families, on the average, must have 2618 children, which means that each family must, on the average, during the reproductive period, produce 2.6 children to replace the original quota from which the parents sprang. Not all families have children, however; for, at the present

time, about one marriage in six is either sterile or does not lead to live issue. The burden of childbearing, therefore, falls on the remaining wives, who must bring into the world an average of not 2.6, but 3.1 children. The family unit must, therefore, average 5.1 persons (including all the children born to fertile mothers, not merely the children living at any given moment). All groups of urban American families recently studied have shown that the average number of children born to a completed marriage is barely sufficient to maintain a stationary population. Only when the rural areas of the country are included do the figures show a substantial natural increase.

But even more disturbing is the fact that the rate of natural increase which we now have — namely, eleven per thousand per annum — is in the very nature of the case spurious and entirely temporary as an index of our true rate of growth. Our current methods of computing birth-rates, death-rates, and rates of natural increase on gross population are faulty and lead to grave error. Obviously such rates depend upon the character of the age distribution, and this is a shifting base. Dr. Lotka, the distinguished mathematician, and I have recently made an excursion into this field and have uncovered a number of highly interesting and even surprising situations. As the result of the higher birth-rates of past generations there is at the present time an abnormally large number of persons at the reproductive ages of life, and this tends to increase the current birth-rate. We have calculated what the present birth-rate would be if the age distribution at the reproductive ages were the result of a prolonged continuation of our present rate of procreation. The effect would be to reduce the figure from 23.4 per thousand, the present figure, to 20.9. In other words, what for

the time being maintains our birth-rate is not our inherently high reproductive vitality, but rather the fact that the surviving descendants of a more highly reproductive generation are to-day swelling the ranks of middle life and participating in parenthood. They thus lend a spurious appearance of vigorous growth to an otherwise meagrely reproducing population. At the same time a second result of this padding is to reduce the death-rate disproportionately, because the ages of early adult life have very low mortality rates. If the correction were made for an age distribution on the basis of the present life-table and the present rate of procreation, the death-rate, instead of being 12.4, as it is now, would become 15.3. The effect of these two corrections would be to reduce the rate of natural increase from 11 per thousand to only 5.5 per thousand per annum — that is, to reduce it to one half of its present value. This means that, aside from the transitory benefits of past high birth-rates which for a while we are still enjoying, we are actually increasing at the rate of only 5.5 per thousand per annum, instead of at a rate of 11 per thousand per annum.

Equally interesting is the result of our investigation into the effect of the recent improvement in mortality. The last five or ten years have seen a marked diminution in mortality rates, which has had the effect of increasing the rate of natural increase. If we should calculate the rate of natural increase of our population at our present rate of procreation and at the mortality rate of 1910, the result would be a rate of natural increase of only 3.6 per thousand per annum; and if we should go back to the mortality conditions of 1901 the present rate of procreation would barely keep us from the downgrade. The rate of natural increase would then be reduced virtually to

zero. We should then have a condition of a stationary population. These figures bring home clearly how close to the danger line we are now going.

We must exercise particular care, as we approach the point of a stationary population, not to weaken its internal composition by increasing the proportion of defective and dependent stock. This is all the more important because a stationary population inevitably contains a relatively greater number of older persons than a growing population. The support of these more advanced age groups falls in part upon the young people, who must, therefore, face the prospect, in coming years, of carrying a greater burden than has fallen to their share in the past. The proportion of persons sixty-five years of age and over has been increasing in recent decades and is still going on. In 1900, persons at these ages constituted 4 per cent of the total population; in 1920, the proportion was 4.6. When the age distribution of our population settles down to that compatible with our existing powers of reproduction and of survival, the proportion of such older persons will then be 9.4 per cent. If in the course of time the population is reduced to a stationary state, the proportion of persons over sixty-five years of age will be 10.5 per cent. We are thus confronted with a vicious circle; for the greater the burden placed on young people, the fewer will be their children, and this will mean still fewer young people at the reproductive period in the next generation. If a population can increase in a geometric ratio, it can also decrease in the same ratio. This is the real danger.

III

In the light of this situation, we can see how misdirected at this time is the propaganda for birth control which is

so active all over the country. Its advocates seem altogether to have missed the true state of affairs in our national economy. They have certainly erred in their assumption of a too rapid increase in our numbers and of a crowding on our natural resources. I am confident that they have based their recommendations on an emotional reaction and not on a careful scientific analysis of the facts. They have observed that there are poverty-stricken and diseased people, especially among unadjusted immigrants, whose families are far too large for their own good or for the good of the community in which they live. They have generalized on such observations, forgetting apparently that only a very small fraction of our people are in such wretched condition and that the great mass are normal, self-respecting folk who do not assume obligations beyond their ability to carry them out effectively. Nor do they appear to realize that even now the practice of contraception is very widespread. There is no other reasonable way to explain the rapid decline in the birth-rate in recent decades. Accurate figures are not at hand, but the most reliable indicate that the drop has been one third in about twenty years. Yet certain persons seem to look upon birth control as a new force which need only be generally applied to solve most of our present-day troubles. They forget that in one form or another birth control has been practised for a long time and has had an increasing vogue in all civilized countries — and, what makes it most unfortunate, especially among those who need it least. The studies of Katharine B. Davis, Professor Cattell, and others, demonstrate this fully. The reduction of the number of children through contraception is an established practice among city dwellers belonging to the salaried class and among those who are economically best off. Such activity is

distinctly antisocial, for it enables selfish people to escape their responsibility, ultimately to their own detriment and to the injury of the State.

One would think from reading the literature of the Birth Control League that the matter of parenthood was entirely an individual affair. As one gentleman recently put it, 'I suit myself with regard to the number of my children. I owe the State nothing.' This attitude is obviously shortsighted and indefensible. It serves, however, to focus attention on the conflict between the immediate interests of the individual and the more permanent interests of the State. The average man or woman generally determines his or her personal conduct without much consideration for the good of the community. It is often pleasanter and always easier to keep the number of our dependents down to a minimum. But the logical consequence of such an attitude is nothing short of a challenge to the permanence of the State, and this is generally recognized. Society seeks to protect itself against such a contingency by expressing general disapproval of celibacy and proscribing the dissemination of birth-control practices. On the other hand, it recognizes the dignity of parenthood and, as a crudely constructive measure, it has recently begun to take into consideration the number of children in the family as an item in fixing the amount of taxes. This is but an initial step that the State must later extend to make more attractive to its people the obligation of parenthood. The State must insist on its perpetuation, and cannot condone or argue its own suicide. We may express our freedom as individuals only within the limitation that the continued existence of the State is assured.

The real trouble with the birth-control propagandists is that their solution

is altogether too simple. They have made the snap judgment that our present population contains too many people. Certainly they have not made a sound population analysis that would attempt to relate our present population structure to the natural resources of the country and to the efficiency with which we utilize our resources. These are highly technical matters that cannot be decided out of hand, not even by generous and high-minded people. The problem is, in fact, one of the most complex which confront the social scientist. Variety of opinion still prevails among serious students on virtually every aspect of the population question. There can, therefore, be no ready panacea. But, if there is no consensus of opinion on details, there is at least general agreement that the population problem can be attacked only through long and intensive study of our present composition, with due regard to the natural resources of the country, to our future immigration policy, to the organization of industry, the improvement of our channels of distribution, the training and direction of our labor supply, and a host of other factors which will determine the limits of our future population. How different is the attitude of the advocates of birth control, who, without any hesitation, have ascribed most of our social and economic troubles to overpopulation and have proceeded forthwith to remedy them by striking at the very root of our national life.

It is to be observed, by the way, that the birth-control propaganda has proceeded without much effort to prove the efficacy and the safety of the measures that have been urged on the public. The best medical opinion is still very uncertain as to the procedures recommended. The activity of the birth-control clinics has as yet resulted in very little data of a trustworthy

character. Those who have studied the work of the birth-control clinics abroad have been unable to discover definitely approved methods in general use. But more vital is the question of safety. Are contraceptive practices, in fact, without hazard to those who indulge in them? Gynecologists and obstetricians of the highest standing have been very suspicious of some of the devices in use and have traced serious affections back to them. There is also the very strong possibility that such practices result in permanent sterility of young married women. I know nothing so tragic as the case of young people who avoid children in the first years of their married life only to find later that they cannot have them when they want them. The number of childless marriages is rapidly increasing to the point of becoming a prime social problem. Contraceptive practices among young people may have a good deal to do with it. And what is the usual effect on the spiritual life of those who, through continued control, keep their families down to a miserly minimum? This is probably the most serious single consequence of the current fashion: that it robs those who indulge in it of the greatest of all blessings and the source of deepest inspiration — namely, a family to provide for and to live for. They sacrifice their birthright, the greatest influence in character development, for what usually turns out to be a mess of pottage.

Those who engage in this propaganda should be urged to follow a more constructive programme. One should expect from such people a well-balanced theory of parenthood. Instead of limiting themselves entirely to arousing sympathy for those who have suffered from overlarge families, they should take up the other side of the picture and help to arouse public sentiment in favor of fairly good-sized families

among the rank and file of normal people. They should help to set the fashion, not for large families, — the day for that is over, — but for families of at least three children and as many more as can be readily and effectively taken care of.

The organization that is now, in my judgment, doing much harm can shift its emphasis from the dissemination of propaganda to the propagation of scientific research; and it would thereby greatly increase its usefulness. We need to-day more light on the problem of population. An organization dedicated to this subject could do no better than to encourage study and investigation of the various aspects of the problem in the spirit of science. Only through this means will a sound population policy be developed.

IV

Probably nothing that we can do will alter the tendency among the great mass of Americans to reduce the size of their families. Reproduction will, hereafter, be more and more determined by intelligence and restraint. Excessive breeding should receive scant approval anywhere. We must not aim, at this time, for numbers at the expense of quality, but rather seek to develop a well-organized and happy society. That is the objective which should animate every student of population, every statesman, and every thoughtful citizen. We must be careful, however, about the way we take to arrive at this goal. Merely wiping out our natural increase by the first means at hand will not do it. We must not substitute real and serious troubles of a new sort for minor and even imaginary old ones. We must not, above all, forget that population mistakes are not easily remedied; that when they are once made, and their effects have become

visible, it is usually too late to correct them.

Thus far we have considered the quantitative aspect of the population problem. When we turn to the qualitative side of the question, there are just as many misconceptions rife in our current thinking. It has been fashionable in recent years to lament the nonfertility of the native stock and the fecundity of the newcomer. It has been assumed that those who arrived here earlier, and especially those of Nordic origin, are innately superior. A warning should be sounded against too ready acceptance of a theory that establishes sharp class-distinctions without sufficient scientific proof. Evidence is hardly sufficient at the present time to warrant the sweeping conclusion that certain racial elements in our national life are vastly superior to others.

Reflecting very much the same aristocratic bias is the current view, especially pronounced among biological writers on population, that the country is headed for disaster because of the greater fertility of the 'masses' as contrasted with that of the 'classes.' The literature associated with the eugenic movement has overstressed the dangers implied in the differential birth-rate. 'Beware of reproducing from mediocrity,' is the warning. There is often a thinly disguised plea for a race of supermen who, presumably, could spring only from the upper social and economic strata. The common man has little place in this scheme of things, although he does, after all, make up the bulk of the population.

This basic assumption should be thoroughly tested, even though its acceptance does flatter our self-esteem and reflect the paganism of our times. I seriously question its validity and consider this attitude a very crude and unjustified application of biological jargon to human life. Its chief defect

lies in its almost total disregard of the influence of environment and tradition on our conduct and achievement. It is, moreover, a direct challenge to our best ideals of democracy and religion. When we have eliminated the upper and the lower ten per cent of our population, there is not sufficient indication of serious differences in innate ability among the remaining eighty per cent to justify the current fears and warnings against their deliberate participation in parenthood. They are neither spectacularly able nor do they abound in defects. If they lack the brilliance that would single them out for special distinction, they have usually other compensating, valuable, and attractive qualities. They are just plain folk carrying on the world's work. We see on all sides clear evidence of the ability of ordinary people to give birth to children capable of the highest achievements, as opportunity and environment release their power. Our social organization, by its very complexities and the perfection of its mechanical foundations, is conducive to stimulating in men from all walks of life the innate abilities that in a less well-organized society might go to waste. Throughout all ages, the leaders of mankind have come predominantly from homes that at first sight seemed most unpromising and commonplace.

Will not the leadership of the next generation come, as it always has in the past, from that source?

For these reasons I consider some of the newer tendencies in the development of the American population far from inimical to our institutions and to the best traditions of the country. The rather free fertility still prevailing among those who have recently arrived is not to be deplored. If we can be careful to control — or, better yet, entirely check — the reproduction of the unfit, we are in no danger of racial deterioration. There has always been a differential birth-rate, and a replacement of one group of people above by another equally good from below. In all ages men have raised themselves above their inherited station in life and have occupied the seats of the mighty left vacant by those considered their superiors, who have neglected or have been incapable of performing their highest obligation to society — namely, parenthood. We must in all fairness examine critically the current point of view and shift the emphasis in our population discussion from a glorification of the upper strata to a more generous recognition of the inherent worth of the great mass of mankind; and especially so if we, who consider ourselves superior, persist in celibacy or in virtual or approximate sterility.

WHEN CHICAGO WAS VERY YOUNG

BY LOUISE DE KOVEN BOWEN

I

BECAUSE my grandfather lived in Fort Dearborn and my mother was born within its palisades, I naturally heard, from my earliest childhood, many stories of that valiant band of settlers, traders, and soldiers who made their home in what was then a wilderness and who endured hardships and braved dangers in order that they might establish a settlement between the East and the Mississippi River.

My early imagination was caught by the stories of Mrs. La Compt, a most remarkable woman who came to Chicago during the latter part of the eighteenth century. She was married three times and lived until she was 109 years of age! Mrs. La Compt was a woman of great mentality and an extraordinary constitution; she was also possessed of wonderful courage. She had always been good friends with the Indians, speaking their language and developing a remarkable influence over the Pottawattomies. She would often be awakened in the dead of night by an Indian friend who would tell her that the Indians were contemplating an attack on the white people. Instead of seeking her own safety, she would always set out alone to meet the war party, and never failed to avert bloodshed. Sometimes the settlers would arm themselves and await the attack, and after two or three days they would see the hostile Indians approach with Mrs. La Compt at their head, their hideous war-paint changed to sombre black,

to show their sorrow for having entertained evil designs against her friends. This all sounds too good to be true, but I believed it then and I have properly verified it since.

I was told that in 1803 troops from Detroit, under Captain Whistler, were ordered to Chicago. When they reached their destination they found a few traders and friendly Indians, and they determined to settle near the mouth of the river, which they found about ninety feet across, eighteen feet deep, and bordered by low banks covered with bushes. There was then a sand bar at the mouth of the river over which the troops walked dry-shod. A fort was built as soon as possible. The Indians seemed friendly, but bothered the soldiers greatly by their thieving. Many traders settled around the fort and exchanged liquor for furs, so that rum played a big part in the building of the fort just as it did later in its demolition.

All early Chicagoans know that Fort Dearborn was maintained in Chicago for nine years. It was a tedious life for the soldiers, with little excitement except an occasional scare from the Indians and the arrival of some vessel bringing supplies to the little group of soldiers and traders in the settlement. There was an abundance of game; deer were frequently seen swimming in the river and wolves were often heard howling at night.

The stories of the Indians were

scarcely more exciting than those I sometimes heard of the soldiers. The personnel of the army at this time was not of a very high type; drunkenness was common and the usual punishment was a certain number of lashes. Sometimes the culprit was forced to run the gauntlet between two rows of soldiers, both ranks striking at the same time. Sometimes he had his head shaved and a bottle tied around his neck, and was drummed out of the settlement to the tune of the Rogue's March.

In 1810, years before my grandfather came to Illinois, Nathan Heald succeeded Whistler at Fort Dearborn; he married in Louisville and brought his wife to the Fort on horseback, accompanied by her black slave-girl, the first slave owned in Chicago. When the War of 1812 with the British was at its height, hostile bands of Indians were so numerous that Captain Heald received orders to evacuate Fort Dearborn and go to Detroit. These orders he was loath to obey, as the Fort was well provisioned and he felt it could hold out a long time, while if it were abandoned its inmates would not have a chance of reaching a place of safety, as the country was filled with Indians, many of whom were crazed with liquor sold them by the white traders.

Captain Heald, however, was a soldier and trained to obey orders. To help the little garrison, the Government sent him thirty Indian warriors under the command of Captain William Wells, a famous scout for whom our Wells Street is named.

Captain Heald ordered all liquor in the Fort to be destroyed, and this is said to have been one of the causes of the massacre the following day. All preparations being now completed for the evacuation, there issued forth the most forlorn little procession Michigan Avenue has perhaps ever seen. First came the Commander and some of

the friendly Indians with their scout leader, then the militia, then Captain Heald's wife and the wife of the lieutenant, on horseback; then the women and children in wagons surrounded by the soldiers, while friendly Indians guarded the rear. The party went south on Michigan Avenue, at that time a sandy beach with sand dunes on the western side and the lake coming up to the roadway, until they reached what is now known as Eighteenth Street. Then Captain Wells, who had gone ahead, was seen coming back, waving his hat in the direction of the west, and peering out from behind sand dunes could be seen the heads of Indians, who swooped down on the little party. The friendly Indians immediately deserted; the children and some of the women were killed at once. Captain Wells fought so bravely that after his death the Indians cut out his heart and ate it, which was the greatest compliment they could pay him. Captain Heald finally surrendered on condition that the prisoners should be spared. Many of these prisoners were tortured, however, some being burned at the stake; nine men were taken prisoner and kept as servants until two years later, when they were sold to some traders and liberated. One of these men was named Joseph Bowen; he was, however, not related to my husband.

The story of one of the men who survived the massacre is interesting. His name was David Kennison. After the massacre his skull was crushed by a falling tree; later he had a bad fall and broke his collar bone and two ribs; the discharge of a faulty cannon broke both his legs; a horse kicked him in the face and smashed in his forehead. Nevertheless he survived all these injuries, was married four times, and had twenty-two children. The last two years of his life he entered a museum, as he felt that his many adventures

made him an object of interest, and his pension was not enough for him to live on. He died in 1852 at the age of 115 years, in full possession of all his faculties. He was buried in Lincoln Park and, when most of the bodies buried there were moved, his was not disturbed. In 1905 a monument was erected over his grave by some patriotic societies.

In 1815 an expedition was sent out to reestablish Fort Dearborn, and the Fort was occupied off and on until 1832, when it again housed a garrison. This was the time of the Black Hawk War, and the Fort was crowded with settlers who had taken refuge there, something like two hundred people being housed under its hospitable roof. About 1835 my grandfather, Edward H. Haddock, came to Chicago in charge of \$200,000 which he brought in a prairie-schooner wagon from Detroit to Chicago. This money was to be used to pay the Indians for certain obligations which the Government had incurred. When my grandfather reached Chicago he saw so many possibilities for a young man that he immediately returned to Ohio, married my grandmother, and brought her to Chicago. They were obliged to take refuge in the Fort, and I have often heard my grandmother tell of the trials of living in the same room with fifty other people; of how difficult it was to get water, and how she had to sneak out of the Fort down to the river, to avoid the Indians, of whom she was very much afraid.

Help finally came from the East, but the garrison had hardly settled down before cholera broke out and many people died. From this time Chicago forged steadily ahead. Her position at the foot of Lake Michigan on the great highway of trade secured her commercial advantages which no other city could rival.

II

I became so familiar with the stories of these early days that it is difficult to disentangle them from my actual experiences, but my earliest recollections are clustered around an old-fashioned red-brick house belonging to my grandfather, which was set far back from the road on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street. There were shade trees in front of the house, and a broad strip of greensward between the house and the roadway. This road was made of good black prairie soil. When muddy it was almost impassable, and when dry there were huge ruts in it which shook up everyone who drove over them. At one time there was a hole in the road opposite our front door and two boards were stuck in it, on one of which was roughly scrawled: 'No bottom here; good road to China.'

When my grandfather built this new house and moved from his Lake Street residence, the neighbors all regretted that he and my grandmother were to live so far out of town, where it would be difficult to meet in the evenings for the parties they so often enjoyed together.

The house itself was big and roomy. The front door, on Wabash Avenue, was opened only twice a day — once when my grandfather went to his mill in the morning and once when he returned at night. He had a partiality for that door and refused to use the side door, which stood unlatched during the day for the use of the other members of the family.

I always met my grandfather when he came home at night. He was an interesting figure, wearing black broad-cloth clothes, with a high collar, an old-fashioned black stock, and, alas, a large diamond solitaire in his shirt-front. His high hat was always shiny, as well as his right coat-sleeve, which

served instead of a hat brush. When he came home at night he was all covered with white dust from his mill, and I used to get a brush to help him leave this dust on the doormat rather than in the immaculate hall. I can see him now, putting his head in at the door and calling to me; as I came running down the stairs he would take off his tall hat, which contained papers of all descriptions, — leases, deeds, mortgages, bank notes, even the morning paper, — and usually something he had brought home for me. I used to say to him, ‘Grandfather, how do you manage to get your hat off when you see a lady on the street?’ He would chuckle and reply, ‘Oh, I just shake the brim of it a little.’ When I said, ‘Why don’t you carry your money in your pocket?’ he would answer, ‘My dear, your grandmother does not like to see me with my pockets bulging.’

One time, when my grandfather climbed a ladder to look at a new building belonging to him which was in process of erection, he lost his balance and fell from the second story to the ground. He was picked up unconscious, with the tall hat, full of papers, crushed down over his head; but after it was pried off he was found to be unhurt except for a slight cut. The tall hat had saved his life, and in commenting on it afterward he said to me quizzically, ‘My dear, always wear a stiff hat when you climb a ladder.’

On another day he came back from town and, taking off his tall hat, said: ‘I sold the corner of Washington Street and Wabash Avenue [where Marshall Field and Company now stands] for a good sum, and I am going to divide it between you and your mother.’ With that he pulled out bank notes and checks and made a fair division. This was the first money I ever had, and it gave me an income of \$5000 a year

that I was allowed to spend as I chose.

To the right of the front hall in the red-brick house was a huge parlor, which was kept shut except on rare occasions when we had a party. It had huge mirrors at either end, and the chairs were shrouded in sheets. The carpet was a wonderful study in green and white, representing an African jungle where, underneath obese bananas, succulent pineapples, and waving palms, little lambs played with snakes, and ladylike lions sat down with the lambs.

A little marble-top table, on which reposed the family Bible, stood in the middle of the room, and on Sundays, when I was good, I was shown the awful pictures in this holy book and told of the horrible fate awaiting those who wandered from the straight path. There were also whatnots and *étagères* about the room, filled with ugly bric-a-brac of every description, and on the mantel, between two candlesticks, stood a glass-covered monstrosity of wax flowers. I remember going into this room one day on tiptoe to see what it really looked like, when suddenly I saw another figure advancing toward me. I gave a scream and rushed for the door, upsetting on the way a statuette of the Prodigal Son, and flung myself into the arms of a small cousin who had come to spend the day with me. As a result of this encounter my cousin’s front teeth found my forehead very hard, the teeth were picked up from the carpet, and I was borne bleeding from the room, only to be reproved later for playing in the front parlor.

In those days I was a pale, anæmic-looking little child, a fit subject for a nutrition class. I used to go about with a book under my arm called *Reading without Tears*, which belied its title, for I wept copiously over it every day.

As I suffered much from earache and sore throat, I usually had a hot onion tied over one ear, or a piece of raw salt pork around my throat. I hated myself because I smelt of onions and meat, and seriously considered suicide in the cistern. Possibly one reason for my poor health might be traced to our dark cellar where, on a high shelf, was crock after crock of different kinds of pickles, all of which I sampled every day.

I used to play in front of the house a great deal, because the open air was thought to be good for me. Across Monroe Street was an old garden belonging to Mr. Eli B. Williams. It had all kinds of fruit in it, and, though I was never invited to pick this fruit, there were occasions when I visited the garden uninvited and partook lavishly of gooseberries. I remember one occasion in particular when I almost stripped the gooseberry bushes and immediately afterward drank nearly a pint of cream that I stole from our cellar. The result was so very disastrous that I never visited the garden again.

We kept a cow, and one of my chief amusements was helping the hired man drive this cow up Wabash Avenue every morning to a vacant lot on Adams Street, where the cow ate heartily most of the day, coming home only in time to be milked. I can well remember, when this lot was afterward built upon, my grandmother complaining bitterly that the city was making no provision for the feeding of the cows of its citizens. 'What are we to do for milk if our cows cannot get fresh food?' she said.

Adams Street was then so far out of town that one adventurous pioneer who had built his house there faced it north so that he could look toward the town and see the lights at night, and not feel lonely.

III

In these early days the cattle for the stockyards were unloaded at the Randolph Street Station of the Illinois Central Railroad and were often driven through the streets to the yards. Michigan Avenue was not much more than a sandy beach, and as Wabash Avenue was a harder and better roadway the cattle were frequently driven down it. Sometimes the steers would become frightened and would rush from one side of the street to the other, coming up on the sidewalk and imperiling the passers-by. Many a time I have quickly climbed over the low iron fence around my grandfather's yard in order to get away from the frightened beasts. Indeed, the streets were not much safer sixty years ago than they are today, although the dangers were slightly different.

Walking along Wabash Avenue one morning, I heard a great outcry and was suddenly seized by a man who, carrying me in his arms, rushed up the steps of a house, ran into the vestibule, and shut the outside door. I immediately began to kick and scream, and kept it up until he said: 'Be quiet, you little fool! There is a mad dog out there!' And sure enough, a large mad dog, foaming at the mouth, ran past. I remember another innocent-looking, worn-out dog that took refuge on our front porch and, for some reason, was supposed to be mad. There was an old saying at that time to the effect that if a dog did not like cold water it was surely mad. We did not dare to open the door to throw the water, but my mother pulled the window down from the top, filled a dishpan with cold water, and, mounting a stepladder, dumped the water unceremoniously on the head of the unoffending dog. He naturally snarled his disapprobation at this Niagara and fled to another

part of the porch, while the whole family solemnly asserted that the dog was surely mad because it did not like water. I was dispatched out the back door to the nearest police-station to get an officer; he came, and perpetrated what remains in my mind to this day as a brutal, cold-blooded murder.

Another day, while I was walking with a child on Congress Street, just opposite the present Auditorium Hotel, an infuriated bull came rushing up the street. I saw him in time and managed to scramble over the fence, but my companion was hastily tossed into the yard belonging to Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, who took us in and comforted us, our feelings and our clothes being somewhat torn by the encounter.

We were country folks in those days and often went for all-day picnics to the old Gage Farm on Michigan Avenue near Sixteenth Street. It was a day's outing to get down there and back, and it took a long time to drive through the sand on Michigan Avenue. We were often bothered by what we called 'greenheads,' large black flies with green heads which drove the horses and even the people nearly wild. I remember our horse wore a black-rubber net which shook as he moved, and I covered my head with the lap robe to keep from being stung. As we slowly drove our horse and buggy my grandmother would tell me stories of the early days in Chicago when she lived in the Fort and used to ferry herself across the Chicago River on a little flat boat propelled by the passenger, who pulled a rope stretched across the river. She would tell me how she used to go to the North Side to pick blueberries; how oftentimes she would hear an Indian coming and would crouch down beside the bushes until he had passed. Then there were thrilling tales of Indian massacres and of her experiences when the Indians bombarded the Fort, shooting

flaming arrows into it and attempting to set it on fire, and of how happy the beleaguered were when the scout, who had been sent out to get help, returned with soldiers, and the Indians were dispersed.

She told me of her first house on Michigan Avenue near South Water Street; of how convenient it was — she actually had a sink, and the water ran away in it. The lake was n't far off, and all she had to do to get water was just to take two pails across the road and dip water out of the lake. She said, 'It was like playing at housekeeping to have everything made so easy!'

She would point out to me, as we drove around in our buggy, the prairie-schooner wagons, which were often seen on our streets, and she would tell how my grandfather had come to Ohio for her in one of these wagons, and brought her all the way to Chicago; of what a lovely drive it was, although she sat with a loaded rifle across her knees. She told me of paying fashionable calls when she lived on Lake Street, and how the mud was so very deep that at times it was almost impossible to cross the street. When she first went there to live she would borrow a neighbor's ox-cart, which, when it had been thoroughly scrubbed and furnished with a plank for a seat, was backed up to the door. My grandmother and her friend, attired in clean calico dresses, would then mount the cart, take their seats on the plank, and be conveyed to the various houses where they were going to call.

When I was five years old we moved into a little house on Michigan Avenue just opposite Park Row. It was, of course, 'way out of town, too far out for me to go to Dearborn Seminary, which was where Marshall Field's Wabash Avenue store now stands, so I was sent to an old dame's school, half a block away from home, where

I endured a perfect purgatory. My seatmate — for we sat at double or 'intimate' desks — had epilepsy, and several times a week I would raise a shaking arm and say, 'Please, teacher, Belle is having a fit.' Poor Belle would then be pried off me, as she invariably clutched me around the neck, refusing to let go.

I went to this school at a time when every girl wanted to have curly hair; if nature had not so endowed her, she purchased her 'fringe,' as we called it, by the yard, — black or brown or red, as the occasion required, — and this fringe was sewed into her hat. I can remember seeing rows of these hats, with the hair sewed in them, hanging on the racks of the little coatroom.

Dearborn Seminary was later moved to Twenty-second Street and Wabash Avenue, and I used to drive there with my pony in a little low phaeton and put the trap in a near-by stable while I was at school.

When I graduated from this seat of learning in my sixteenth year, fully versed in all the isms, our graduation exercises were held in a large church. The twelve girls who stood highest in the class, attired in white-muslin dresses with blue sashes, read their graduation exercises from the platform to a large and appreciative audience of parents, admirers, and friends. I had composed a very elegant and artistic essay, rather foreign to my character, entitled, —

'Silently sat the artist alone,
Carving a Christ from an ivory bone.'

It began as follows: —

'The artist is king; he reigns over a mighty realm. His dominion is not bounded by earth or the stars. In his chariot of fancy, drawn by winged steeds, he travels through space, through cloud and sunshine, through light and darkness, until his object is attained; floods cannot drown, fires

cannot burn his possessions. His title-deeds date from Adam. When God breathed into him the breath of life, then the grant was given to mortal man in dreams to see things invisible; in dreams to move and breathe and live a life which touches the Divine. All men are not given thus to live.'

Having soared around in the clouds and held communion with a few of the planets, I descended to earth, and, as I remember, the remainder of my essay was about the workingman and his difficulties. I considered the essay a work of art, but unfortunately my father would not permit me to be so unwomanly as to appear in a crowded church and take part in any graduation exercises. I was therefore not allowed to read my essay, but sat at the foot of the platform with those who stood lowest in the class, and listened to the oratorical flights of my more fortunate friends. It was no consolation that I had that morning been permitted to read my essay before the pupils of the school, for I felt they were not old enough to appreciate intelligently my flight into the realms of fancy.

IV

It has often been my bad fortune to have to collect money for charitable purposes here in Chicago, but I do not think I shall ever forget my first experience in begging. A little girl walking down Michigan Avenue was crushed against a lamp-post by a runaway horse and her arm was broken. I was very much interested in the affair and, finding there was no money to pay the doctors, I started to raise fifty dollars. Going up and down Michigan Avenue, I inquired at each door for the lady of the house, — I knew almost all of them and they knew my family, — and then asked for fifty cents for the child. In almost all cases it was given to me; but

I shall never forget the hurt to my pride when one of the richest of Chicago women, living in what was then a marble palace, not only refused to give me the fifty cents, but upbraided me for begging at her door, literally driving me down her steps with rough words and rougher gestures. Even the fact that I was able to collect \$57.50 never made up to me for this, my first rebuff.

Although I had graduated from Dearborn Seminary, I did not feel that my education was finished, and for the next two years I prescribed for myself a careful course of study which consisted in looking through the index of the Cyclopædia, finding the subjects which interested me, and studying them conscientiously. Although this study cannot be said to have been along any one line, it certainly gave me a broad outlook. About this time my education was also being completed in the arts and in fine handiwork. I was made to practise one hour a day at the piano and, after several years of study, was able to play 'Comin' through the Rye' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' I also took lessons in making wax flowers and became more or less proficient. My handiwork — large bouquets of roses, japonicas, camellias, and violets — was treasured by my parents, a glass case being put over each effort, which was then placed on the *étagère*. My fancy-work, when we were *en famille*, always consisted of hemming sheets and wash cloths. By the time I made my entry into society I was ignorant in everything and accomplished in nothing.

There were many evidences of culture in Chicago at this time. New York was regarded as the hub of the universe, and whenever our family went there we brought home something highly recommended to us. I remember when bronzes were in style we purchased a large bronze Pocahontas, too big for the little canoe in which she was

seated. This large bronze for many years obscured the view of the street, as, according to the prevailing fashion, it was placed in our front window that it might be seen by all passers-by.

When I was a little girl Lake Michigan's waves lapped Michigan Avenue and there was a small breakwater just outside. We children used to walk on this breakwater; and once I fell into the lake and was fished out, a very cold and frightened little girl, by a bystander. But the worst fright of my life occurred one day when I was looking underneath the sidewalk in front of my house. At that time every sidewalk in Chicago was built on a level of its own. When you walked along the street you went up and down innumerable steps, and swept them neatly with the long trains that were then the fashion in street clothes. I often made journeys of exploration underneath these sidewalks, and one day I stumbled over something in the darkness. To my horror I found it was the body of a man. Later it turned out that he had been murdered. After that I kept to the open and left unexplored the intricate mazes of the streets under the sidewalks.

The horse-and-buggy was at this time the vehicle used by Chicago people for business, pleasure, or shopping. I remember my father telling me one Sunday that a new park had just been opened on the North Side, and he took my mother and me in the buggy to see it. It was called Lincoln Park. It had been a graveyard, and as we drove through it we saw countless open graves, with a piece here and there of a decayed coffin, and every now and then, on a pile of dirt, a bone, evidently dropped by those removing the bodies. The whole place looked as if the Judgment Day had come, the trumpets had sounded, and all the dead had arisen from their graves, dropping now and

then a little piece of their anatomy as they fled to Graceland or Rose Hill, where they again deposited themselves underground. I remember coming away from the Park thinking that never should I be tempted to seek it for pleasure; and in later years, when I pleaded with park trustees and officials to see that the Park was better lighted and more adequately policed because of the young people who frequented it, I often thought of my first glimpse of the place and the anything but pleasurable effect it produced upon my childish mind. Years after, when the house in which I now live was built, I can remember bones cropping up from the ground when the foundation was being dug. The site had been a burial ground, and the first maids who came to me in that house said they were very doubtful about coming lest the people who had been buried in the basement should rise and haunt them.

As we stand now on Astor Street, with its great shade-trees on either side and its beautiful houses, and look north toward Lincoln Park, we find it difficult to realize that this street was once only a sandy beach which had been used as a cemetery.

I have lived for thirty-two years in my house on this street. It is big and comfortable, with large rooms which have been used at various times for all kinds of meetings. The dining-room, which has a small platform at one end, has seen all kinds of gatherings, from Suffrage meetings, where we were urging women to join the Suffrage ranks, to neighborhood meetings, where we made appeals for the betterment of conditions in the ward.

This room has been used many times for dinners at which some scheme to benefit the city or county has been hatched out behind closed doors. When

my friend, Mr. Alexander A. McCormick, was made President of the County Board, he told me that he was most anxious to appoint good people as heads of the various county departments, warden of the hospital, head of the social-service department, and so forth, and that if we could suggest good people he would appoint them. I immediately called together about twenty-five people, heads of settlements, men interested in civic affairs, social workers, and so forth, and we sat all one evening trying to think of good men and women for the various county positions. But in spite of our efforts we were unable to select people for many of the institutions, as the county did not pay a large enough salary to secure first-class men. I remember what difficulty we had in trying to think of a man to head the county hospital. Such a position required experience and a genius for organization, and we were obliged to confess that we had utterly failed to find, for the salary paid, anyone who could fill it.

Some of the plans which we formed at these dinners or meetings were announced at large meetings held later, and I have heard people say that they wondered where the plan originated — but no one ever gave us away.

When a group of representative citizens come together to use their influence for the making of public opinion, it is not so difficult to swing a new project or a reform after a certain number of people have been secured as its backers. Unfortunately, one has only a limited number of interested citizens on whom to call in matters of this kind — too many people are indifferent to civic affairs. They blame the administration if things go wrong, yet they take no part in the great business of guiding a democracy through its governmental machinery.

(To be continued)

THE GOLDEN ROOM

BY WILFRID GIBSON

Do you remember the still summer evening
When in the cosy cream-washed living-room
Of the Old Nailshop we all talked and laughed —
Our neighbors from the Gallows, Catherine
And Lascelles Abercrombie; Rupert Brooke;
Eleanor and Robert Frost, living awhile
At Little Iddens, who'd brought over with them
Helen and Edward Thomas? In the lamplight
We talked and laughed, but for the most part listened
While Robert Frost kept on and on and on
In his slow New England fashion for our delight,
Holding us with shrewd turns and racy quips,
And the rare twinkle of his grave blue eyes.

We sat there in the lamplight while the day
Died from rose-latticed casements, and the plovers
Called over the low meadows till the owls
Answered them from the elms; we sat and talked —
Now a quick flash from Abercrombie, now
A murmured dry half-heard aside from Thomas,
Now a clear laughing word from Brooke, and then
Again Frost's rich and ripe philosophy
That had the body and tang of good draught-cider
And poured as clear a stream.

'T was in July

Of nineteen-fourteen that we sat and talked;
Then August brought the war, and scattered us

Now on the crest of an Ægean Isle
Brooke sleeps and dreams of England. Thomas lies
'Neath Vimy Ridge where he among his fellows
Died just as life had touched his lips to song.

And nigh as ruthlessly has life divided
Us who survive, for Abercrombie toils
In a black Northern town beneath the glower
Of hanging smoke, and in America
Frost farms once more, and far from the Old Nailshop
We sojourn by the Western sea.

And yet

Was it for nothing that the little room
All golden in the lamplight thrilled with golden
Laughter from hearts of friends that summer night?
Darkness has fallen on it, and the shadow
May never more be lifted from the hearts
That went through those black years of death, and live.

And still, whenever men and women gather
For talk and laughter on a summer night,
Shall not that lamp rekindle, and the room
Glow once again alive with light and laughter,
And like a singing star in time's abyss
Burn golden-hearted through oblivion?

TRAVAILS WITH A DONKEY

BY CAROL HAYNES

It began in New York, in the home of Mrs. B——, whose hospitality I was enjoying. I was on the eve of another visit to Haiti in order to acquire inspiration and malaria, and, in response to Mrs. B——'s request to tell her something of that fascinating and little-known country, I told her about the donkeys — or *bourriques*, as the natives call them. During my last stay in that land where tom-tomsthrat night, and odors of refuse mingle with the fragrance of frangipani, the donkeys had interested me far more than the Haitians.

I described them to my hostess: little gray beasts with sorrowful eyes, patiently picking their way along the tortuous mountain trails and dusty roads, with burdens three times their weight and size — the slaves of Haiti, without whose help the commerce of the country would come to a standstill, and yet how beaten and starved! Inspired by an attentive audience and Pommery sec (1911), I waxed eloquent and recited these verses: —

'Down from the hills in the morning
Where the trails are rocky and steep,
Past the low-thatched huts in the village
Where the naked brown babies creep;
With a load that would stagger a camel,
Sure-footed, steady, and meek,
Here he comes down to the market,
The good little gray bourrique.
Laden with goatskins and charcoal,
Coconuts, coffee, and cane,
With a green strap galling his belly,
With a torturing rope for a rein;
Burdened with baskets of mangoes
And casks full of taffia rum,
Here he comes down to the market:
Driven, and deviled, and dumb.

Fleabitten, famished, and faithful
(He'll go without food for a week),
Here's to the hero of Haiti:
The good little gray bourrique!'

Mrs. B—— was enchanted. What would she not give to be able to get a little Haitian bourrique! He would have nothing to do but take her children for rides, and when it was cold she could send him to her lovely farm in Virginia. 'How delightful,' she said, 'to watch him browsing there among those fields of peace and plenty and to know that one had rescued him from a life of toil!'

Fortune, I thought, had provided me with an opportunity to do Mrs. B—— a favor. I would send her a donkey from Haiti. What a delightful way of expressing appreciation! What an economical and easy way!

I returned to Port-au-Prince and established myself in a house which made up for its lack of conveniences by providing a breath-taking view of the bay, with a purple island hovering in the distance, like a fallen cloud. Before the tropical disease of putting things off had attacked me (would it had seized me on the day of my landing!) I remembered about the donkey and sent for Desty.

It is difficult to describe our relations — Desty's and mine. He had fallen into my hands — or rather I had fallen into his — when I first came to Haiti and he had told me that his name was Heureuse Destiné. He had stood before me, clad only in cotton trousers that clung to his lean hips in a puzzling

and altogether enviable fashion, and with melodious sentences he had convinced me that I would be nothing less than a fool if I did not avail myself of his services. I suppose I might have been called his employer, since I paid him for work which he rarely did. To a little shack behind my house he had brought his blanket, machete, game-cocks, and, as an afterthought, his wife and children — as uncertain about the number of this last-named possession as I was. Thereafter he sat in my yard beneath a mango tree, trimming the cocks' spurs, sorting coffee beans which his wife gathered and brought to him, or — but very seldom — cleaning my boots. If I wished to discourse about theology, if I desired to leave the common level and enter that rare atmosphere created by one whose simplicity of soul was coupled with an enviable flow of language, I had only to seek out *Heureuse Destinée*. How pleasant to see the smile which lit up his dusky face as a sudden light illumines a dark room, and what a privilege it was to associate with a mortal who was on such familiar terms with the Holy Occupants of Heaven that neither their exalted states nor their invisibility deterred him from including them in all discussions!

This, then, was the personage whom I entrusted with the task of purchasing a donkey for the charming Mrs. B——.

'I suppose,' said I to Desty, 'that I can buy one for about five dollars?'

He rolled his eyes toward Heaven. Ah, perhaps, if Madame wished a very wizened and sick little bourrique. But such a one as Madame undoubtedly desired would be dearer than that. He asked Saint Joseph if this were not true, and — after a pause which signified, I trust, a struggle with the saintly conscience — Saint Joseph evidently agreed with him, for he went on. He knew of a bourrique, he said, belonging to an

old woman in the hills, an angel among bourriques and far too perfect to tread this dirty earth. He could not, of course, tell how much the old woman would ask for the animal, but as for himself, he would have to walk a great distance to make the purchase and that, of course —

'All right. I'll give you five dollars for the donkey and three dollars for your trouble, but mind — he must be a young animal and in good condition.'

'Eight dollars,' rejoined Desty, 'as the good God knows very well, will buy Madame a fine bourrique.'

When he returned that evening with the donkey, I thought he had brought me a jack rabbit.

'Why, he's nothing but ears!'

'He will grow up to his ears, Madame. Observe the fine, woolly coat.'

The fine, woolly coat did not deceive me. It was baby fuzz which the donkey was even then in the process of shedding, so that it gave him a moth-eaten appearance, and, as I ran my hand along his back and sides, I encountered terrifying depressions between sharp and bony promontories. However, I imagined that there was an appealing look in the soft brown eyes with which he sorrowfully and solemnly regarded me, so I decided to keep him and groom him and feed him, until he was fit to make the journey to the States. I directed Desty to tether him in the back yard and caused that philosopher no little disquietude by insisting that the donkey be brushed and curried every day.

In the silence of the tropic night I was awakened by a fearful sound beneath my bedroom window. Not until 'silence, like a poultice, came to heal the blows of sound' did I realize, sitting bolt upright in bed, whence this tumult had come. What, thought I, do people find to laugh at in the bray of a donkey? To me it is a heartbreaking sound —

a trumpet-call of distress, dying away in a diminuendo of despair; the cry of the most desolate animal in the world.

'He desires his *maman*,' said Desty the next day, as he tied a large rock to the poor beast's tail.

'Will you please tell me what you are doing that for?'

'Madame, with the rock holding down his tail he cannot bray.'

In the light of subsequent events, which totally destroyed my humane feelings toward that particular donkey, I am sorry that I forbade the experiment. It is not unlikely, also, that I might have discovered some heretofore unknown fact regarding the relation of a donkey's tail to his bray and might, at this moment, be writing an article for the Zoölogical Society instead of the present paper. You have only to watch a donkey braying to concede that an immovable tail would hamper him considerably.

But to return to our muttons, or rather to our bourrique. Despite the fact that a sum of money was given Desty each day for the purchase of grass and carrots, his charge apparently turned up his nose at such fare — at any rate, he did not fatten on it.

'If the good God wills it,' said Desty, 'I may prevail upon him to eat oats.'

In Haiti the feeding of oats to your horse is as much a matter of consequence as the feeding of gasoline to your motor, or the feeding of Chicago beef to yourself, for these imported articles of diet are costly. However, without demur I commissioned Desty to buy oats, and the results were astonishing. Not only was the bourrique prevailed upon to eat oats, but he was prevailed upon to consume such quantities that his feed bill, in no time at all, far exceeded his purchase cost.

I had a neighbor, an Englishman, who saw no good in anything in Haiti except the rum. It was, in fact, on

account of the rum that he was living there. He pointed out to me one day that, while my donkey was undoubtedly growing fatter and stronger, by a singular coincidence the horse of Desty — a wretched, starving animal that bore its master bareback to and fro — was beginning to assume a more rounded appearance in the middle. Also the gamecocks, whose pugnacious qualities had, until now, been but poorly fostered upon fruit-skins, were strutting and crowing in a noticeable manner, and my neighbor insinuated that they were, in all probability, not feeling their oats — but mine.

I spoke to Desty — a little timidly, I confess — upon the subject, but, when he reproached me with a passage from the Bible and summoned three well-known saints on the spot to testify in his behalf, I positively blushed at my lack of confidence and beat a retreat to my study, pursued by words of undeniable eloquence and wisdom.

The donkey, I decided, was now ready to be shipped without danger of dying en route. So, having made arrangements for his departure, I cabled Mrs. B—— that I was sending a genuine Haitian bourrique on such and such a steamer and I hoped, when her children rode upon his little back, that she would remember with kindness her friend, and so forth. Thinking of the delight which this cable would bring to the B—— family in far-away New York, I went to bed and awoke the next morning to find that the donkey had disappeared. He had not strayed away of his own accord, for his rope was neatly sliced in two, and there was a distressing look of desolation about the place where he had lately been. Inquiries were made and Desty, on being summoned, broke into lamentations and Isaiah.

'I will shake the Heavens,' said Desty, 'and the earth shall move out

of her place, but I shall find for Madame the little bourrique.' I refused his request for money to lay at the feet of some patron saint in order to be assured of divine assistance in the search. However much I thought of the donkey, I said, I did not think it worth while to trouble the ears of Heaven about him, and thought I had made a fine speech. Desty looked at me pityingly. He did not answer, for his was a vast tolerance and he respected my peculiar notions; but how twisted my sense of values must have seemed to a man who would have readily exchanged any one of his children for a gamecock!

The steamer sailed without the donkey, but another steamer was leaving in two weeks, so I cabled Mrs. B—— again, and set out to buy another donkey. The streets of Port-au-Prince are filled with them. They block the crossings; they swarm across the Champ de Mars; they stand in solemn, fly-plagued groups about the market places, waiting the thwack upon the rump and the shrill 'La! Allez!' which sends them plodding on beneath another load. One supposes that one could go up to any ragged native and say: 'I wish to buy your animal—here is the money.' But donkeys are not to be bought that way in Haiti. In the first place, it is almost impossible to find one in full possession of all the parts belonging to him. (Haitian donkeys are like secondhand Fords in this respect.) Either one ear—or both—or the tail, for some mysterious reason, is missing. In the second place, the owner of a donkey, whether in whole or part, is unwilling to consider a sale. The matter looks fishy to him. Else why should you—wealthy, well-dressed foreigner that you are—descend from your automobile and desire to acquire a bourrique? No—better be on your way and stop trying

to put something over on the suspicious Haitian, who has had enough to make him suspicious, goodness knows!

'I have seen a great many bourriques,' said I to my neighbor the Englishman, 'and I am convinced that the one stolen from me is the only one in Haiti with two whole ears and an unscarred hide. I'd give a good deal to get him back.'

'No use offering a reward. A Haitian won't bring anything back, even if he finds it, for fear he'll get locked up as the thief. Why not turn the whole affair over to the gendarmerie? It's marvelous the way they know how to handle the natives, and I'll wager they'll find your stolen donkey for you in no time. Only, knowing how squeamish you are, I'd advise you not to investigate their methods of procedure too closely. Give them plenty of cigarettes, and leave them to their own devices.'

Next morning, in response to my telephoned request, a squad of mounted gendarmes galloped into the yard, commanded by a sergeant who had doubtless won promotion through his ability to grow ferocious whiskers. What with pistols, sabre, and moustaches, he was one vast bristle. To him I explained my difficulties, while the soldiers lounged gracefully in their saddles, asking loudly and pointedly, from time to time, if anybody had any cigarettes. The sergeant asked me a number of irrelevant questions, and each time I answered he said, 'Ah-ha!' in a mysterious manner. Finally he sent for Desty and they engaged in a verbal duel which I was unable to follow, so rapid it was and so explosive. The final remark of Desty, however, delivered as the sergeant rehoisted himself into his saddle, was not lost upon me. I shall not repeat it here, but merely state, as a commentary upon discipline in the Haitian gendarmerie,

that the gendarmes laughed uproariously over the sally at their superior's expense. They left presently, after I had given each man a package of cigarettes.

'They are *pas bon*,' said Desty, watching as they galloped across my flower beds.

'They have assured me that they will recover my bourrique.'

'Ah, Madame shall see what she shall see.'

What I saw was a-plenty.

A little past noon, the cavalcade reappeared with sweat-lathered horses and a triumphant air. They were hustling along an old woman who was on foot and who was leading a decrepit female donkey. Arriving in my yard, the old woman sank down upon the steps. She was evidently in the last stages of exhaustion. And as for the donkey!

'Behold,' said the sergeant, looking as if he expected the *croix de guerre*, 'the woman who sold the bourrique to Madame, and behold the mother of the bourrique herself!'

'It is customary,' he explained, seeing my look of bewilderment, 'to sell something and then to come at night and take it away again. Therefore we have journeyed far and asked many questions in order to locate the one who sold the bourrique to Madame. But something has gone wrong, for this old woman seems to know nothing of the whereabouts of the bourrique; neither is it with the mother who bore it.'

'But why,' I cried in exasperation, 'have you brought them here?'

'So that Madame can plainly see that her animal is not with them.'

Just then the ancient donkey laid herself down quietly and expired without a groan. The woman began to weep and wring her hands. Her poor beast had been unaccustomed to such rapid travel. Where now would she find

another to comfort her in her age and affliction?

'Quiet!' commanded the sergeant. 'You will have no need of such things in jail.'

Desty, appearing around a corner of the house, took in the situation at a glance.

'Madame,' said he with simple dignity, 'this old woman is my mother.'

I was more stricken with horror than ever.

'That is true,' sneered the sergeant, 'and now perhaps Madame wishes that we put you both in jail, eh? As for the old bourrique, she is already dead. So much the better for her.'

'You had better get out of here,' I said to the sergeant, 'or *you* 'll be dead. A fine mess you 've made of things!'

I was so angry that I spoke in English, which he did not understand; but my tone of voice and the manner in which I pointed to the gate needed no interpreting. However, instead of ordering his men to depart, he ordered them to help themselves to my bananas, which I had been guarding with great care and which were just then ready to gather. This order having been well carried out, the gendarmes departed, and not until the last hoof-beat had died away did the old woman's face lose its look of terror.

'*Ma mère*,' said Desty, 'this *gros blanc femme* does not desire that you be placed in the jail. Her heart is torn with sorrow over the loss of that so faithful bourrique which now lies dead before our eyes. She will assuredly buy you another animal.'

'Certainly,' I said, eagerly producing a bill.

'Furthermore,' said Desty, accepting the money for his mother with gratitude, 'you must return home, and if you have to walk any more you will die. Madame will provide something.'

'Certainly.'

He had a horse, he said, which his mother could ride and, affairs being as they were and Heaven witnessing, he would charge me no more than one dollar for the use of his horse.

Hearing them depart some time later, I was surprised, on looking out of the window, to see Desty upon the horse and his mother contentedly trudging along beside him.

'*C'est bien!*' he called to me gayly, for he was aware that I had odd notions regarding chivalry. 'It is well, Madame. We will take turns!'

During the week preceding the departure of the next steamer, I searched frantically for a bourrique. Having cabled Mrs. B—— that the shipping of her gift had been delayed, I could not consider disappointing her or her children a second time, and therefore I laid aside all my other work until I had accomplished that which I had set out to do. I grew less particular in my demands for donkey perfection and was even considering a slightly mangy animal with only half a tail when Desty informed me that he had heard of a bourrique in the country which was in excellent condition, and which could be bought immediately.

In desperation I filled the gas tank and, accompanied by Desty, drove my car out into the cactus wildernesses of Haiti. After losing the way and becoming so tightly stuck in the mud that I had to hire a passing team of oxen to haul us out, we arrived at our destination, a group of huts on the bank of a dry river-bed. The owners of these huts fled as soon as they caught sight of us, but, after boldly searching about, we discovered the bourrique tethered to what, with a stretch of the imagination, might have been called the front porch of a mud-and-bamboo residence. After repeated calls on the part of my companion, an old man came out from behind a poinsettia bush and

greeted us. His hair and beard were braided in a peculiar fashion and I regret that I did not observe him more closely, for it is likely that he might have been a priest of the mysterious cult of vaudoux. But my attention was centred on the donkey. There was a familiar look about him.

'This animal,' said Desty, when he had talked for a time with the braided person, 'is for sale for eighteen dollars.'

I considered that an outlandish price, and said so.

'But if Madame will only recall how difficult it is to find a good bourrique. And if she will only regard the silken coat and magnificent ears of this one.'

I did regard them. The more I looked, the more positive I became that this was the very donkey that had been stolen from me — but how to prove it? There were the gendarmes, of course, and I did not doubt that I was in a perfect den of robbers, but I had had enough of gendarmes. So I separated myself from eighteen dollars, which Desty turned over to the old man, not forgetting to retain a certain sum that went into his own pocket. I did not see how much, but it looked like a good deal. It was his commission, he said.

By dint of much struggling, and a few unladylike words on my part, which I hope the pious Desty did not hear, we managed to shove the unwilling donkey into the car, where he balked in such a manner as to seat himself quite comfortably upon the rear seat, and from this position he surveyed the world in astonishment. Needless to say, we attracted a good deal of attention as we went along, and soon half the population of Port-au-Prince was joyously escorting us.

Deaf to the remarks in pungent Creole which were directed at me and which were not flattering, and blind to the gleeful hails of some acquaintances who considered themselves lucky

enough to be passing by at the time, I drove straight to the dock and had the satisfaction of seeing my donkey installed aboard the steamer, which was to sail that evening.

'Cheer up, old fellow,' I said as I left him, for he looked so dejected — at least I thought he did; 'you'll soon be where you'll live off the fat of the land.' He drew a long, shuddering breath and rolled his eyes at me.

On my way home I passed my neighbor, sitting on his front porch and staring sourly at the sunset. I told him that the donkey had sailed.

'Thank goodness, that's over! If I'd been told beforehand what a job it would be, I would n't have believed it.'

'Humph!' he answered, gulping down a glass of rum, 'where's your friend Desty?'

'He's around somewhere.'

'He's around, all right. He's around a cockpit, betting his head off. Shrewd fellow, that! First, he steals a donkey from his mother which he sells to you for eight dollars. Then he steals it from you and you buy it back again for eighteen dollars. Twenty-six dollars; one hundred and thirty gourdes in Haitian money; more than five pounds in real money — not counting the oats. Pretty slick, what?'

'Perhaps. He may be a rascal as you say, but I don't know how I should have gone about proving it. What would you have done if you had been in my place?'

'Whaled the black hide off him the day the donkey disappeared — that's what I'd have done.'

'It's difficult,' I said, 'to treat him like an ordinary yard-boy. You see, he knows so many saints.'

'Bah! *Saints!*'

He did not even smile. I remembered suddenly that he was an Englishman.

Several weeks later I received a note from Mrs. B—— thanking me for the

donkey, which had arrived safely and which she had immediately shipped to Virginia. It would be best to keep him there, she thought. She hoped I was well, and remained, she begged me to believe, still cordially mine.

It was not the letter of effusive thanks I had expected. Indeed, it struck me as being a little cold and unappreciative, though of course she was not aware of all the trouble I had taken with that gift which she had so lightly accepted and so briefly acknowledged. I was chagrined and disappointed. The more I thought of it — and one thinks of little things in the tropics until they grow to be enormous — the more I thought that Mrs. B—— was a graceless and ungrateful lady. I determined when next we met to inform her, in a laughing manner, of my vicissitudes, and I trusted that she would feel properly remorseful and rebuked.

When I returned to the States, the first thing I did was to take myself and my malaria to Hot Springs, Virginia.

Mrs. B——'s estate was near by and, although she was not there, I decided to ride over, a few days after my arrival, and pay respects to my old Haitian friend, the donkey.

The caretaker met me at the gate.

'Has Mrs. B—— got a donkey here?'

He reached for my bridle and nodded in a glum manner.

'I'd like to see him if you'll tell me where to look for him.'

'You'll have no trouble finding him, ma'am, if you'll wait a bit. He broadcasts himself regular. Listen!'

From an adjoining orchard came a sound which smote upon my ears and stirred my memory. We all, including the horse, turned our heads in the direction whence it came and waited in silence until the last painful note had died away.

'Did you ever hear the beat of that?'

demanded the caretaker. We walked slowly together toward the orchard.

'I'd like to poison him!' he continued. He chuckled disagreeably. 'And I know Master would like to poison the one that sent him up here.'

I tried to say something, but only succeeded in making a queer clucking noise, unnoticed by the caretaker, who launched upon what was, apparently, his favorite subject.

'You know where he come from, don't you? He come from Cuba, or Borneo, or some such South Ameriky place. Some fool woman — begging your pardon, ma'am —'

'Oh, that's all right,' I put in bravely; 'you need n't beg my pardon.'

'Well, anyways, that's what Master called her. Some fool woman,' he repeated unnecessarily, and with relish, 'sent him up here trying to make out he was something onusual — like a unicorn, say — when he ain't nothing but the plumbest, ordinariest, low-downest jackass ever I see.'

'But surely he has n't been much trouble to keep?'

'Trouble? There ain't been nothing but trouble since we heard of him. In the first place, it took a hundred dollars and a whole lot of pull to get him away from the docks in New York. They said he had hoof-and-mouth disease.'

'Hoof-and-mouth disease? Surely not!'

'Ah, well,' he rejoined cryptically, 'you wait an' see. What good is he anyhow? Look at him, the beast!'

I looked. Belly-deep in the sweet Virginia grass stood my Haitian bourrique. I should never have known him. Gone was the gaunt look; altogether vanished the humble demeanor. There was not a flicker of recognition in the cold eye which he turned upon me, as I climbed the fence and came toward him, holding out a coaxing hand as I used to do in the old days when

a banana-skin had been a rare tidbit. As I drew near, he turned slowly and insolently about and presented his posterior. 'Mind yer eye!' called out a warning voice behind me. In the nick of time! A pair of vicious little hoofs struck the space where my head had lately been, and I set off for the fence as fast as I could go, pursued by a devil in the shape of a donkey — a gray whirlwind of gnashing teeth and flying feet.

'Tell me he has n't got hoof-and-mouth disease!' said the caretaker, trying not to show that he was enjoying himself. 'Bites and kicks — that's what he does.'

'I don't suppose,' said I faintly from the vile dust from which I had sprung, 'that the children ride him at all?'

'I should say not! Think of sending that devil up here and saying he was for them little kids to ride! Disgraceful, I call it. Like to see her try to get on him once, would n't you?'

'No,' I replied, walking stiffly back to my horse, 'I should n't. What's Mrs. B — going to do with the donkey, do you know?'

'Give him back to that fool woman, Master says. Maybe she'll enjoy being kicked. We sure don't.'

I tipped the caretaker, though every fibre in me cried out against it.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is indeed, I muttered to myself as I slowly rode away, to have a thankless child — or a thankless friend — or a thankless donkey! If it were not for me, that creature would be plodding along the scorching trails of Haiti at this very moment, with his bones sticking through his skin. If it were not for me —

And, even as I spoke, down the quiet roadway came the faint echo of a long-drawn-out 'Heehaw!' — for all the world like mocking, fiendish laughter.

THE CONTROL OF CRIME

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

'POLICE headquarters, special division, Sergeant Howard speaking,' recited the sergeant as he picked up the phone. 'Yes, sir. We're supposed to look after gambling, streetwalkers, and blind pigs — yes. I'm sorry you think so, but we do the best we can. What makes you think he is selling hooch? At 905 Wells Street? Yes. What is your name? Well, you know we've got to —

'That's the trouble with these birds,' he said as he hung up the receiver and turned to me. 'They never want to be mixed up in anything. He wants us to pinch a place, but he's so afraid somebody'll get him for telling, he cut off as soon as I asked his name. Next time I'll ask it first, and then he won't complain. Funny how everybody hates to help the police.'

That was what might be called a keynote speech. I was there to learn, if possible, why the police of a big city make so many arrests that do not result in conviction — or, indeed, even come to trial. Almost daily the papers reported from fifty to a hundred or more persons, arrested for minor offenses, who were at once 'discharged by the superintendent' without being brought into court. Just a few days previous, over a hundred men had been arrested and brought to trial on a charge of gambling. All of them were freed by the judge — though the probabilities made them obviously guilty — with a scathing denunciation of the incom-

petence and overactivity of the police. I had asked the superintendent to explain, and had been told that I might watch and learn for myself. Accordingly, I had been introduced to the 'clean-up squad,' and they had been directed to take me wherever they went and to show and tell me anything I wanted to know.

'That 905 Wells Street is a new dump to me, but we've had several complaints, so I guess we'll have to take a chance and make it,' finished the sergeant. Four of us climbed into an open flivver, — the police are forbidden to use curtains in any weather, for the sake of expedition in action, — and from then till two in the morning the night was full of illuminating experiences.

Number 905 was a dilapidated story-and-a-half house amid slightly better surroundings in a slum district. It purported to be a private residence. Two men went to the front door and the other, with myself, to the cluttered and malodorous back yard. We could hear from the front a vigorous tattoo and 'Police officers; open up.' Inside were two tables, a dozen wooden chairs, a dilapidated stove, and seven men. Bill Flockton, the host, was a plumber by trade, though his tools were elsewhere. He lived in a room upstairs; his wife was away. He had no booze, he said. The 111 pints of beer which were later found in the shed were home-

brew which he had 'made for himself.' Five gallons of stuff that would burn when lighted with a match were unearthed from the cellar.

'Aw, Sarge, can't a fellow have a little hooch for his own use, when his wife has left him, without you fellows butting in?' complained Bill.

Howard merely laughed and said, 'We'll save your life, Bill, by taking it from you.'

Whereat Bill himself chuckled and confided, 'To tell the truth, Sarge, I would n't drink the stuff on a bet. All I ever touch is the beer.' The visitors were sent home, the liquor was properly pasted with identification labels, and Bill and the evidence were sent to the station in the wagon.

But Bill showed no worry, although his was a serious offense from the point of view of penalty. He had no need to worry, for he knew well enough what was coming. All it cost him was his stock of liquor and a night's loss of business. Next morning he was 'discharged by the superintendent.' Graft, favoritism, influence, official wrongdoing of some sort on the face of it! For Flockton was indisputably guilty and should have been convicted.

The answer is that those police officers did wrong when they entered Flockton's house without a search warrant. By the law of that State, evidence secured by the police through illegal search or illegal arrest cannot be used in any way whatsoever to convict a criminal, no matter how guilty he may be. To search a house as they did Flockton's, even police officers must have a warrant, accurately describing the place to be searched and the thing to be looked for, issued by a magistrate upon complaint under oath. These officers had no such warrant. Not even Bill's opening the door and his invitation to 'go ahead, you won't find anything' made the search legal.

The evidence of guilt was there, but it could not be used. It would have been futile to bring Flockton before the court — worse than futile, for it would have produced another public condemnation by the judge of the oppressive incompetence of the city's police. So they let him go his way, to break the law again. They told me all this at the time, to explain Bill's unconcern. To my disgusted inquiry why, knowing the law, they had not taken the precaution to get a warrant, the reply was as vindictory of the police as it was profane.

Magistrates cannot issue warrants except upon sworn statement of facts from which the probability of success in the search may reasonably be deduced. 'Information and belief' of the person asking for a warrant is not enough; he must state facts. Nor, the courts have held, is it enough for the officer asking a warrant to swear that he 'is informed by persons that they have purchased liquor at said place and it is a notorious fact that liquor is there sold.' Notoriety is not an acceptable sort of fact. Moreover, the person acquainted with the facts must himself appear before the magistrate. Even his affidavit of fact, sworn to before a notary public, is not enough, though presented to the magistrate by a police officer. The warrant will not be issued — or, if a warrant should be issued under such circumstances, evidence discovered through its use could not be used.

As Sergeant Howard said: 'Those birds who complained and cursed us out for not closing the dump would n't even give their names, let alone appear before the judge. After they tell us, they expect us to do the rest ourselves. How in hell *could* I get a warrant?

'I've got another place where I think we can get a buy,' he continued. 'The patrolman says that taxis keep

stopping there all the time, and it ain't likely from the neighborhood they're on legitimate business; and there are a lot of other little signs that make it sure. The papers are crabbing, and we've got to get 'em some way.' So we picked up Jimmy — usually the department carpenter, but occasionally called on for special duty. He was really a likable, though simple, soul, but he did look like a wastrel. Jimmy was given a factory employee's badge and told to buy liquor in one of the row of brick houses which had seen much better days. The car was kept two blocks up the street. Back came Jimmy. 'She said, "Oh no, you're mistaken — this is a private house. No, there's no such place in the neighborhood." But I could hear them rack-ety in the back.'

We all got out and walked to the place, Howard and myself to the front door. The bell rang audibly, but no one answered, nor was there a gleam of light. 'If they don't open up in another five minutes,' said Howard, his finger on the bell-push, 'I'll kick in the lock.'

'Don't bust the door; I'll open up,' replied feminine tones, and we were admitted. 'I spotted your man; that's why I did n't answer,' was her greeting. In the back rooms were three women and several men, all 'friends' of Mamie's who had just dropped in to see her. Hospitality was there, for each friend had a glass, but one social amenity had been omitted, in that not all the guests had been introduced — at least they had no idea of each other's names.

The draft-beer could not be found, — five minutes had been enough for its hiding, — but there was an untapped keg of illegal strength. Both Mamie and the keg went to headquarters, but it was a mere jesting and friendly formality, since everyone seemed to know that she could not be

held. Indeed, had she or Flockton demanded a return of the liquor, the court would probably have ordered the police to restore it.

There, then, were two arrests for that night which did not come to trial. Yet neither could be called police oppression. Both Bill and Mamie were violating the law. Whether that law be wise or otherwise, it is the law, and it would have been better for society had they been punished as the law decrees. The one arrested was guilty; the police had evidence of his guilt; but use of the evidence was forbidden. Certain unprosecuted arrests were explained.

Prostitution, with its attendant public annoyances, breeds another class of unprosecuted arrests — those which the public demands shall be made, but which there is no evidence of crime to justify. The papers had been campaigning for 'a cleaner city.' Where were the police, they inquired, when streetwalkers infested certain districts? 'Get busy,' they yammered. 'Clean up; stop the annoyance of decent citizens.'

A large corporation had its main office-building in a district of transition from small houses to wholesale business. Its employees were tapped at from furtive windows and beckoned to from behind tawdry curtains. 'Your police must stop it,' they told the mayor, 'or our influence goes against you at the polls.' Orders went forth to the superintendent of police — from him to the clean-up squad. The inconspicuous flivver, with its four passengers, patrolled the streets apparently like any other battered car — save that it was curtainless in the dead of winter — and the plain-clothed officers strolled about. It was surprising to me how often women, talking to some man, or even walking along alone, would dodge quickly out of sight as

soon as the police car appeared on the scene. Nor did any of them accost an officer — save once — while I was with them. Yet just what the hall mark was I could not determine.

Sometimes a woman who had just stopped a man was detained and the man was questioned.

‘What did she say to you?’

‘Er — er — why — that is — oh yes, she just asked me how far it is to Elm Street.’

Quite possibly the man was one of those who complained of the annoyance, but he naturally objected to appearing in court, if only because of the time it would cost him. Had he told the truth, the officers could not have used his statements secondhand; they would have had to produce the man as a witness himself. The eventuality was either that there were in truth no solicitations at all that evening or that no man told the truth.

Obviously the chance of first-hand evidence secured by the officer himself was negligible. Nevertheless we gathered in forty or more women during the evening. Some had been seen to accost a man, though we could not know what had been said. Others were known to the officers from previous experience. Some were simply strolling along and might have been, as they usually insisted, returning to their rooms from the corner post-box. Superficially the whole proceeding was an outrage on liberty, an example of aggression and oppression on the part of the police, a disgrace to civil government. Perhaps it was, in fact. My own ire at times well-nigh broke bonds and cost me my chance to observe. But sooner or later, directly or indirectly, most of those women admitted to me — who, like the rest of the public, would not tell — that they were in fact members of the profession objected to. Their complaint was

seldom that they were decent women, but rather that they had not been soliciting at that particular time. So far as I could judge, those officers made no mistakes in their judgment of the women arrested, although they occasionally stopped, for questioning, women whom they did not hold.

Yet none of the women arrested was brought to trial; all of them were among those ‘discharged by the superintendent.’ Four fifths of the arrests were illegal, and the officers were technically liable in damages to the women for false imprisonment. None of the arrests was supported by evidence sufficient to warrant a conviction. Yet again, illegal though they were, they served a purpose. As one experienced young woman expressed it: ‘I came here from Chicago because I heard the town was easy, but they won’t even let you walk on the street. I’m going back.’ It was all illegal, but it accomplished in a practicable way what the public, through its papers, was insisting should be done. At any rate, that particular evening accounted for forty more arrests which were never prosecuted, yet which were police service rather than aggression.

Of the arrests which do reach the courts and are dismissed by the judge, there are various explanations. Three that came under my own observation will illustrate this point. Complaint came in of window-tapping in a certain house. We went there, one officer ahead. Someone, in fact, tapped on the glass to attract his attention, which he gave. He went in. There were three women, and each one sedulously denied that she or anyone else had called him in, or had ever tapped on the window for any purpose, or had any reason, desire, or occasion to tap on a window, or in any other way attract any man’s attention. The woman who admitted the officer was

selected as the culprit and duly prosecuted. The judge's opinion was impeccable and a model of logic. He ruled that window-tapping was a misdemeanor punishable in the courts, thereby satisfying public righteousness. He added that, to convict thereof, the police must prove, not merely that someone in the house had been guilty, but that the particular defendant had done the tapping. This quite satisfied the unrighteous, as it meant absolute impossibility of conviction so long as darkness or the usual curtain screened the face of the tapper. It may have pleased the papers also, since it perpetuated their opportunity to rail at inefficiency. The police shrugged and continued either to ignore complaints by corporations and individuals or to make illegal arrests which at least held tappers to a degree of circumspection. Since that time, in the only case I know of where a policeman has said that he saw the particular defendant do the tapping, another judge has held that the woman's act was not unlawful. Since that decision the public must in justice direct its criticism of conditions at the law itself and absolve the police.

In that same court was pending a case which had been set for nine o'clock of that day. The State's witnesses were from a city some fifty miles away. Five times previously the case had been set for trial, and each time the witnesses had left their business and come into court to testify. But five times, by request of the defendant's attorney, the trial had been postponed, and the witnesses had traveled home with nothing accomplished. This day, as the morning wore on and the case was not called for trial, they rose in wrath and told the policeman responsible for the arrest that if the case were not called by twelve-thirty they were going home, to stay. He, poor go-between, so informed the

judge, whose sole reply was: 'You police have that case ready for trial when it is called.' At twelve-thirty the witnesses departed as they had said they would. That afternoon the case was called; the State had no witnesses present; the court rebuked the policeman, dismissed the case, and discharged the defendant from custody.

One unexpected evening was devoted to the gambling-houses. The papers said they were notorious. They were—even a stranger could find them. The police made no pretense of ignorance. The places were as well known to the officers as the officers individually were known to the gamblers. The latter make a practice of sending their lookouts regularly to the courtrooms to study the faces of all detectives and witnesses called by the police. That night the off-duty crew was held over and both sergeants were on the job. The 'State's keys' were loaded into the autos. I say 'loaded' advisedly, for those 'keys' were heavy sledges and axes. A search warrant naming the place to be raided was procured, and it was reassuring later to find that no warning had leaked out thereby.

The entrance was a barber-shop with one chair, and a number of empty cigar-boxes in a small show-case. The first lookout's place was behind that counter, near a switch which he could throw with his foot. By some chance he was not at his post, and the watcher behind the partition did not catch us through his loophole till almost too late. Past him, down the corridor, went the key-bearers, around the turn, past the third guard's loophole—but the heavy door was closed. It took a moment even with those keys to get through its four inches of wood and iron sheathing. The other officers got in first by the rear entrance, when it was incautiously opened by

those inside who tried to escape. Within were a huddle of twoscore men and two large tables the size of billiard-tables — mere board flats set on trestles, covered with loosely laid cheap green cloth, with pendent lights over each table. But — and this was scarcely surprising — no gambling was in progress. Two bags of money were found, however, and many dice. On the floor was a miscellaneous collection of revolvers, pistols, and dirks, hastily shed by men who knew well enough that the carrying of concealed weapons was a felony. Young men mostly they were, who, in suspicious numbers, gave their occupation as that of taxi-driver.

All of them were taken to headquarters and booked either as gambling or as frequenting a gambling-house. The police had all the evidence there was; yet every single prosecution was dismissed by the judge, who, from the bench, reprimanded the police for

bringing into court cases so inadequately supported by evidence. There, again, were many cases which came to trial but in which no conviction followed. And yet, again, they could not be characterized in any sense as police oppression.

It is obviously not difficult to learn why so many arrests do not mature into trial and conviction. To know what to do about the situation is quite another matter. The present objective of the courts and the law is to protect innocent citizens from even the possibility of mistaken molestation by the police — to discourage indiscreet activity by rendering futile all that departs from the form of stamp and seal. If incidentally it makes mockery of enforcement, that is an evil inherent in the objective. But in a period of criminal actualities it may be worth considering whether the fear is not born of misconception and imagination, and the objective a fallacy.

FISHING IN THE HUDSON'S ANCIENT GORGE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

At four o'clock in the morning of July 25, I was on the bridge of the Arcturus when the captain signaled for Slow Speed. For an hour we barely pushed through the water, while two sextants were leveled at our namesake, which glowed brightly in the heavens. At last a pencil made a tiny dot on the chart, Full Stop clanged in the engine-room, and we floated quietly over our objective — the marvelous sunken

gorge of the Hudson River. There was just a hint of dawn in the star-flecked east as I went to my cabin for an hour's sleep.

There are mirages and illusions of the senses and there are those of the mind, and in the full light of day I found myself laboring under both. The last mainland we had sighted was the old, pirate-famed harbor of Porto Bello; weeks later, by solar and sidereal

observations, we had been close to Chesapeake to make connections with the Warrior, and dredged there in fifteen fathoms with no hint of land in view. Now we were one hundred miles from New York City Hall, on the word of the captain, and in six hundred fathoms of water, according to the sounding wire.

I found it quite impossible to realize that my city was only an hour away by plane and a day by steaming. Our homeward-bound pennant with its one hundred and eighty feet of length, for the ninescore days we had been away, was furled, ready to be broken out, and as yet no thought of packing had entered our minds. We were all still in woolen shirts, khaki shorts, and sneakers, which had been our garb for half a year. The odious stiff collars and shirts, the silly-colored strings of neckties, the funereal dinner-jackets, together with all the other uncomfortable and unlovely portions of civilized attire, were still packed away, snuggled among moth balls in the hold. The sea stretched unbroken to the horizon just as it had done week after week, month after month, in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, and both our senses and our minds insisted that we were still thousands of miles from anywhere.

My present plan was that our last station — Number One Hundred and Thirteen — should be here in the depths of this royal gorge of the Hudson River, within reach of what was once by far the greatest waterfall in the world, and yet is only a scant hundred miles from our city of New York. I was about to grope about beneath half a mile of water for vague hints of whatever life the fingers of my dangling nets might bring up, and so it seemed not unreasonable to look back through past ages to the time when this gorge roared with the thundering stream of the Hudson, and to attempt

with pitifully feeble gropings of the imagination to repicture some of that distant scene.

As nearly as we can judge, the period of the early Pleistocene was something like a million years ago, and at this time the northeastern coast of the United States was elevated a mile or more above its present level. This made of Manhattan Island an elongated line of rugged hills about one hundred miles inland, while the great Hudson drained, not only its own valley, but all the water of the Great Lakes. This mighty flood rushed southward through the Palisades, past Manhattan, and on out toward the Atlantic, augmented by the tributaries of the Housatonic, the Passaic, and the Hackensack.

So low has the coastal region sunk since that time that to-day the Hudson, as far up as Albany, is little more than an elongated fjord, the ocean's tides ebbing and flowing throughout this entire distance of a hundred and fifty miles. Even the Palisades and the Catskill bed of the river were much more imposing in olden times, for the glaciers had not then filled the latter with the hundreds of feet of rocks and gravel which now choke it. If we could then have floated down the Hudson, the Palisades would have towered four times as high above us.

In olden times the compound river rushed through the channel which on clear days can now be seen from an airplane as a dark streak beyond Sandy Hook. For a distance of forty-five miles beyond what is now dry land the Hudson flowed rapidly but evenly through a fairly deep bed, between the level banks of the wide, sloping coastal plain. Then, without warning, its waters plunged into the maw of a canyon mightier than man has ever seen. At the head it was less than a mile wide and rapidly reached a depth

of sixteen hundred feet. To-day our sounding line touches bottom four hundred feet down on the surface of the ancient plain, while a few hundred yards away the plummet sinks into the gorge to a depth of twenty-eight hundred feet. Four miles farther down the canyon, where the land of the ancient coast is now a thousand feet under water, to reach the bottom of the gorge requires forty-eight hundred feet or almost a mile of wire. Here the entire volume of the Hudson, plus the Great Lakes and the tributary rivers, dropped almost sheer over a precipice of more than eighteen hundred feet — more than a quarter of a mile. The only thing on the earth to-day to compare with this is Kaieteur Falls in British Guiana. This has a maximum drop of eight hundred feet, the highest waterfall in the world. To the chosen few who have seen this, the mind is able dimly to repicture the incomparable gorge of the Hudson as it once was. The thrill which came up over the vibrating piano-wire when we touched the very bottom brought to the imagination what the most marvelous piece of music conveys to the ear. It was a lost chord vibrant with all the wonder of past ages, before man or his kindred had begun to evolve.

During the successive glacial ages, when time after time the enormous masses of ice advanced and retreated, the coast slowly sank, and before the end of the Pleistocene Age it presented a contour much like that of to-day. During all this period the wild life of Manhattan and the adjacent country was diversified and wholly different from that of historical times. As the climate alternated from arctic to semitropical, successive faunas replaced one another. At Long Branch there lived, during widely separated times, such unlike creatures as walruses and giant ground-sloths. Mastodons

were abundant even on Manhattan, while not many miles from the Hudson were wild horses, tapirs, peccaries, reindeer, musk oxen, bison, and giant beavers. Most of these animals lived long before the first evidences of mankind, and the great submarine canyon was never seen by eye of man or his immediate forbears.

And now, instead of thinking back through time forever lost to us, I was about to reach down through space equally forbidden to living man, into a region comparable to the ether beyond the neighborhood of comfortable planets and world sanctuaries — a region unthinkable cold, with ultimate silences, and darkness and pressure beyond all human imagination.

II

When our soundings revealed the fact that we were actually floating over the deepest part of the gorge, and had reached the point nearest New York City where we might expect to find the strange creatures of the abysmal depths, I gave orders to put out the string of nets that had yielded the best results during the past months. First there was paid out the otter trawl, a huge bag of netting forty feet in length, with its great gaping mouth held wide open by the oblique pull of two iron-bound boards. Then, at intervals of fifty fathoms, metre nets were lowered, each fifteen feet long and made of the finest, most costly silk, with a mouth composed of a brass ring a yard in diameter. Five of these nets were attached to the steel cable by guide ropes, and they trailed straight out behind at the various depths as the ship steamed at slowest speed through the water. For three hours they were pulled gently along at 500, 450, 400, 350, and 300 fathoms' depth, blindly, uncontrollably,

but usually successfully engulfing the weird beings that happened to float along in their path.

Although, as I have said, the expanse of open ocean conveyed no hint of the actual nearness of land and human beings, yet hardly had the last net disappeared beneath the surface when ships appeared on the horizon. A square-rigger drifted slowly along with slack canvas, while at her heels followed casually but watchfully a low subchaser. A line of smoke in another direction marked a dainty white revenue-cutter, which came tearing full speed toward us. We chuckled as we thought what a suspicious-looking craft we must be — all begrimed with the outboard trawling, six months of weed on our keel, and rolling in the swells for no apparent reason except an inexplicable steel cable leading obliquely down into the blue depths. We rather looked forward to the excitement of keeping up our mysterious character until we were boarded by this bootlegger policeman. We even anticipated offering the officer a cocktail, thereby breaking no law of which we were aware — being one hundred miles out at sea and having gauged our Panama supply to last exactly up to the moment before landing in New York. But the cutter's captain knew what he was about and had evidently been expecting us, for as he encircled us he dipped his ensign and saluted us with the usual three blasts. The unexpected compliment thrilled us, and we answered with the deepest basso profundo roars of which our whistle was capable.

During the succeeding four days and nights, which we spent drifting over the gorge, we had not a moment's idleness from lack of specimens. Throughout the day we kept up constant trawling or dredging, and at night we trawled with small surface-

nets or harpooned and netted fish and other creatures from the pulpit and gangway. Even before the stormy petrels discovered we were a source of food-supply, the sharks came and circled us eagerly, not in hopes of any human being who might by chance fall overboard, — I had exploded this myth pretty thoroughly in my intimate association with them during the last six months, — but on the lookout for garbage.

The sailors borrowed some of my shark hooks and chains, and in quick succession caught three over the stern. All were *Carcharhinus obscurus* — the dusky ground-shark, which heretofore seems to have been almost unknown near New York, although common to the north at Woods Hole. The most noticeable character of these creatures was the pale color of the fins. The pectorals were grayish-white for half their length and in the sea appeared milk-white. These sharks arrived singly, converging toward the bow, and then drifted sternward. Perceiving the slowly dragging bait, they leisurely swam toward and engulfed it, with, however, none of the storybook-legend action of having to turn over on their backs before seizing their prey. A male shark measured over seven feet in total length and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds — after we had all estimated his weight at about three hundred!

At Porto Bello we had purchased two small puppies of doubtful — or rather of quite certain absence of — pedigree. They were most amusing little fellows and were thoroughly spoiled by everyone on board. Both unfortunately developed signs of mange, and much to their disgust we treated them thoroughly with the old reliable Glover's. They had grown and thrived apace, but now the smaller of the two pups — Blanco Ugly, as we called him — by

accident or intention (the Spanish-American temperament being so uncertain) fell overboard and drowned before anyone could see or save him. The first we knew of the tragedy was the sight of his little body drifting alongside the almost motionless vessel. Immediately a great shark rose beneath him, engulfed him with a single effort, and sank from view. As quickly as this had taken place, however, the shark reappeared and relinquished the puppy intact — Glover's mange cure apparently not appealing to the palate of this scavenger of the sea.

The previous day we had received a generally broadcasted wireless, warning ships to be on their guard against a derelict — a schooner which had been run down in our vicinity but not sunk. This was brought to mind when a hatch drifted past, then a chair and pieces of masts and rigging. Once a huge squared beam was sighted, which at first we took for an upturned ship's boat. I put over a small motor-boat, and the two men who went out to the floating object reported that the beam had been adrift for a long time, as it was covered with barnacles and weed. A host of fish swimming beneath it tempted me to use the last few sticks of dynamite that we had left. A number of fish were killed by the explosion, but all sank at once or were taken by sharks before we could secure them.

Whenever the vessel was moving we trolled with spoons and artificial squids for stray tunnies and mackerel. Large swordfish came several times to the shimmering bait, and an eight-foot individual even tasted it, but the slightly irritated nod of his head perturbed the stout cod-line as if it had been cobweb. I record all these casual occurrences to indicate the many ways in which it is possible to capture specimens at sea in addition to the usual nets and dredges.

III

Before we return to examine the contents of our deep-sunken nets let us see what the surface has to offer as we float where, long ago, great primitive eagles soared and looked down on ancient landscapes. In relation to those days this present year is more nearly 1001925.

The larger surface-life was abundant, and schools of tunnies passed now and then, looking from the deck like flocks of violet torpedoes, while pink-and-black dolphins came and inspected us, and went on their way rocketing. We watched one, which never failed to leap high, somersault, and fall back flat on his back with a resounding slap. If it was play, he was a confirmed humorist; if, unromantically, merely to dislodge barnacles or parasites from the skin of his back, he must have been assuredly successful. The most impressive visitors were schools of small whales or blackfish, which rolled in a dignified, elephantine manner through the waves and with huge sighs sent up spouts of mist.

Next to the general oceanographic machinery of nets and dredges the apparatus most constantly in use was the metal front porch or pulpit, which we let down over the bow close to the water. This was seldom vacant during the day and, when aquatic loot was abundant, two of the staff sometimes worked it at the same time, with long-handled net and pail. The objects thus captured, drifting over the sunken Hudson gorge, varied from scientifically rare, to beautiful, to merely amusing. Christopher Columbus hailed birds and floating grass as indicative of land — so the comic elements in our pulpit hauls adumbrated human proximity. Here is a catalogue of items taken on the first day, showing a pronounced lacteal dominance: —

Rubber nipple from a baby's bottle...	1
Cardboard milk-bottle tops.....	4
Empty milk-of-magnesia bottle.....	1
Cans.....	2
Leg of rubber doll.....	1
Piece of bathtub.....	1
Empty Gordon bottle ¹	1
Large wooden bung-faucet.....	1

¹ Possibly autochthonic to the Arcturus

We were well inshore, away from any strong influence of the Gulf Stream, in an eddy-like backwater with little current, so that we found creatures which had drifted out of the main Gulf Stream, as well as others which hailed from the shore. Although there was no strong offshore breeze, yet an astonishingly large number of insects had found their way these hundred miles from land, and we captured thirty altogether, including moths, grasshoppers, beetles, and dragon flies. Some were struggling their last in the water, others flew wearily aboard the Arcturus.

Scattered bits of sargassum weed floated here and there — sad little plants of the sea, for all were doomed. Better for them if they had clung to the northward-flowing stream, within a few days to sink to a quiet death in the cold northern waters, than to bask here for a time in fancied security in this pseudo-tropic warmth. With every patch of weed — less in extent than an open hand — a tiny cosmos of creatures kept faith, the faith of unconscious heritage. It was tragic to see a tiny fish or a crab clinging to a thin strand, with no hope beyond another week, the sargassum even now beginning to blacken and water-log. We caught sea horses with astonishing powers of color change, turning quite black at night and pale yellow-orange in the daytime.

The small people of the surface were seldom by themselves. If they were not in schools, then they haunted the

bits of weed, or chummed with jelly-fish. Great pulsating *Cyanea* jellies throbbed slowly along, umbrella-ing with graceful heaves of their massive amber bodies. Behind them trailed for yards the medusa tangle of poisonous, stinging tentacles, and in and out of this living maze of nettles small fish swam. They were young and inexperienced, and they gave me the same sensation that I once had when I saw a scout crawl through a snarl of barbed wire into No Man's Land, where at any moment a Very light might shed its death ray upon him. I watched many of these small butterflyfish swimming carelessly along, protected from all outside dangers, while every now and then a small entangled corpse showed where the great jelly had taken toll of its pensioners.

Although the weed was so shredded and patchy, yet almost all its usual habitués were to be found: pipefish, sea horses, filefish, and *Pterophryne* — the latter magicked from weed to fish with scarcely any alteration of color, blemishes, floats, and fronds.

A host of other surface beings came to our nets, but I shall mention only two more. A few Portuguese men-of-war had drifted hither from far-off tropical waters, still iridescent as opals, buoyant as balloons; and among their terrible, fire-searing tentacles there also swam small fish — fairy *Nomeus*, to whom color was as balls to a juggler, one moment banded with black, the next wholly monochrome silver.

Almost the only being who was independent of weed or jelly or the society of its fellows was a little triggerfish, who outcolored even *Nomeus*. Isolated amid this vast waste of waters, this midget would be seen swimming sturdily and unafraid. He was the despair of my artist. Swimming quietly in mid-ocean or in an aquarium, he showed the usual oceanic coloring — ultramarine

above, silvery white beneath. As the Arcturus bore down upon one of these diminutive triggers, or the face of the artist approached the glass behind which he hung poised, he became purply suspicious. Another emotion induced a pale-green cast, while darkness impelled him to lower the black drop, until he reflected the colors of this printed page. At times — but I am certain never through fear — he turned a strong saffron-yellow, while at the approach of death, as weakness seized upon fins and gills, the little spectrum-palette of his body was slowly dimmed and a veil of silvery gray drawn over all his scales. Through every pigmental vicissitude, every colorful emotion, only his golden eye and scarlet tail remained unchanged. This little Joseph garment of the sea was one of my greatest delights; in his scant two inches I saw and respected what to me typified fearlessness, dignity, poise, adaptation, besides incredibly kaleidoscopic beauty.

IV

I have said that the sea stretched unbroken to the horizon, but after we had floated quietly throughout the first day this was not strictly true. After dinner I went up on the flying-bridge as usual to watch the sunset, which, however, was wholly drowned in horizon mist. We had no wake, of course, as our engines were still; but broadside on, to windward, — which was south-east, — was a long and irregular trail, showing our slow, wind-pushed, crab-wise movement. Slick after slick marked the places where the galley had poured out gravy, or the engine-room oil, and here were gathered a host of stormy petrels. At sunset there were two hundred and eighty-six, and more were coming every minute. I watched very carefully and saw eight Mother Carey's chickens arrive singly upwind,

appearing far away on the leeward side of the Arcturus, where they could not possibly have seen the oily slicks. Later three flew into vision at right angles to the wind, turning only when they were close. It seemed to me that these little birds, with their sharp eyes and long, tubular nostrils, probably make use of both senses under different conditions in discovering and directing their course toward a source of food such as this — doubtless getting a faint aroma of the floating débris from a long way down wind, or, on the other hand, perceiving and instantly interpreting any focused activity or unusually directed flight on the part of a distant fellow-bird, when upwind or far off to one side.

The mist on the horizon rose gradually after sunset and smudged out one star after another until there was only a handful overhead in the neck of the mist. This cloudiness presaged a good night for plankton — for all the floating organisms which love the darkness and which are kept down far below the surface by the rays of light from both sun and moon, seemingly as unable to face the light waves as if they were a rain of venomous fiery arrows.

I had the gangway put down after eight in the evening, and, with a cluster of electric lights focused on the water, sought to learn something of the surface night-life haunting the darkness here thirty leagues from Broadway. It is a curious thing that, while the creatures which swim on the surface at this time hate the light, yet when they come within the influence of a focused searchlight, or any beam of great concentration and strength, they are unable to resist it; there is aroused a reaction of fascination, and instead of fleeing they are compelled to enter its circle and swim back and forth in the glare of its influence. The first to come were the squids, but

any hypnotic force that may have drawn them hither became subordinated to their ravenous hunger when any prey came within sight. On this night all were of a size, about a foot long, with a single individual twice that length. They shot back and forth across the circle of light, now scarlet, now pale rose, now white, and when we scooped them up in nets and transferred them to our big tanks neither their activity nor their shift of kaleidoscopic colors ever ceased. Once, and once only, there came to the light a great, silver-armored, fang-jawed snake-mackerel, headed straight for the squids. Instantly the keen eyes of these mollusks perceived him; their bodies became colorless, and they melted into the blackness of the nocturnal sea.

After lunch on the first day we made ready to raise our nets, which for hours had been drawn slowly through the black, frigid depths of the Hudson gorge. This lunch, by the way, was an unusually delicious one of fried shark. No officer or seaman would share it with us, giving us thought concerning the human logic of refusing this, and yet with corresponding readiness consuming raw oysters and fried pork!

Up came the nets, sagging heavily, loaded to the very limits of their breaking-point. At first glance they seemed filled with a bushel of glass or solid water. A wild thought of submarine ice came to mind and instantly resolved into absurdity, and the moment the first net reached the rail the truth was evident. Our nets had passed through a zone of almost solid jelly composed of untold myriads of salpæ of three species. The tubfuls of salpæ on deck increased until our containers were all overflowing. These curious beings consisted of small, angular, double-pointed bits of glassy jelly, each with a pink nucleus, many

connected so tenaciously in chains that they could be lifted up like a string of living pearls.

One of the officers, with the memory of his rejected shark steak still vivid, said, 'Well, I suppose you people would even eat that stuff!' whereat we all solemnly proceeded to eat a salpa. We got no enjoyment from this bit of bravado — just a sensation of very salty hard jelly. And then I aroused all the conventional, anti-Darwinian beliefs of our good skipper by informing him that in eating salpa I had, rather indirectly, been guilty of cannibalism — in that, far from being related to jellyfish, these oblong, glassy blobs of life claimed cousinship with ourselves and other backboneed animals. But they have fallen to the lowest point in the scale — even the sea-squirts clinging to our wharf piles parading more highly developed offspring.

Salpæ have an intricate succession of alternating generations, so complex that no genealogy could ever straighten it out. The young larva grows attached to the blood system of the parent, and after a while swims off by itself, wholly unlike its parent in appearance, structure, and habits, and even quite sexless. After swimming for a time it develops a stolon on which buds form, which in time become adult sexual salpæ. These are liberated in sets of long chains, which in turn swim off chummily together, ultimately separating into individuals, which become the parents of the larvæ that complete the cycle.

It looked at first as though we should have to imagine the old Hudson canyon filled with dilute jelly, but on sorting over the hosts of salpæ the more interesting creatures of the deep began to appear. Although in the short time at my disposal I was able to make only a few hauls, yet in this Hudson River

gorge I took thirty-two kinds of deep-sea fish, many of which are new to science. These were represented by seven hundred and sixty-eight individuals. The most abundant were the delicate little *Cyclothones* — pale ones living in abundance at three to four hundred fathoms, while a larger black species was more abundant from five to nine hundred fathoms. They were as delicate as tissue paper, with series of lights along the body and relatively enormous mouths with which they engulfed the tiniest of swimming creatures. When they came up they looked like minute bits of string stuck to the nets, but, floated gently out in water, all their exquisite structure and illuminating apparatus became visible.

From four hundred fathoms down we secured deep-water forms of the myctophid fishlets, which we took at the surface after dark. Some had gloriously brilliant gill-covers, with the eyes scarlet or green. In the lower mid-depths appeared the curious, elongate *Chauliodus* and *Stomias*, with glistening scales, huge mouths, and enormously long teeth. Blue-eyed flounders came up, packed safely among the salpæ, and eels never seen at the surface or in any light of day. Some of these were sturdily built, with smooth skin of glistening bronze and long, straight jaws which boded ill for lesser fish that swam within striking-distance. Then there were spectral eels, which seemed more suitable adornments of a fairy tale — inmates perhaps of deep pools beyond Mluna; pale, slender eel-wraiths, with inconceivably evanescent fins, large staring eyes, and the most absurd and useless jaws imaginable. With lamentable belittling, some ichthyologist has named them *Nemichthys*, 'snipe eels' — the value of this simile being exactly one half of one per cent. Their remarkable jaws are threadlike, and just in

front of the head they begin to diverge, each curving away from the other and ending in a conspicuous round ball. If tentacles were needed by this eel, why in the name of holy natural selection must the jaws be thus sacrificed! These eels were always quite dead when I found them in the heart of the salpa mass, and how they live and move and satisfy their appetites in the icy blackness half a mile beneath our keel I shall perhaps never know.

Close together in one net were a scarlet and wine-colored scorpion fish, all abristle with needle spines on fins and head and gill-covers, together with a lantern fish with glowing green eyes. Three other fish which I found living here within a hundred miles of New York City are typical of the depths of all the seas in the world. One has been appropriately named *Argyropelecus* — the Silvery Hatchet — and when young these fish look like nothing else. They are deep and narrow, with eyes that stare forever upward, the scales shining silver and interspersed with groups of luminous lamps. Another related form has the tail end of the body raised high, while the skeleton remains where it would be in a more normally shaped fish — the spare ribs being thus clearly visible and apparently outside the body.

Small and jet-black spots were occasionally seen embedded in the glassy piles, and in a dish of water these resolved into diminutive sea-devils — usually a huge mouth with merely enough tail to propel it through the water, or another with a long-armed luminous candle waving about as living bait over the great maw, or again an inch of fish with such elongated fins that it could never have touched the bottom without injury, or in fact have come near anything more solid than the icy water in which it was born, lived, and died.

THE MODERNIST'S QUEST FOR GOD

ANONYMOUS

ONE of the outstanding ethical and religious leaders of our day told me this story:—

'Before I left home on a recent trip I was visited by a man whom I had long respected for his sincerity, devotion, and spiritual insight. He had come to tell me a dream. "In my dream," said he, "I thought I saw you standing on a hilltop. And we—a great host of us—were crowded around, waiting eagerly for what you might say. We could see your lips forming the word, but no sound came out of your mouth. We tried to help you by calling out the word your lips were shaping, but we also were dumb. And that word was *God*."

The story, I think, will have meaning for thousands of truth-seekers in the camps of both Jews and Christians. The whole movement dubbed Modernist, the movement which has set out to reconcile the knowledge and aspiration of this generation within the framework of existing religious organizations, strains to say the great, the essential word 'God' in tones which will make our yearning spirits hear. It is dumb. Out of its silence comes no small part of what strength Fundamentalism possesses. Even more assuredly is agnosticism born of that same silence. The religious problem of our time is whether Modernism can find a way to say the word 'God' in a voice of conviction and command.

Once I believed that it had found the way. I can think to-day of no greater satisfaction than to have that

faith renewed. Because I am persuaded that the difficulties in the way of the fulfillment of that hope are not peculiarly mine, but are shared by others both within and without our various churches, I venture to ask them forth.

I was brought up in orthodox Presbyterianism, but, perhaps because it was not so fearful as Fundamentalism has since become, I was not continually reminded of its uglier, more irrational side. Indeed, as I grew older it became a source of some surprise to me that those whom I loved best were so much better than their creeds, so much kinder than their God. My father believed that God would damn forever all those who did not accept salvation through Christ, but never once could I get him to say that any particular sinner was damned. 'That,' he would say, 'rests with God.'

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that I saw in the life of those closest to me only the lovelier side of old-fashioned Christianity,—its strict integrity, its real kindness, its sense of obligation to others of the human race, its sure confidence in the reign of God and in His personal care for us, His sinful children,—the time came when my own choice lay between a liberal reinterpretation of the Bible and the creeds, and agnosticism. I chose what to-day is called Modernism.

The religious Liberalism of the pre-war period, during which I studied for the ministry, was for most of us a pleasant and satisfying faith. Biblical

criticism helped us to reject the scientific absurdities and ethical monstrosities which cumber the earlier of the Old Testament narratives, while at the same time it enabled us to claim uniqueness for the Bible by reason of its graphic witness to an extraordinary development of the ethical and religious sense out of crude beginnings.

As for a reconciliation of evolution and religion, that seemed to us so thoroughly achieved, thanks to John Fiske and others, that it was hard for us to understand the mental anguish of some of the great Victorians over this question.

The old creeds were more of a problem, but it is remarkable what can be achieved by a resolute will, not so much to believe as to reinterpret. As a last resort one could always fall back on the creeds as great hymns of the faith. (Parenthetically I may observe that I was always troubled by this process, which I have since concluded is a great weakness of one type of Modernism. Above all things our times require intellectual integrity. The tortuous metaphysics that enables a man to repeat, Sunday after Sunday, the simple language of the Apostles' Creed — which, on rare occasions he explains, he believes in a sense utterly different from the plain meaning of the words — scarcely fits him to be the educator of children or the guide of adults in the intellectual and ethical difficulties which press us round about. He ought to ponder earnestly that admirable text: 'Let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay.')

In fact, if not in name, for the elaborate theology of sin and salvation which had occupied historic Christianity we young Liberals substituted a kind of Ritschlianism; or, to put it less technically, we were caught up in the 'Back to Jesus' movement. We

talked a good deal of 'the religion of Jesus as contrasted with the religion about Jesus.' The only sense in which we remained distinctively Christian was in our veneration of Jesus of Nazareth. God, we said, could best be understood by saying that He was like Jesus. That is, Jesus was the supreme revelation of God. (Which, in its way, is a religion about Jesus.)

We were interested in individual well-being, but for the enthusiasm of a Jonathan Edwards or a John Wesley for saving particular sinners we were inclined to substitute an honest, but far less intense, interest in 'saving society' or in 'the social gospel,' or — in New Testament language — in 'the Kingdom of God.' Rauschenbusch was the greatest prophet of this faith. We admired him, but few of us followed him into his uncompromising Socialism. Unconsciously we made out of this Jesus whom we venerated a high-minded, gentlemanly, but eminently practical social reformer, who, owing to the evil forces of his time, became a martyr for Truth. In the retrospect our conception seems almost as far removed from the intense, exacting, proletarian, miracle-working Jewish rebel of Saint Luke's Gospel as was the traditional Christ of theology.

This religion we buttressed by a pragmatism taken from William James, and later by much talk of creative evolution borrowed from Bergson; and in both cases we expanded what we had taken to an extent which must have vastly surprised those masters. To all doubters we proclaimed joyfully: 'Try our religion and see. It must be true, for it works.'

Not every one of my seminary contemporaries of those pre-war days found the complete satisfaction of this new religion. Most of us had to suppress, at times, doubts of one sort or another. But in general, and for a

considerable number, Liberal Christianity seemed as strong as it was delightful. We had God without the Devil, an eternal Heaven without necessarily an eternal Hell. Truth and Beauty, we were assured, must prevail and Evil be vanquished, for God is Love.

As I look over this description of Modernism I realize its inadequacy. For one thing, Modernism is amorphous, and there are wide divergences within it. Some of its adherents believe more than I have indicated and some less. I was amazed recently to discover in a club of young clergymen how many rejected a belief in immortality. They accepted it neither on the arguments of philosophy nor on the authority of revealed religion. As for the alleged scientific proof of psychical research, that seemed to disclose an immortality so petty and dull that extinction were a boon to be coveted. All these doubters were in the Church. Toward the Church itself Modernists greatly differ in point of view. Some, curiously enough, are High Churchmen; some are Low. Likewise a difference in emphasis exists with regard to the social gospel, some theological Liberals being hide-bound social Conservatives. It is not without significance that Modernism in America so far has found its strength, not among the masses, but among the well-to-do. It is more at home on Fifth Avenue than on Main Street.

Not only do these varieties of Modernist belief make any brief inclusive description of it difficult, but doubtless my own later questioning has deprived my statement of the appealing power which the genius and sincerity of a Fosdick or a Coffin give to their expositions of Liberal Christianity. But greater eloquence or emotional warmth in stating a typical Protestant Modernist position would not of itself meet the difficulties inherent in it.

In just what aspect these difficulties present themselves will vary as individuals vary in temperament and experience. At bottom and for most men, however, they arise not so much out of the impossibility of reconciling science with religion, — some sort of religion, — or evolution with God, — some sort of God, — but out of making the supremacy of a God of Love square with the realities of our universe. H. G. Wells cut the Gordian knot by refusing to speculate about the relation between his 'invisible King' and a mysterious X, the cosmic force or principle. It is just that identification which is of chief concern to both learned and unlearned. Is ours a friendly universe? Is love the law of the universe, or must it be asserted by men who are greater than their universe by so much as they have learned to understand it and still to love one another?

Those religious leaders who make much of the tendency of science to explain the constitution of atoms and worlds in terms primarily of energy, rather than of inert matter, miss the point. Christian faith and Christian ethics were never so much bound up in the old philosophical struggle between materialism and idealism as in the question of the nature and quality of whatever energy or idea may be postulated as fundamental. To the Modernist, whether Christian or Jew, who has formed his conception of God from the lofty teachings of the Prophets, it is a matter almost of indifference whether science compels him to doubt the existence of any sort of God so long as it compels him to doubt the supremacy of One who is Love, whose care is over all His works.

The Modernist talks of the religion of Jesus rather than of the religion about Jesus. If anything can be clear concerning the religion of Jesus it is His teaching of God's fatherly care for

every created thing. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. The very hairs of our heads are numbered by Him. His is the anxious, saving love of the shepherd for the lost sheep, the father for the wandering son. Is this the God of nature, careless of the individual and careful of the type? A recent scientific writer has been at some pains to show us that there is more pleasure and less pain in nature and even in the relation of hunter and hunted than might be assumed from Huxley's famous reference to 'Nature, red of tooth and claw.' That may well be true. It is certainly true that mutual aid has been a great factor in evolution and is essential to the very existence of the higher orders of life. Nevertheless, it is hard to find evidence of the supremacy of love in the long, marvelous, but incredibly wasteful processes of evolution. And it is wholly gratuitous to drag in, as some Christian apologists have done, a generous doctrine of immortality for the fulfillment of the aspirations and the mending of the broken spirits of those who through long ages in darkness groped for light.

These difficulties in our day arise at least as much from the conclusions of modern psychology, of any of contending schools, as from modern biology. It is easy enough for Modernism, in the interest both of science and of an ethical conception of God, to reject the older notions of the effects of Adam's fall and the consequent depravity of the race. It is not so easy to reject the evidence from the opposing camps of behaviorists and Freudians that man carries about within himself those limitations and incapacities which frustrate his own highest aspirations. By understanding them he may deal more wisely with them, but spiritually he is sorely crippled by his inheritance.

The pragmatic justification of religion

does not resolve these problems; it attempts to flank them and to fight out the battle on different ground. 'Our interpretation of religion works,' is its constant cry. But does it? And in what sense is the religion which works to be identified with Christianity?

For me it was the Great War which brought these questions to a head. They would have existed without the war, but, had it not been for that tragedy, my own absorption in the manifold and congenial tasks of a parish minister might have left me with neither the desire nor the intellectual energy to come to close grips with anything disturbing to a religion so dear to me, for a thousand reasons, as my own drastic reinterpretation of the faith of my fathers. When the so-called Christian world plunged into the dreadful holocaust of the Great War, when Christian fought against Christian with more than pagan cruelty, I found refuge in the familiar half-truth: 'It is not Christianity that has failed; Christianity has never been tried.' But then, where was my assurance that Christianity worked? Not only had the great multitude of professing Christians and all the organized churches never tried the Christianity that might have prevented the war; even its own Liberal leaders had nothing unique to say. At best Modernist religion gave a certain pious emphasis to Wilsonian political Liberalism, and such inspiration as it had was drawn far more from his phrases than from the extraordinarily difficult sayings of that pacifist rebel, Jesus of Nazareth. International Socialism was tried and found wanting before the floods of Nationalist passion, but, at least, even during the war it sought to hold its Stockholm Conference. Christianity, which is international or it is nothing, never even tried. Its erstwhile Liberal leaders were too busy getting this piece of

ribbon or that by their services, as members of a class exempt from combatant service, in maintaining the morale of the men who had to fight.

It was not Modernists as a group, but simple and primitive believers, theological Fundamentalists, Mennonites, and Molokans, who raised once more the issue of the irreconcilability of Christianity and war. Not only were the Modernists not uncompromising pacifists, but when they were confronted with the problem of objectors to war imprisoned for conscience' sake they all passed by on the other side. When, at the very close of the war, the sufferings of some of the Molokan objectors were reported to a Modernist leader and professional peacetime pacifist, his only comment was: 'Absolutist objectors are nothing but traitors.' In short, these leaders, who could not reconcile the stern theology of the Church Fathers with the religion of Jesus, in war-time — however it may be since — had no difficulty in reconciling it with bombs, poison gas, secret treaties, and all the lies of official propaganda. They remained blissfully unaware of 'the greatest irony of history: that the proudest, most militaristic nations of the world should have taken a pacifist Jewish peasant for their God.'

And this failure of the Modernists in war-time, as I sadly came to believe, was not a personal dereliction in time of extraordinary strain. It was of a piece with their general failure to bring to our struggling world either vision or courage for its salvation. Fundamentalism at its best — for example, in some of the work of the Salvation Army — has to its credit the dramatic healing of sick souls. Who ever heard similar tales of twice-born men as proofs of the living power of the Modernist word?

But there is the social gospel. In so

far as it is identified with Modernism it is one of its chief ornaments. I have no desire to minimize its past achievements or future possibilities. But out of much experience I am compelled to assert that this social gospel, at least in America, has made little impression upon the working class, among whom Christianity had its origin; that it has made no original contribution to social theory; and that it has not so much reinterpreted Jesus to our time as weakened the staggering challenge of His teaching to a generation which finds His utter unconcern in the processes of production and distribution well-nigh incomprehensible.

This last assertion may be met with a multitude of conflicting statements as to what we really know about Jesus and His teaching. I know that some of these interpretations make Him the prophet of a gradual and wholly practicable programme of social amelioration, by which we shall all eventually become well-to-do, if not rich, and yet get through the eye of the needle. Others make him scarcely more than a pious Jewish fanatic. Here it is less important to argue the validity of these interpretations than to point out the havoc wrought to Modernism by its own conflicting statements as to what Jesus really said and did. How shall our perplexed world be expected to look for commanding leadership to a figure about whom and whose teaching critical scholars cannot more nearly agree? And if He is to be reduced to the stature of His portrait by such Christian critics as Kirsopp Lake, what, in heaven's name, have we left of distinctive Christianity? Behind all such queries lies the more fundamental problem: Can any man who lived in the first century be the adequate guide for men who live in the twentieth, with its vastly different scientific outlook and social and economic organization?

It is such questions as these that have compelled me, sorrowing, to doubt the real vitality or significance of Modernism. More than it realizes, it is living on its inherited capital — the stored-up memories and affections that gather about a traditional faith and the art and poetry of Christianity. As one of its most eloquent expounders said, in a moment of discouragement: 'I preach on many things, but always on the periphery of life. Sometimes I think I am afraid to tackle the central problem.' That central problem, he went on to say, is the question of God and His relation to men. Has He made us, given us such lofty aspirations and glorious dreams, only to leave us to the mercy of the stupidities and fears and prejudices which lead us, scarcely knowing what we do, into the prison house of our own acquisitive society and its inevitable wars? Are not these great human incapacities as truly His gift as our dreams? Shall we be saved by faith in Him or by a stern endeavor to take the universe and ourselves as we find them and then to see at what points we can remould our life nearer to the highest aspiration of our race? Has the Modernistic interpretation of the Christian, Jewish, or any other ancient

religious faith an answer to these questions in terms of a great and convincing affirmation of God?

Perhaps; but thousands of us who have strained our ears do not hear that word. Neither do we see in the lives of those who profess to have heard it satisfactory evidence of its power. They who claim to know the supremacy of a God of Love looked not to love but to illimitable violence for their protection in the great emergency of war. In their daily lives they too are caught in the shoddy meshes of compromise that we know so well. What, then, does it avail to tell us of some inner comfort they derive? If we are worthy of the quest of Truth we cannot turn aside to enter any paradise of illusion.

And yet I who write these lines — and thousands like me — am by no means indifferent to the struggles of Modernism with Fundamentalism. Some of its issues seem to us petty, unreal, or beside the point. But if, out of the struggle, a religious leader will arise who can say in tones of triumphant truth the majestic word that many lips seek to frame, what joy and power might he bring to life, what peace to our hearts!

TO A LAUGHING WIFE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Why do you always laugh, by what strange power

Alchemize all the sorrow of the earth

To an elixir of celestial mirth,

Hanging with lamps of joy the blackest hour?

O most mysterious and potent flower,

Hiding the silver sorrow of your being

Deep in your heart far down beyond our seeing!

Dear woman stronger than a marble tower,

And delicate as the shadow of a rose,

In vain I question whence your valor flows,

Sustaining all and asking strength from none —

But oh, believe your worthless lover knows

The wonder that his weakness leans upon.

A CONVERSATION ON DRAMA

BY EDMUND WILSON

SENEX. I have just been to *Ghosts* at the Century and it has filled me with melancholy reflections.

IUVENIS. Yet one should n't find *Ghosts* depressing: it is not intended to discourage us with life — merely to disgust us with false ideals. For of course Ibsen was n't writing merely the tragedy of a young man who goes mad from syphilis, as stupid people seem to believe, but the tragedy of a family brought to ruin through Puritanism and respectability. What was the cause of Oswald's disease? He inherited it from his father. And how had his father contracted it? From going with the girls of the town. And what had reduced him to doing that? The priggishness of Mrs. Alving and the dullness of the community. And what had made Mrs. Alving such a prig? The Puritanical ideals she had been taught, which made her take life as all 'duty' and no passion or joy — which not only made her marriage a failure but actually continued to prevent her escaping from her situation even after she realized it. It is a tragedy, in short, which has been brought about by an unworkable moral ideal.

SENEX. Mrs. Alving would have been sure to live happily, then, in a more liberal society?

IUVENIS. Of course; you remember what Oswald says about his mother's moral ideas: 'In the great world, people won't hear of such things. There, nobody really believes these doctrines any longer. There, you feel it a positive

bliss and ecstasy merely to draw the breath of life.'

SENEX. But what about the tragedies of the 'great world'? People come to grief there too, don't they?

IUVENIS. False moralities and oppressive institutions make their effect felt everywhere.

SENEX. And it is the false moralities and oppressive institutions which cause all the tragedies?

IUVENIS. Yes, of course; and it is the purpose of the great writers, like Ibsen, to deliver mankind from their enslavement.

SENEX. But suppose Mrs. Alving had not been constrained by institutions and had held a noble ideal of duty instead of a narrow one — could she never have suffered a tragic fate?

IUVENIS. She might have held a noble ideal of duty and been persecuted by people who could not understand it. But that, in a sense, would not have been a tragedy, because the truth is indestructible, and, even if the prophet himself is destroyed, in declaring it he has triumphed. As a matter of fact, Ibsen has written a play on that subject — *An Enemy of the People*. Dr. Stockmann tries to act in obedience to a noble ideal of duty, and as a result his whole town turns against him. But Ibsen does not represent Dr. Stockmann as ruined, as Mrs. Alving has been. Mrs. Alving has lost everything, including her moral convictions; but Dr. Stockmann, who has lost only the favor of his neighbors, maintains the strength of his faith — in fact, he is

the stronger for having lost public favor. As Ibsen makes him say at the end of the play: 'The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.'

SENEX. Well, I cannot agree with you that the only things which produce real tragedies are false moral ideals which can easily be explained away. What provoked the melancholy reflections I spoke of was, precisely, seeing *Œdipus Tyrannus* only a few days before *Ghosts* at the same theatre. Now there is a tragedy which strikes me as more profound than the majority of modern tragedies because it has nothing in it of the conflict you speak of between conventional and enlightened ideas. Œdipus was a good and conscientious man, so far as his capacity went; he was proud, perhaps, but there is no reason to believe that he abused his position of power. Yet by reason of crimes which he did not even know he had committed he was eventually undone.

IUVENIS. And on that very account I have never liked Sophocles or been able to see the point of *Œdipus*! Œdipus is the victim of a convention — the convention which forbids incest — and it is outrageous that he should be made to suffer for an offense which he has committed innocently. Yet there is not a word of condemnation on Sophocles' part for the foolish prejudice which makes him blind himself and for the superstitious and stupid public opinion which drives him forth into banishment.

SENEX. No; as Mackail says, Sophocles accepts conventions because they are actual facts of life — they are among the motive forces of the world.

IUVENIS. But surely it is the mark of a second-rate mind to accept conventions in that fashion!

SENEX. But, after all, might n't the tragedy have been the same, whether there were conventions involved in it or

not? Is n't it the point that Œdipus, who thought himself so securely established, so much what we should call nowadays a 'success,' was actually fated to be brought low by forces which he had himself unconsciously set in motion? And is n't that a catastrophe which in one form or another is likely to happen to us all? Do we not even in some sense, like Œdipus, destroy our fathers as the price of our own lives? And do we not have to expiate it just the same?

IUVENIS. No: that is too cruel, too unjust! We should never be obliged to expiate it in an enlightened society.

SENEX. Yet Sophocles is really much less cruel than Ibsen, for, instead of stopping his story with a definitive disaster, as a modern writer of tragedy would do, he follows the agony of *Œdipus Tyrannus* with the tenderness of *Œdipus at Colonus*, in which Œdipus, realizing at last his own innocence and the wantonness of his self-mutilation, knowing that in the eyes of the gods he has expiated his guilt, finds peace and honor among strangers. That is what Arnold meant when he said that Sophocles saw life steadily and saw it —

IUVENIS. Yes, I know; but my feeling has always been that he saw it a little too steadily. If he had been a little more upset about it, I should feel more enthusiasm for him. In any case, you surely would n't have the modern dramatists try to imitate Sophocles. When people attempt to reproduce classical tragedy, you only get the meaningless pessimism of the Greeks with none of their vividness — stuff like Corneille and Racine.

SENEX. Would that we did get something like Racine!

IUVENIS. But there you have the same unintelligent acceptance of conventions, and of conventions which were obsolete in the author's time at that! After all, why should n't Phèdre have

fallen in love with her son-in-law? It was the most natural thing in the world. And why should Bérénice have been debarred from marrying Titus simply because she was a foreigner and a queen? Racine would have been better employed in attacking the ridiculous errors which made these tragedies possible!

SENEX. And if the prejudices had been removed, the tragedies would never have occurred?

IUVENIS. Why, obviously.

SENEX. But might not the conflict between passion and duty or between passion and ambition have occurred in any case? Racine himself, as you say, does not take these particular prejudices any more seriously than you or I, but, like Sophocles, he accepts conventions as among the motive forces in men's lives, and these prejudices represent the particular conventions of the societies he is writing about. The fact that human beings once considered them important is enough for Racine; he knows that if the emotions of his characters had not been balked by these obstacles they would have been balked by others of the same kind. If it had not been a taboo against falling in love with her son-in-law which interfered with Phèdre's passion, it would have been the duty to her husband and her home, like that which prevented Mrs. Alving from running away with Pastor Manders. But, whereas Ibsen is interested in attacking the particular convention, Racine sees convention as universal and it is the universal that interests him. So with Shakespeare, it is not social problems which preoccupy him, — most of the societies he presents are imaginary, — but the universal fatality of moral character undone by some weakness involved in its very strength. It is not the breakdown of a particular system of morals and conventions that the great classical

dramatists deal with, but the failure of man himself.

IUVENIS. None the less, it is plain that in Shakespeare we have already the modern rebel. His Othellos and his Lears do not interest me; they are the heroes of a glorified melodrama. But in *Hamlet* and in some passages of his other plays you have already the arraignment of authority. It is not his weak character which inhibits Hamlet from revenging his father's death, but his realization of the uselessness and absurdity of the conventional code which demands it. He is superior to the society about him, not merely incompetent to play a part in it — as some people try to pretend. It is only his father's ghost which drives him toward revenge — the voice of authority, of tradition, the voice of the dead past. And it is Hamlet's struggle against this past which makes him heroic and admirable.

SENEX. But surely it is not Hamlet's ideas in themselves which primarily interest Shakespeare: it is the moral curve which he follows. He is equally interested in Macbeth and Coriolanus, who have no ideas at all.

IUVENIS. Yes, perhaps; I suppose that on the whole I must agree with Shaw about Shakespeare — a man of impressive poetic genius but very meagre ideas!

SENEX. Ah, Shaw! There you have a clear example of the shortcomings of the modern point of view. Compare Shaw — the great modern comic dramatist, I grant you — with the great classic comic dramatist, Molière. When you read what Shaw has to say about Molière, you realize the great difference between them; because it is only what he takes for the revolutionist in Molière that Shaw really admires. He applauds *Don Juan* because it represents a rebel and *Tartuffe* because he thinks it an attack on an institution;

but *Le Misanthrope* he regards as Molière's 'dullest and worst play' because he cannot see that it solves any social problem. Yet is it not evident that Molière begins where Bernard Shaw leaves off? Shaw has been pre-occupied all his life with a crusade against certain middle-class prejudices which did not exist for Molière; he has depended for almost his whole effect on shocking an audience which held them. And that is why he has never been successful with the French, the audience of Molière: they have inherited as a part of their very national culture the sort of realistic recognition of human conditions which Bernard Shaw has been struggling and protesting all his life to achieve. I see that he has recently been denouncing the conservatism of the French for their lack of appreciation of his plays: 'I am too old,' he says, 'to educate Paris. It lags too far behind and I am too far ahead' — or something of the sort. Actually, he has never caught up to it yet. For, like you, he has believed that if certain prejudices were destroyed, and society more efficiently organized, all would thereafter go well. For him, all problems are soluble; in his plays and his prefaces he has worked out the most hopeless of human complications with the elegance of geometrical demonstrations. But for Molière life is not so simple as that. For him the best man — or the best idea — does not invariably win. There is not merely a conflict between human values: there is very often an utter deadlock. It is not suggested, for example, that any reform could have relieved the painful situation of Alceste or of George Dandin — though Bernard Shaw would probably have blamed them both on a feudal society. These situations are as much the fatalities of moral character as the situations in Racine. The only difference is that Molière smiles, whereas

Racine, like Antiochus in *Bérénice*, has no comment save 'Hélas!'

IUVENIS. But it is not because we understand life less than our ancestors that our dramatists have become reformers: it is because we understand it better! We understand the causes of things so well that we have at last come to doubt the necessity of their taking place in the way they do. Would you really exchange Bernard Shaw and his world for Molière and Racine and their world, or for Sophocles and his? Molière and Racine are both courtiers in a fixed artificial society imposed by tyranny upon mankind — a system whose security they believed eternal, but which, as a matter of fact, was soon to blow up. How can you hold such an extravagant opinion of men who either did not realize the falsity of their situation or lacked the courage to declare it? And as for Sophocles, life was terrible for him precisely because he understood it so little; intellectually, he was still half a barbarian, still very close to the primitive mythology from which he and his fellows drew their themes. He saw that life was full of suffering and, not yet realizing that suffering was preventable, he blamed it on the gods or on Fate or on some other primitive hobgoblin. For the Greek dramatists, a neurotic derangement which we should nowadays refer to the doctor was a visitation by the Furies! I remember that once when I was at college I had to write something on *Edipus* and that when I came to read the literature of the subject I found half a dozen contradictory accounts, all by equally illustrious critics, of Sophocles' moral ideas — including one by John Addington Symonds which made him a pious Victorian Christian with a philosophy of moral retribution similar to that of George Eliot. The conclusion I finally came to was that Sophocles had no real moral ideas, but

had merely taken over old legends and made harrowing tragedies out of them. But we to-day walk a different world, whose roads we have already charted and shall presently have made safe, and we stand under a sky which has been cleared of the punishments and thunders of the gods. We are the masters of our universe — or know that we are capable of becoming so. We can no longer see the necessity of resigning ourselves to a cruel Fate, like the Greeks, or of embracing suffering, like the Christians, in the hope that it may buy us salvation after death. We realize now that our sufferings are needless, that they are only the accidents of our ignorance, that by the exercise of a little economy and the stimulation of a little good-will we shall be able to purge life forever of privation and violence. And in the meantime we have no longer any use for the gospel of despair!

SENEX. Ah, I am afraid you take too short a view. That is precisely what I deplore in modern literature. Have we not all, since the eighteenth century, been inclined to take too short a view? The liberals of the eighteenth century thought a millennium was close at hand; they could not foresee industrialism and the effects of democratic enfranchisement, the afflictions which the stupidity and selfishness of men made of their science and republicanism. So the modern liberals of ten years ago did not really foresee the war, and when it came they expected more of the peace than anyone had a right to. Now even Shaw, I think, begins to realize that he has expected too much too soon. Before the war he seemed to have little doubt that Fabian socialism would settle everything and that its progress would be unimpeded. Now he writes in a somewhat different strain. In *Heartbreak House* one felt

something like disillusion. In *Back to Methuselah* one found him contemplating a future which should see an end of socialism and a continuance of wars. And now in *Saint Joan*, for perhaps the first time in his life, he has written a play in which the representatives of authority are equally impressive and morally admirable with the rebel and the heretic, and in which the conclusion is not a hopeful one. I feel sometimes that all Shaw's early iconoclasm merely served to inculcate in your generation a code of social morality as narrow as the religious one he was reacting against — a new kind of priggishness for the old. But Shakespeare and Sophocles and Molière would never have made prigs of their readers. They do not explain away all the irremediable evils and the irreconcilable conflicts of life, as Shaw, for example, does. They are that rare thing in our own day, men of the world who know the world thoroughly, yet continue to take it with intense seriousness. That is the great thing about a classical education: it enables us to know the worst early, yet encourages us to maintain our dignity in face of it. The classical writers allow us no illusions; yet they make it possible for us to do without them. Their doctrine is not the doctrine of despair, for despair means defeat by life, whereas the great poets have mastered life, — not by fixing their hopes on expectations which are certain to be disappointed, but by grasping the failures and disgraces of humanity at the mercy of external nature and its own, and imposing human beauty upon them, — so that, from being a horror which we cannot bear to look at, which we will flee to any rabbit-hole rather than face, life becomes something we can tolerate the thought of, which we can even in a sense love, because it has been shown

us in our own image. This is, I believe, the only kind of victory of which we can be sure that humanity is capable: to leave behind, and to derive consolation from, its judgment of its fate.

IUVENIS. But we still have pessimists of the type you admire; one does not have to go to the ancients to find them. Thomas Hardy, for example.

SENEX. A few moderns have something of the steady and comprehensive point of view that one finds in the classical dramatists, but in general the level of civilization has sunk so that the poet to-day has to waste the greater part of his career climbing back to where his ancestors started. I read your writings and those of your contemporaries with considerable admiration, but I am dismayed by the disadvantages you are working under — as Shaw and Ibsen did before you. You are under the necessity of using up your whole energy, perhaps devoting your whole lives, to the destruction of Victorian bigotries and middle-class superstitions which you should never have had to cope with in the first place. You lose the best years of your youth battling for a place which should have been yours right from the beginning. You speak of Hardy, but there is a great difference between Hardy and the Greek dramatists to whom you would compare him. Almost as much as Shaw's master, Samuel Butler, he has reacted against a narrow orthodoxy into a heresy equally narrow. His catastrophes are as naïve and ridiculous as the happy endings of the Victorians. His tragedies are unsatisfactory from the moral point of view because they make everything depend on external accident; with the possible exception of *Jude the Obscure*, character plays no real part in them. Hardy's people are merely the victims of an evil spirit

—really a satire on the benevolent Providence of the pious — who plays practical jokes upon them.

IUVENIS. But is that not precisely what the Greek Fate does?

SENEX. No, because the Greek Fate was called Necessity and was inherent in the situation: it was set in motion by the characters themselves. The point of the tragedy of the Atreïdai — like that of the family of Œdipus — is that crime inevitably breeds crime and that it has its source in human perversity, whereas for Hardy there is only a melodrama, in which man, the amiable, the innocent, is continually foiled by the villain God. And that, as I am sure you will agree, is not a convincing account of life.

IUVENIS. No, but I respect Hardy for his reaction against a blind belief in Providence.

SENEX. So do I; and I think that he and Butler present a far more edifying spectacle than the Victorian writers who allowed themselves to accept the comforting optimism of the time. Thackeray, for example, who seems always to be taken for an unusually attractive personality, affects me far more disagreeably, on the whole, than either Butler or Hardy, who are admittedly more or less unpalatable: for Butler and Hardy are courageous and straightforward, whereas Thackeray is timid and insincere. Half the time he is a real critic of life, with a profound feeling for its moral complexity, and half the time he is a correct family author, paying his tribute to the middle-class virtues. When Thackeray comes to deal with Helen Pendennis, he cannot make up his mind whether to tell the truth about her or to say what his audience would like to hear; the result is that one moment he will describe her as a saint, a model of piety and motherly devotion, and the next moment, as if with an outbreak

of irritability, he will let you see how narrow, how ugly, and how foolish he really feels that she is. Butler, on the other hand, has become so much embittered by a long enslavement to Mrs. Pendennis's virtues that when he comes to deal with a similar type in *The Way of All Flesh* he can produce only a caricature so repulsive as scarcely to be recognizable as the portrait of a human being. Ibsen, who had more strength and more genius than either, gave us neither the angel with part of the gilt rubbed off that we get in Helen Pendennis, nor the bugaboo of Christina Pontifex, but the tragic figure of Mrs. Alving. So I prefer Ibsen, not only to Thackeray, but also to Butler. But I prefer Shakespeare and Molière to any of them. For it is only when Mrs. Alving and what she represents have ceased to haunt literature — or, better still, when they have never begun — that the real masterpieces are created. And ever since the early nineteenth century — Byron and Stendhal felt her first shadow — Mrs. Alving has been at the back of all minds. She has had a place, even though an invisible one, at every intellectual table. And we have had always, in our conversation, either to defer to her or to defy her — whereas it would have been better if, as at Plato's Symposium, she had not been among the guests at all.

IUVENIS. But you said a little while ago, in comparing Shaw to Molière, that the French were still civilized. Have n't they been affected by middle-class ideas?

SENEX. Yes, of course; but not so much as we. Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France and the rest represent perhaps the highest civilization in Europe, but even with them one feels a hostile influence in the air that they are a little conscious of affronting: Remy de Gourmont has his M. Croquant,

VOL. 137 — NO. 2

and France is really in full reaction against the narrow version of the Christian virtues characteristic of the nineteenth century. With the French, the revolution in society has brought, not so much sentimentality and hypocrisy, — as it has in the English-speaking countries, — but rather a kind of intensification into vices of the classic virtues of the French bourgeoisie, so that their thrift has been reduced to meanness and their prudence to timidity. As you know, the bourgeois was the bugbear of French writers throughout the whole nineteenth century. He clipped the wings of the Romantic movement, which had produced some bold and admirable poets. Flaubert and Baudelaire, for example, had both been launched by the impulse of the Romantics; yet Baudelaire, when he composes a Litany to Satan, has begun to turn from the free enjoyment of that impulse to the assault on a bourgeois society almost as much as Flaubert when he turns from the first version of *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* to *L'Éducation sentimentale*.

IUVENIS. Well, I think you exaggerate the difference between the present and the past in the matter of the criticism of society. After all, there have always been great writers who were not afraid to be reformers. After all, Sophocles may have been resigned, but Euripides was a revolutionist and made some of his most celebrated tragedies the vehicles of feminist and antimilitarist propaganda. Molière may have been willing to play safe, but Beaumarchais, not so very long afterward, had spirit enough to direct a comedy against the outrageous institutions of his time. He and the other French writers of the eighteenth century did not hesitate to put their talents at the service of the crusade against feudalism and the mediæval Church. Why then should we be

ashamed to put ours at the service of the crusade against industrialism and against Puritan morality?

SENEX. I did not say that you ought to be ashamed: I approve of what you are doing. But you are worse off than Beaumarchais and Voltaire and the rest because they had the benefit of the aristocratic standards cultivated by the very institutions they were attacking, whereas your intellectual integrity and your taste are seriously impaired by industrialism and democracy. And your task is becoming more and more tremendous — cleaning the Augean stables is nothing to it! Think of the ablest contemporary American writers and then consider how much of what they have written has been merely an indictment of vulgar tastes and commercial ideals. H. L. Mencken, Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, Van Wyck Brooks — in one way or another they are all preoccupied with the struggle against middle-class standards. And the result is — as I said of Shaw — that, where they leave off, the real criticism of life begins. That is what I meant when I said that seeing *Ghosts* had started a depressing train of reflection. I foresee that any sort of genuinely high culture will very soon become impossible in the United States, and that when Europe becomes Americanized too, as it seems well on the way to becoming, the same thing will be true there. That will leave China — if she manages to stall off for a time the influence of the business man and the missionary — with what will, so far as I can see, be the only first-rate aristo-

cratic culture in the world. So you are in a different and less favorable situation than the philosophers before the revolution: in their case, the system they were attacking was already in decay — feudalism had flourished and was ready to fall. But industrialism is still on the rise; it has, in fact, probably only just begun. And so long as we have a democratic society and the people are ignorant and uncultivated, as they will be for many centuries, we shall have such a lowering of standards, both in the world about us and therefore even within ourselves, as it seems extremely discouraging to oppose.

IUVENIS. Who knows? You speak as if industrialism and business were identified with the ambitions of the people. But as the régime which these things have imposed on us becomes more and more oppressive, as it becomes plainer and plainer that its conditions do not comport with human life, how do you know that the people will not rebel against it? How long will men go on working in factories and in offices? The servant class has nearly disappeared. What will happen when the employee begins to go, as he already shows signs of doing? When the people are a little better educated, how can they help getting bored with their work? And in the meantime our nerves have been stretched too tight. Even now they may be snapping!

SENEX. Perhaps; but do not hope too much, if that should occur. It will not solve the problem of culture. And I fear that life will still supply a good deal of material for Sophoclean tragedies.

THE LOYALTY OF PEEGUK

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

PEEGUK, the Flat-footed One, lived, when he was at home, not a thousand miles from Fort Herschell, and for the Arctic this is a fairly close address, from which he would be easily found by one who knew the country. Fort Herschell is, as all the world knows, a mass of rock as big as two or three English counties, and situate not a great way from the mouth of the Coppermine River. It is wind-whipped, storm-smitten, and ice-blistered, and, in the short-lived summer, occasionally warm. The Fort — though there is no fort — is the farthest-north spot where abide representatives of law and order.

Peeguk's very mobile headquarters were on the mainland. Sometimes he found it rather lonely, and this in spite of the fact that his joys and sorrows were shared by Oomgah, the Moon-faced One. There was never any shortage of food. White whales, for instance, came ashore every now and then in summer, and as soon as Peeguk saw that they were firmly wedged among the rocks he would move his topek — or, rather, Oomgah moved it — to the nearest point, and the whale furnished a free lunch counter from which, perhaps for weeks, they carved lean and fat as their leisurely fancy desired. By night the white bears came along to help themselves, and after them the lesser fry of the curved-clawed, short-furred, sharp-toothed family. Under this combined assault the whale, which weighed only from twelve to fifteen tons, did not last very long. But all was quite amicable, with the rules of precedence

mutually remembered and recognized.

It happened on a day that some coast Huskies came along in the fine weather, floating like gulls on the placid sea, and camped at the mouth of Wind River, not far from the summer residence of Peeguk. Among them was a certain Atokwok, the Farsighted One, known to many of the small brown tribes as being wise and of great experience. Especially was he learned when it was a matter of the doings and habits of white men. And it occurred that when Peeguk and he were sharing a still living salmon, which the latter had just jerked up through six fathoms of cold green water, Peeguk, whose throat was full of fish, asked if there was anything new in that particular part of the world.

Atokwok picked a salmon bone out of his gums and waved a greasy hand.

'I have come from the Island on a whaler to the mouth of the Mother of Rivers [he meant the Coppermine] and thence here. But on the Island I saw those who had arrived from the far south, bringing with them a strange new devil.'

'Does it live in a box, and speak without a tongue, and make a noise like a dog scratching the ice when its speech is finished?'

Atokwok shook his head. 'No — not that one. But nevertheless kindred to it, for, of a truth, this I saw is born in a box. But it will not stay there, and leaps out of it across a place as big as many topeks, whereupon it sticks to the wall.'

Peeguk blinked at him. 'Then you can catch it, or scrape it off?'

'Not so: for when I tried to do this there was much laughter, and my hand went through the devil and felt only the wall.'

'Then it escaped — for there cannot be a devil made out of nothing.'

'Yet there is, and I have seen it. It is the spirit of a very powerful and active one, and lives in the dark.'

'Since when has my brother seen in the dark?' asked Peeguk satirically.

Atokwok, undisturbed, helped himself to the tail of the salmon.

'Verily this thing crossed the dark on a bridge of light, as the ice makes a bridge over a narrow lane of deep water in a season of the year. Thus it came to the wall of which I spoke, and there it stuck.'

Peeguk surveyed his visitor gravely. Men did not lie to each other when they sat on a flat rock, side by side, and ate fish on the shore of the sea. At least Eskimo men did not. But all this was a deal harder to swallow than the salmon. A devil that stuck to a wall, and could not be scraped off! Then he had an idea.

'Had it a voice?'

'No — nor was there any sound save a small rattling noise in the box from which it jumped. But no voice.'

'And your hand went through it?'

'As I have told you. The part I touched was water, with many strange boats on it — boats that moved with men in them, speaking, it seemed, together. And though I dipped my hand in this water I felt no cold; nor was my hand even wet. Have you no more salmon?'

Peeguk did not answer at once, being too occupied with many reflections, novel and stirring. He knew enough to realize that the white man was all-powerful. It was always a surprise to him to hear that a white man had died, and he attributed it to the fact that

one of the numerous devils in the white man's service had for a moment got the better of his master — which was not infrequently correct. In a way it made one feel more contented with one's own lot. But this last revelation surpassed anything he had ever heard.

'No,' he said slowly, 'but in the next bay is what is left of a young whale whose meat is rotten and therefore very tender. What size is this devil?'

Atokwok heaved himself up. 'How far away is that whale?'

'As far as a tired man can walk in one hour,' answered Peeguk. 'Again I ask how large is this devil?'

'Twice as long as my arms can reach, and twice as high; and,' added Atokwok impressively, 'it all came out of a hole in the box of a bigness that could be filled by the nose of a jar seal.'

He waddled off, his own nose questingly in the air, for thereby he would inevitably find what he sought; and Peeguk sat quite motionless. He gave up trying to understand, but at that moment there was born in him the determination to see this thing for himself. If Atokwok was a liar — well, the word would go forth to that effect; and if he was not — well, the heart of the hunter swelled at the very thought. So, because he wanted to work the thing out carefully in his own mind, he asked no more questions, and when Atokwok and his friends moved off eastward next morning, into the empty wastes of the Beaufort Sea, Peeguk merely waved a hand and said nothing. But the kayaks of the voyagers had hardly vanished round the nearest point when he turned to Oomgah with an odd look in his black eyes.

'I go to see something of which Atokwok has told me, and in two months I shall be at the mouth of the Mother of Rivers. Meet me there with the dogs.'

That was all he said, this being a

matter he had decided to handle himself, and he went off with the quiet assurance of those who can live without fire or water, and whose larder is the deep green sea from which they take what they need when they need it. He did not worry about Oomgah, she being well able to take care of herself in this fat season of the year, when the salmon lay like silver slabs in the shallow waters, and the runways beside the small inland lakes were crowded with plump, pink-fleshed, half-feathered geese and swans that waddled coastward while their plumage grew. Nor did storms delay Peeguk, and day after day his kayak, tight as a drum and unsinkable as a soda-water bottle, nosed along the naked shores of the Arctic, its slim prow set steadfastly toward Herschell Island. Then, for the last leg of the trip, an obliging Alaskan whaler gave him a lift over from the mainland, during which he worked his passage with rising excitement in his barrel-like breast.

He approached the Fort with strange misgivings that intensified when he learned from a Coppermine Husky of the notable things which were being done there almost every night. It was certainly great magic. The man who told him this said, his eyes rolling, that once he had crept up to a window of the Fort, and, looking in, had beheld two white men fighting with guns against the wall; that one of them was killed, for he fell down and did not move, and there was no noise at all of fighting or firearms.

'This thing I saw,' he repeated earnestly. 'So, being much afraid, I ran away, and for two days watched the Fort from a little distance. But there was no white man's body carried out to be put with those who died of the great sickness, nor was there any sadness or mourning. Without doubt it is a place of devils, many and strong, and

there lies much danger in this matter.'

'Why?' demanded Peeguk, setting his teeth.

'It is in my mind that when a man is thus killed he is forthwith eaten. Otherwise where is his body?'

Peeguk took a long, long breath. In the year of the great hunger men had been eaten on the shore of the Beaufort Sea, and he knew it. But they were mostly old men, who could be spared, and an old woman or two, not of much value. This, however, was spoken of only in whispers, because evil things had befallen many of those who thus saved themselves. Pitalik, for instance, who ate some of his grandfather, was killed by a bear within two months; and Sinuluk, the Large-eared One, whose wife's mother was at the very end of her life the mainstay of the family, came to grief over a difference with a bull walrus the very next spring. So, for every reason, the subject as well as the practice was wisely avoided. But he felt that a large hearty devil might well lick his lips over such fare.

'Atokwok told me that he had put his hand through this thing.' Peeguk's voice was stubborn, but his bowels felt as though they were turned to water.

'I do not know or care what Atokwok said, but it is true that he, being admitted to that place for a short time, came out very quickly with his face the color of sand when it is mixed with mud where the white foxes play at the edge of the water. Also he did not ask to go back, though the chief of the Fort was willing, but started for the anchorage of the whaler that brought him.'

Peeguk glanced apprehensively at the ship from which he had just disembarked; then his jaw stiffened. Had he not come a matter of twenty days' journey to see this thing? He felt in the leg of his long walrus-hide boot, and brought out a sheathed skinning knife with a bone handle, a twelve-inch

blade, and an edge like a razor. Testing this reflectively with a leathery thumb, he gave a little grunt.

'I go to seek this devil,' he said curtly, and strode toward the Fort.

To the man behind the counter — there was much profitable trading done here — the request was made known, the brown face a mask for feelings many and mingled. It then appeared from what he was told that the thing had been brought by a medicine man six moons ago as a present for the chief of the Fort, that no such devil had ever been seen in the North before, that it came out only in the dark, and that, though it was a white man's devil, an exception could be made for himself since he had come so far.

'Then it cannot get loose?'

'Only when the light shines in the dark, and then when it is permitted.'

'Atokwok told me it went across to the wall on a bridge of light.'

'That is what happens.'

'And otherwise it lives in a box?'

The trader nodded. A patient man, used to dealing gravely with those who were aware only of first principles, he could enter into the mind of this hunter with the quick, black, questioning eyes and the soul of a child. The seal of the North was over them both. There were also mysteries on Peeguk's side — strange stories handed down from father to son of a Thing that walked by night, and, passing near an igloo, was shortly and inevitably followed by another visitor, even more grim and relentless. It had been heard and seen, but the full story was locked in pagan breasts where it would lie concealed. And there were other cardinal and more earthly mysteries pertaining to birds, animals, and fishes, which the short brown people read at sight but no white man could ever decipher. Besides all this there was that which one feels for another if that other comes of a

breed that will walk up to the hungry she-bear when she issues gaunt and ravening from her winter fast with her cub lurching beside her, and, taunting the great brute in his queer, clicking tongue, will drive his spear into her vast furry body. So, take it all in all, the trader found nothing to laugh at when he looked at Peeguk.

'There is much that is hard to put into words concerning this matter, but come you here after I have eaten, and you shall see for yourself.'

Peeguk went out, and for the next three hours sat on a rock not five yards from the door. His stomach was empty, but he craved no food. At times he took out the knife, tested the edge of it with his tongue, and put it thoughtfully back. The feel of it was good against his leg. At nine o'clock, when it was as dark as it would be for the next three months, the door opened.

'Come, and fear nothing. While this thing is on the wall it is not permitted to any man to speak. You may laugh or cry — but no words.'

Peeguk took a look around before he went in. The gray of the Arctic sea tilting flatly up to the horizon; rock ledges, worn smooth by glaciers in the distant past; the low Island buildings, hugging the solid earth as though they feared being uprooted by winter blasts; a cluster of topeks just above tide level; a few hungry, mangy dogs; the miniature whaler, riding, slack-chained, in the bay; and, over it all, the suggestion of illimitable space and emptiness. This was very familiar. Now it was in his mind that he might never see it again, for all that the trader said, because the trader did not know what he proposed to do. But he only made a soft little noise in his throat, and followed. And this, perhaps, was the bravest thing he ever did in his life.

The room, the biggest in Fort Herschell, was used indiscriminately

as a church, when a missionary came that way; as a courtroom, when, for instance, a magistrate journeyed five thousand miles to try Tetamagama and Alikomiak concerning the murders for which they were subsequently hanged; or for trading, when the rush was on in the springtime. Some of the whaler's crew sat on benches at one end, with a few other whites. Behind them was a small wooden house with a hole in one side. Peeguk noted that this hole was of the size of the nose of a jar seal.

'It is the devil house!' he whispered to himself, and took the seat nearest the door.

Someone turned out the lamp, and a moment later light was visible inside this house. A voice spoke, saying that all was ready. Peeguk did not stir a muscle, but the hair crawled up the back of his neck.

Then out of the hole in the devil house leaped a great light that hit the opposite wall so that there came a space like a very white cloud and very round. At the same time was heard a sound like small gravel running down the bank of a stream, or many, many rifles being cocked quickly one after the other. In the white cloud appeared something Peeguk did not understand, but knew to be the writing of white men; then a face, very large, the face of a woman who opened her mouth showing many teeth, and smiled at him — Peeguk, the husband of Oomgah. At this his soul quivered within him, and he was glad Oomgah had not come. After that another white woman — also beautiful, and with as many strong teeth, but not fat enough for a good wife. Then two men, evidently not hunters, because their necks were thin and their shoulders narrow. They also looked at him, and went away, and behold the white cloud remained without a mark. Of a truth this was great magic!

His brain began to spin, while, mutely, he searched his past life for something by which he could judge this matter. There was nothing. He desired greatly to get away, but was mysteriously anchored to his seat, not frightened as much as he expected, but reduced to helplessness because there was so much beyond his understanding. When one has traveled four hundred miles, one wants to understand. It would be no use trying to describe this thing to Oomgah. It would pester him for the rest of his days.

He became aware that these spirits — for they could be nothing else — had something to do with each other. One man and woman rubbed noses. He understood that. The other man saw it, and was angered. This also was comprehensible. There were many devil things they got into and out of, black like porpoises — things that ran about over the ground and carried people in their entrails. Peeguk did not worry about this end of it, because he expected that the males were going to fight about the woman. He had seen several fights about women in the last few years. So now he tried to soothe his palpitating heart, and waited. Also he loosened the knife that lay against his right calf.

It came before he was ready for it. One man — or devil — sat smoking, the woman having melted away from him, when the other came up very quickly from behind, and stabbed him between the shoulders. Peeguk did not think much of the stabbing, because he who did it evidently knew little about the proper use of a knife; also when a man was stabbed he generally twisted about on the ground for a while before he died, whereas this one died at once. But great anger stirred in the pagan breast when, a little later, the murderer came upon the woman, and, taking her in his arms, rubbed noses

very hard indeed. She did not like it, and fought with him.

Peeguk writhed on his seat, hot fury mounting in him. He had seen much the same thing before when Ugnuk carried off Pilyuka, the Cross-eyed One, and wife of Tolpan. Tolpan had stabbed very efficiently when he caught them. But here was a woman who had none to help her. She went on fighting, her hair flying loose like much dry seaweed. Then — just as she became all soft, and bent like a fish in the arms of the murderer — Peeguk, who had suffered all he could, saw red. Whipping out the skinning knife, he rushed across and drove it deep into the man's heart.

In that instant several things happened. There was a great shout that filled the room as with laughter; the murderer faded away as a salmon swims under the ice; the gravel-like noise ceased altogether; and there was the knife sticking into the breast of the woman! At that the stomach of Peeguk stood upside down within him. He gave one loud cry, and fled for the open air.

Oomgah, the Moonfaced One, had come at her leisure to the mouth of the Mother of Rivers, paddling close to the shore while the dogs yelped and scrambled westward over the barren land. The journey was nothing to her. She fished, trapped, slept as much as she liked, and in a general way enjoyed a sort of rest cure. As to Peeguk she had no anxiety. He might come at the end of two moons; but if it were three, what matter? She rather expected him to do some visiting first.

She was therefore surprised when, a week ahead of time, she saw his kayak floating like a dry leaf opposite the camp. He came ashore, rubbed her nose in a rather thoughtful manner, asked a few ordinary questions, ate heartily, and resumed life in the good old-fashioned way. But never a word he said of what had taken place at

Herschell Island. She endured this for some days, then went at him.

'It is in my mind that after talking with Atokwok you journeyed to see certain magic. Did you see it?'

He nodded stolidly.

'It was great magic?'

'Too great for a woman to understand.'

She turned that over for a moment, and then sent him a knowing glance.

'Where is your skinning knife with the walrus-tusk handle? Mine is broken.'

'I lost it, and therefore bought another. Also I bought this for you.'

He drew out a small packet, the contents of which had cost him much thought. It was a purchase made from the cook of the whaler on the way back from Herschell Island, and paid for with an otter skin. He had anticipated awkward questions from his life's partner, questions he was not prepared to meet; so, with the wisdom that may be found on the Beaufort Sea as well as off it, he pitched on the oblique method of evasion. Women, if diverted, give no trouble. Therefore divert them. He handed Oomgah the packet.

Inside she found a four-inch shaving-glass, backed with copper. Her lips widened in delight as she stared into it and saw the moonlike globular face, with rows of rusty teeth, broken and jagged from much chewing of walrus hide. Here was a great treasure, and what a husband was hers! So she laid her round oily cheek against his, gurgling her satisfaction.

'It may be that you saw other women at the Island?' she said throatily.

He shuddered a little. 'Yes — one devil woman.'

'Was she beautiful?'

He surveyed her critically. 'Yes, but not so beautiful as you.'

'Then she will not come between us?'

'Never!' said Peeguk triumphantly. 'I killed her!'

ON THE GRAND CANAL

BY JUDITH SCEVA

WE were floating southward on the Grand Canal toward the Celestial City, Hangchow. It was raining — a soft, warm, intimate June rain. Soft striped curtains of rain hung over the shores. The whole gray canal was a gentle flutter under the drops. On the cabin roof, fairies were dancing in tiny, soaking clogs. A soothing world, bounded by rain — skyless, almost shoreless, full of minute, liquid sounds. *Lop-pa, lop-pa*, went the great, calm oar.

Behind the quaking reeds of rain, directly over our path, a shadow arc appeared. It thickened, it solidified into a camel-backed bridge. A chill dread seized us. So low hung the bridge that under its highest point our mast could not pass. And yet nearer, inexorably nearer we were being pushed. And suddenly, as if to abet our own destruction, we were shot swiftly forward. Was it possible that our boatman did not see the danger? Of great, ancient blocks of stone the bridge was made; wads of wet weeds dripped from its cracks. Only a few yards more. All was lost. Already we felt the crash, the shudder of timbers, the tip, the plunge, the choking, swirling flood.

But, at the moment when we were quite done for in our own minds, the boatman skimmed forward over the sleek deck, jerked the heavy loops of rope, and, at the very instant we passed under the bridge, lowered the tall, slippery beam.

Saved! Twenty times a day, at

every camel-backed bridge, we perished thus mentally, and were saved actually by our deft little boatman. 'But why can't you lower sooner? Why give us such scares?' Affable, smiling, the little boatman chattered back. He was raising the mast again. He understood not a word we said. We gathered not a syllable of his. Our dialects did not hitch. No matter! We got on famously. We asked questions and made answer without the bore of connections. We smiled and gesticulated. No one felt the least embarrassed.

The bridge was far behind now — a graceful, harmless arc again. Someone was mounting its rim — a man in a long blue gown under a yellow-paper umbrella. He stopped on the vertex to gaze after our boat.

The rain was drawing off. With little farewell sighs, with a parting shake of drops, it trailed down the canal. The shores stood forth — mulberry groves like rank on rank of shriveled coolies under loads of dripping leaves. A shred of white light tore the clouds in the west. But elsewhere they hung low, swelling, only waiting to gather tears enough to sob forth again.

In the meantime we approached a soggy, gray little town, perched on the twin banks of the canal. The shops and houses pressed tightly to each other as if to keep from sliding down into the water. Here and there dilapidated stone steps dipped to the stream, their worn cups full of rain water now; there on a bottom step some hasty housewife, fleeing from the last shower, had left

her clothes-paddle. Along the roof rib of the village temple, against the sky, the little animals sat in a row, glistening after their bath; the lotus bell dripped under the sodden eaves.

Someone had seen us. A shout went up. 'Foreign devils! Foreign devils below!' The whole village poured forth. Babies were lugged out, gaffer and grandam tottered to a place of vantage. Here was a sight no one dared miss. Not every day did the gods grant a boatful of aliens with jutting noses, light-colored eyes, and incomprehensible clothes. 'We may not have a theatre, nor even a fair,' the townsfolk seemed to reason; 'we are only a poor, monotonous, muddy little village; but come! Here are foreigners! Make the most of them!' They did. They gaped and giggled and pointed; they called down remarks and speculated gleefully among themselves; our boatman was plied with questions concerning our nationality, age, and general intentions. The whole village was more alert than it had been for weeks. We sat on the deck and grinned back. It was such a simple way of giving pleasure.

But now the inquisitive village dropped behind and the clamor of its small excitement died away; again we floated through the quiet country. The little farmhouses, warm-toned, the color of the earth, stood in the midst of their fields; over their roofs flowed ceaselessly the restless green waves of the bamboo.

A flock of ducks lay like a brown-and-white quilt on the shore. Suddenly the rain returned. With the first tapping of the drops, the ducks rose en masse and, shrieking and squawking, waddling and hurtling, floundering over themselves, falling on each other's backs, plunged madly down the embankment into the canal. There the hysterical squawks sank to complacent

cluckings. How sweet to escape out of the rain into the water!

Thus passed those gentle days on the canal—a floating under half-moon bridges and high villages, past rice *padis* and water buffaloes, mulberry groves and ducks. Sometimes we met a sampan or a junk or a fishing vessel with its cormorants. And all day long *lop-pa, lop-pa*, went the great, calm oar, and from the rear deck purled the chatter of the boatman's family. It was the dialect of Soochow which they spoke, a dialect often shrilled by the great ladies and the lovely 'sing-sing' girls of that city. But in the mouths of the boat folk it had become a liquid speech, soft and rhythmical, full of the sounds of dipping oars and lapping waves.

The boatman and his little wife and their little sweet-smiling boy lived out their life on the tiny after-deck. And their life flowed by as monotonously, but as beautifully, too, as the shores by which they drifted. A life unpremeditated, handed down by their ancestors, fixed in all its forms; a life reduced to the smallest scale, and yet, in its severe economy, in its simple rhythm, affecting one like a work of art.

Their only room in the world was the hole under the planks of the rear deck, a mere pocket of a place with an opening perhaps two feet square. Here were kept their entire goods and chattels—the little roll of bedding, the teapot, the rice-kettle, and the charcoal-burner.

And the goods and chattels stored within their heads were doubtless quite as limited—a little roll of inherited superstitions, a teapot bubbling with small waterside gossip, a rice-kettle full of practical knowledge, of the current price of *bei-tsai* and the cheapest place in which to buy fish. But they had also their inner charcoal-burner, the serene and faithful flame

of family feeling which warmed and lighted all the simple acts of their existence.

Very early in the morning the daily rowing began — soon after midnight. And if you chanced to wake at dawn when soft streamers of color — green and rose and coral and gray — were shifting over the canal, against them you saw the patient body of the boat-woman rise and dip, rise and dip at the great oar, and her calm eyes were fixed, not upon the bizarre east, but upon the homely fields beyond the shore.

All day long one or another of the three bent over the oar. Now the husband took his turn while the wife went below to stir the rice or sat on deck chatting with her child. Now the boy rowed while his parents rested, leisurely smoking and watching the shores go by. At mealtimes, while the boat drifted lazily, all three squatted on their haunches on the deck and, deftly balancing on the finger-tips of their left hands their heaping bowls, with the chopsticks in their right, swiftly transported the great, steaming mouthfuls of rice.

At favorable moments when the sail was to be lifted, the whole family was busy at once. Now the mother steered, while the boatman hoisted, and the little boy came skipping forward to help with the ropes, casting a shy smile at the foreigners as he came, and tossing his neat little pigtail over his shoulder. One felt always the equality of life on that little after-deck. Among peasants the world over, the oppression of woman is largely a fable. Where there is no superfluity, no lion's share of anything,

the necessities are equally divided, pleasure and work, and the small possessions, too.

At night the anchor was dropped in the shadow of some shoreside temple. The boat folk bathed and ate their rice and went to bed, packing themselves neatly into the narrow hole beneath the deck. They slept at once, secure in the nearness of the gods.

Over the canal and over the shores pressed the thick white mist, fold on fold. From the temple came no sound — the gods slept; but on the damp air was borne the ashy smell of old incense. A cryptomeria spread its dark arms over the temple roof and reared a vague shadow into the mist. High in its branches hung a festoon of fireflies; they burned steadily their small green flames, and then put them out, one by one, as though they fell asleep.

Somewhere in the hidden sky a full moon rose and climbed. Through leagues of mist its light struggled; broken, scattered, and dissolved, it brought to the earth only a wan dusk. Through the faintly moonlit mist, from afar off, rose a boatman's song. Maybe the words were only of some tinsel love, but the melody seemed to spring from the boatman's soul. It asked, it beseeched, it implored; denied, it sank in despair; in a last yearning effort it leaped up, to break off in mid-air with a cry — For what? Ah, for what? What is this unknown for which the soul eternally cries?

Out of the mist glided a phantom junk, the singing boatman a bowed shadow at the pole. Into the mist vanished the junk, and the song languished and died away.

THE LAND OF DIGNIFIED CREDIT

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when a single dollar was still an imposing piece of currency and sales psychology had not yet developed its formulæ for undermining caution, an outside real-estate firm brought into our hitherto quiet county-seat town the slogan, 'A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week.' Both the language and the methods of installment buying were new to our community. Our merchants did a good deal of credit business, and farmer accounts frequently ran a year, from one crop to another; but these transactions were always based upon property and character. It was quite another thing to trust anyone who happened to have a dollar in his pocket. Old-fashioned folk denounced the innovation; some even thought it immoral, and all expected the promoters of that subdivision to go bankrupt. My employer, the newspaper publisher, demanded cash before he would print their dollar-down advertisements. But they did n't go broke. Instead, they prospered, and on some of the lots then sold now stand huge automobile-factories whose products are being disposed at the rate of millions of dollars a year, through the medium of a shrewd time-payment system that involves billions of bank credit and is of immense social significance.

That crude early phrase — a dollar down and a dollar a week — seldom confronts the eye nowadays in sophisticated sections. It was, however,

the sledgehammer that broke down the sales resistance of a generation geared to small things, a generation that had known years of hard times in the nineties and therefore looked to its pennies. Meantime we have grown rich, not only in hard cash, but in euphemistic phrases, with the result that the public is invited, even harangued, to buy to-day and pay in the long to-morrows; to use, wear, ride, play, and listen while paying; to avail itself of the apparently endless supply of 'dignified credit for the masses.' Only the other day I read that 'the traditional barrier to home-ownership no longer exists — the down payment is done away with in buying our houses.'

One who brings merely an honest face to the counter and a job to the notice of the credit man may buy a motor car for \$12.60 down and \$5 a week, a \$200 talking machine for \$5 down, a suit of clothes for \$3 down and wear it away, jewelry for nothing down and a set of dishes thrown in. If one chooses to answer certain advertisements, one need not even show his face or explain his job: dishes, books, furniture, and what not will be brought to the door in response to a signed coupon and left there on approval for thirty days. All you have to do to secure possession is to pay the expressman a small sum and promise to pay the seller like sums each month, if you decide to keep the goods. If the goods are found unsatisfactory within thirty

days they may be returned without charge. Credits can get no looser than that — the seller asks the buyer no questions, conducts no investigation, and has no information whatever about him except a name and an address.

Hire-purchase contracts are old in law and history. The Babylonians recorded them on bricks and the Romans on parchment scrolls. In real-estate purchases they are obviously suitable, since real estate worth buying produces, or can be made to produce, revenue. In a settled land every family must pay rent or its equivalent. The expense for shelter and standing-room is inevitable; and if some prefer to pay that expense in the form of taxes, interest, insurance, and monthly sums to a creditor instead of as rent to a landlord, it is well that they have the opportunity to do so. Provided that a buyer's bargain is sound as to price and terms, and his schedule of payments is not out of line with his earning power, he secures the satisfactions and securities of home-ownership without economic loss and with the chance for gain if property values increase. Moreover, he has bought something which cannot be stolen, lost, easily damaged, or soon worn out, and which consequently is rated good security for a relatively large loan.

Tools and machinery, likewise, have long been sold on hire-purchase contracts, in recognition of the patent fact that in capable hands they pay for themselves by increasing output. Railway-equipment trust certificates are a modern variant of this ancient credit form. Installment sales of sewing machines and other devices that reduce household labor and save servant hire fall into the same category, unless the time which they save is wasted.

Obviously there is a distinction between such goods and those which cannot be applied to future production,

which depreciate in use without producing value to offset that depreciation, and which can give the owner nothing more tangible than entertainment, comfort, luxury, pride of possession, and a sense of social superiority, such as comes to Mrs. Johnson when she spies Mrs. Richards looking enviously upon the delivery of the new Johnson piano, or to Miss Shaughnessy when her new frock — \$5 down and \$3 a week for ten weeks — charms Billy Maguire and makes jealous the less fashionably but perhaps more warmly clad Miss O'Malley down the street. Where the first cost is the only cost, or practically so, one negative factor is removed from the installment equation; perhaps the most satisfactory installment 'buys' from that standpoint are books and pictures, with furniture a close second. But when an article combines high costs of operation, upkeep, and depreciation with little or no earning power, costing money every day from the moment it enters one's possession until the day it leaves, then it would seem that such an article is, on the very face of things, unsuited for carrying long-term credit, especially to purchasers of small means dependent upon wages.

Yet reality gives the lie to theory. Actually the largest volume of installment trading proceeds in precisely that kind of goods — automobiles. Eighty per cent of all automobiles manufactured in 1925 — approximately 3,000,000 — were sold on deferred payments. On the basis of an average price of \$800, the sales of new cars totaled \$2,400,000,000, of which the contract cars totaled \$1,920,000,000, and the credit extended on them \$1,280,000,000. But the trade on used cars has also been brisk, and the percentage of used cars sold on credit is probably larger even than the percentage of new cars sold on credit. Also more used cars are sold than new ones. Consequently the

volume of credit extended in the field of retail automobile sales in 1925 was not far from \$2,500,000,000. Practically all of it was extended by banks and discount companies, in the ratio of four bank dollars for one company dollar. As bank funds are the accumulations of savers and the balances of traders, it follows that the savers are financing the spenders, and work is financing leisure, to an impressive extent. These figures are conservative to a degree; in 1923-24 motor-car production reached \$3,476,000,000, but this included trucks and cars for export, with which we are not here concerned.

While the automobile is the big frog in the installment puddle, it has plenty of company. Pianos were the first luxury-article to be vended systematically on time-payment plans, and 90 per cent of all musical instruments are to-day sold in that way. Add to the \$2,500,000,000 worth of automobile debts written in 1925 the commitments for musical instruments, household appliances, furniture and other furnishings, radios, clothes, tires, books, furs, and the numerous other articles dealt in on the installment plan, and the year's total credit extended in installment accounts must approach, and may exceed, \$5,000,000,000. This is one twelfth of the estimated national income — though estimates of national income are not highly convincing — and more than a tenth of what is available for direct spending, since the savers still insist on tucking away about 20 per cent of the country's annual takings. Indeed, if they did not, installment credits, and other credits likewise, would be greatly curtailed.

Business, consequently, has invaded future purchasing power to the extent of \$5,000,000,000. Most of the notes which are part of this vast sum will be paid off within the coming twelve-month, but until they are canceled the

debtors, presumably, will buy less for cash or on open account than they would buy if they were free of debt during the interim. Of course, if wages go higher, that would take up part of the slack, and easy money poured into the installment game may stimulate buying sufficiently so that the lag will not be noticed for a time. Nevertheless, the situation is such that a busy year may well be followed by a quiet one in the installment lines. This tendency has already been noted; certain parts of the country that bought automobiles briskly in 1923 bought fewer in 1924 and came to the front again in 1925, although the general condition of those districts, from the standpoint of crops and payrolls, was better in 1924 than in 1923. The fact that automobile credit is being cheapened by manufacturers entering the credit field, through subsidiary discount companies, may hide for some time to come the tendency to periodicity inherent in the invasion of future earnings on twelve months' paper, but that tendency is almost certain to appear as time runs on. Marvelous things can be done with ledgers and figures by shrewd financiers; but, after all, credit is not and never has been a bottomless pit, as all discover who proceed long upon that assumption. The pit is deeper than it was before the war, and its contents are being more skillfully handled, but the bottom is still there.

It is not my purpose to read the automobile trade a lecture. This article deals with the installment situation in general; and, if the automobile trade occupies a large place in it, that is merely because the automobile industry, with its usual initiative, has blazed the way of late with novel and efficient credit-methods which represent the keenest practice in the installment field. I have a wholesome respect

for the automobile industry; by and large I suppose that no great industry is better managed or does more business on the capital invested. Certainly none has shown more initiative and courage, especially in its early years. Nevertheless, the leadership which the automobile trade is giving the installment interests at present leads straight toward trouble. It is forcing the pace in trading in futures on a gigantic scale, and some day events will call the turn — perhaps not soon, but eventually.

II

Banks, as I said, furnish four fifths of the credit extended to the public on motor cars. They do this chiefly by discounting the notes of finance companies which carry the other fifth on the strength of their capital stock and reserves. The growth of finance companies, both in number and resources, has been amazing. Some six hundred are members of a national association, and there is hardly a county-seat town where one of these companies does not stand ready to assist customers into debt. One concern, starting in 1912 with only \$300,000 capital, now has \$67,000,000 in assets and a turnover of nearly \$200,000,000 a year. It is still growing, branching out, buying up smaller companies and turning them into branches. Present indications are that this automobile financing, which has been highly profitable, will be curtailed by the entry of manufacturers into the field, through their subsidiary finance companies, but even so the installment business shows such vitality that the finance companies no doubt will find opportunities in other lines.

A comprehensive description of the interrelations of buyers, dealers, discount companies, and bankers is impossible in a paper of this length. The

fundamental, however, is that the discount company acts as a go-between. As a collector it stands between dealer and customer; as a financier it stands between the dealer and the banks. It takes the time customer's notes off the dealer's hands and collects them, most efficiently. It gives the dealer his money promptly, and the banker his money when due; the companies have excellent records in that regard. Procedure varies widely in different localities and among various companies in the same field. Some of the notes — or, in the trade phrase, 'paper' — arising from these transactions are sold outright by the dealers and endorsed by them without recourse, thereby releasing them from further liability in that connection; but the remainder, and considerably the larger part, they endorse in the ordinary manner and so are bound to see the deals through to the end. Many banks require trust agreements from the borrowing discount companies, whereby a trustee holds certain blocks of notes as security for company notes; others require surety bonds as additional safeguards; still others loan to finance companies of high standing without collateral.

As the finance companies grow in age and resources, the tendency is toward eliminating complications of all sorts in order to arrive at 'clean deals.' The late James B. Forgan said he would not loan a man a cent more on a bill of lading than he would loan him without it. More and more banks are taking the view that dealer endorsements, surety bonds, and trustee agreements are not worth the work they entail.

Finance companies charge well, but on the whole not usuriously, for the services they render and the risks they take. Their rates vary from two to three per cent above the bank rate. If the banks are loaning at six per cent, the time buyer pays eight or nine

per cent. An automobile buyer who commands bank credit by virtue of his possessions and reputation would save money by going to his bank and hiring the money as against buying on time and letting the dealer sell his note series to a discount company. Nevertheless many substantial persons pay the high rate, perhaps because it is less bother, perhaps because they would rather not discuss with their bankers loans for such a purpose. By borrowing directly, they would not only save the differential in interest rate, but might also secure an additional discount on the list price from the dealer. Many a dealer gives five per cent discount on a clean cash deal, with no 'trade-in.' The going discount-company rates are due for diminution all along the line, since the financing branch of one of the great manufacturers has announced its intention to buy automobile paper from its dealers on a six per cent basis, plus a small charge—a standard which competition cannot ignore. This liberality, however praiseworthy in itself, tends to pull more customers into the credit orbit and increase the number of cars sold on time.

In Germany and Russia the disastrous effects of currency inflation were mirrored to the world; but the public does not as yet appear to grasp the truth that the bank check is a form of currency and that many of the evil effects of inflation inevitably follow undue expansion of credit, even though currency output remains stationary, or nearly so. Overexpansion of credit encourages overexpansion of plants, heavy output by manufacturers, and overstocking by their customers. The danger of overstocking dealers' shelves is now generally recognized, both by manufacturers and by dealers; but there seems to be no general recognition as yet of the equal danger of overstocking consumers' households on credit.

A good many bankers, however, do recognize this danger. Some two hundred of the leading banks in the country made an effort over a year ago to regulate automobile credit in the interest of conservatism. After conferring with representatives of the leading discount companies, these interests jointly agreed upon the Chicago Resolutions, adopted at that city on December 10 and 11, 1924. These Resolutions embodied a credit code which it was hoped the buyers and sellers of automobile paper would adhere to, thereby correcting recognized abuses and reestablishing fundamental principles disregarded in the stress of competition.

All finance and bonding companies were urged to purchase, discount, lend upon, or guarantee only such automobile retail paper as met the following requirements:—

'On monthly installment paper covering new passenger-cars, the maximum maturity shall not exceed twelve months, payable in equal monthly installments.

'On monthly installment paper covering new passenger-cars, the minimum down payment by purchasers shall not be less than either one third of the cash or 30 per cent of the time selling price at point of delivery, including accessories and equipment.

'On monthly installment paper covering used passenger-cars, the minimum down payment by purchasers shall not be less than either 40 per cent of the cash or 37 per cent of the time selling price at point of delivery, with a maximum maturity of twelve months, payable in equal monthly installments.'

East of the Rockies these standards were to become effective February 1, 1925; and 'as soon thereafter as may be feasible' on the installment-mad Pacific Coast, where easier terms had long prevailed.

Considering the peculiar inappropriateness of the automobile as a chattel in long-term credit, and the strength of the sponsoring banks and discount companies, the Chicago Resolutions seemed reasonable and likely to stick. But they did n't. Cheap money and heavy output of cars proved too much for the conservatives. 'The stress of competition,' which the Resolutions referred to as the cause of the very condition which the Resolutions attempted to cure, continued its acquisitive wrestling, and the Resolutions were soon torn into scraps of paper. In some districts they are still adhered to; in others they were never applied; in still others they were tried and failed. Enough dealers would sell, enough discount companies would buy, and enough bankers would lend on the terms and conditions which the conservatives sought to outlaw, to upset the reform programme entirely. Other attempts to regulate the credit flow to automobile retail sales will be made from the inside, but something more than reason and logic is usually required to teach erring human nature its economic lessons. The failure of the Chicago Resolutions indicates that the trade in retail automobile credits, and other installment lines likewise, will go on until it gets its 'comeuppance' from an alarmed public. Thereafter it will be more cautious.

III

The claim that automobile paper is 'self-liquidating,' though often advanced, is ridiculous. The larger discount companies, it is true, have excellent records at their banks; but this is the result, not of the much overrated 'honesty of the people,' but of their prompt and tireless collection-departments, which lose no time in getting after delinquents. By no means all

automobile paper is paid when due; extensions of one, two, and three months are not unusual even in these piping times, and many a secondhand sale is forced by the customer's inability to meet his obligations and the certainty that he will lose his equity entirely unless he sells promptly. Repossessions are relatively few, because the debtor prefers a small loss to a large one and because the market is still absorbent. But the inference contained in the self-liquidating claim, that all time buyers of cars meet their contracts fully and automatically, is false. Discount companies earn their money by taking risks that banks refuse to take and by performing efficiently collection services that dealers do not care to undertake.

In attempting to regulate retail automobile credits from the inside, the bankers and the more conservative discount-company heads were foredoomed to failure because, for excellent reasons, they could not take their case to the public. They did not want to 'start anything' which would shake public confidence or unduly diminish trade. They realize that high production involves high consumption; and that limiting automobile sales through limiting credit would reduce employment in many lines, since the automobile industry is an important user of many basic products — notably steel, rubber, plate glass, paint and varnish, and machine tools. To hit the automobile industry unfairly or unnecessarily is to hit the nation. Consequently the conservatives in the saddle at Chicago in December 1924 did not carry their warning to the people. That warning went to the manufacturers and money-lenders and dealers, but it did not reach the man in the traffic jam. And, as long as the latter keeps on mortgaging his future to buy motor-transportation at rates that

make his trade profitable, manufacturers, money-lenders, and dealers will keep on supplying his wants. In an easy money market there is practically no way of checking installment buying except through propaganda appealing to the common sense of common people.

Such propaganda is now getting under way, despite the diffidence of bankers and the coolness of newspapers which reflect, in their attitude, the influence of an enormous volume of automobile advertising. The grocery trade has been hard hit by installment selling, and so we find the National Grocers Association telling the world that many installment buyers let their grocery bills run overdue in order to keep up payments on luxury goods. To lose the car or phonograph would be to tell one's neighbors a dismal truth; but no one except the little grocer on the corner knows the sad story his ledger tells. The National Hardware Association recently went on record to the same effect. Installment debtors not only use vast sums of credit for which they pay, but, by running bills overdue, they also use merchants' credit for which they do not pay. A Western banker says that a neighbor boy told him: 'The car's ours now; we have just met the last payment.' Within a week the family had moved, owing the landlord three months' rent.

In order to possess nonessentials many families cut down on essentials, set a less nourishing table, buy fewer shoes, and skimp on living-quarters. The family that runs a car and yet cannot afford to install a bathroom may be found in every town. Statistics of trade increases in installment lines are clearly not net gains for the nation, because part of those gains must be offset by lessened buying in other lines. No wonder the spokesmen for those other lines are beginning to be heard.

Anti-installment sermons are coming

also from the mourners' bench, from firms which have tried selling on futures to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and live to rue their experience. Their explanations, after the merchandising cant of the time, usually dwell upon their duties to cash and substantial credit customers; but reading between the lines one infers that their adventures in installment selling simply did not pay. Presumably these firms did not advance prices to time-payment customers sufficiently to cover the risks and expenses involved, or their volume of deferred-payment business was not enough to let them maintain a sufficiently capable organization to follow up debtors and enforce collections. At any rate their experience ought to go some distance toward convincing the public that installment buying skies costs and prices, and to dispel the myth that installment debts are, from the creditor's standpoint, self-liquidating.

But the hardest blow yet struck at the installment trade came from another quarter — from organized labor. Headquarters of the International Typographical Union issued a broad criticism of the practice, containing, among others, these points: —

'Good wages and healthful working-conditions cannot add greatly to the wage-earner's happiness if he persists in getting into debt. The root of the evil is the tremendous growth of the credit business, which in the last decade has raised a need of defense against the high-pressure type of salesman. . . . Insinuating salesmen, trained in selling-psychology and in "credit desire," abetted by wives jealous of neighbors' displays, are constantly waiting to take the breadwinner in a weak moment and unload something on him.'

Here, too, as in the case of merchants who have fared ill in the installment game, it is necessary to analyze motives a little. Union printers over-

loaded with installment contracts are likely to be sluggards in paying union dues; that, I dare say, is the root-reason for this particular criticism. Union labor has plenty of other good, selfish reasons for objecting to arrangements which, in effect, enforce upon conscientious workmen a new sort of peonage. A union man carrying a load of contract debts is likely to suffer long and stand much. In a strike he must have more help from headquarters than his fellow who has larger savings, untapped credit, and few or no obligations. Whether you think this effect of installment debts is good or ill depends upon which side of the employment fence you sit upon; Judge Gary might think it good while President Lynch thinks it bad. But both the industrial leader and the union head no doubt would agree that debts discourage many workers to the point where they cannot do good work, and that thrift surpasses extravagance as a foundation of worker responsibility.

IV

In preparing this article I have talked to bankers and merchants in widely different parts of the country, and I have heard and weighed all sorts of arguments in favor of installment trading. Losses are surprisingly light. One large finance company, specializing in automobile paper, lost less than one fifth of one per cent thereof over an eight-year period. Actually it is safer to loan on pleasure cars than on trucks, because frequently ability of a truck buyer to pay depends upon his keeping the truck busy, whereas the pleasure-car buyer's earnings come from another and presumably more dependable source. I realize that the discipline of debt makes some men where it breaks others. Stimulating the sense of possession in a man of

tenacious character is likely to steady him and stir his ambition. Likewise I am sure one merchant spoke the truth when he said that in this rough world of ours many a working girl could never get far enough ahead to own in fee simple a wardrobe suitable for her job. Likewise countless deserving clerks and laborers could never get homes of their own unless real estate and furniture were sold on the installment plan. Labor certainly is a better financial risk under the present immigration laws than it was before; and with our enormous gold stock, and the facilities offered by the Federal Reserve Bank, likelihood of a depression fades into the far distance. Statistics of savings-bank deposits, life insurance in force, and stock-ownership by employees are all most reassuring.

None of these arguments, nor all of them put together, quite justify the present landslide of easy credit toward the consumer. From the banking standpoint the test is yet to come; the experience, while favorable so far, is too short to be a safe guide to the future. 'The people are honest'—unquestionably most of them are; but more of them are honest in good times than in bad, and if a family becomes waterlogged with debt it sinks somewhat, honest or no. Dodging the installment collector is, even now, a popular indoor sport, references to which are 'sure-fire stuff' with vaudeville audiences inured to the game. There are better methods of applying the discipline of debt than through luxury goods; its most fruitful practice requires an enduring object for which one can sacrifice without remorse. Wages are high and may continue so, but in every country of large exporting power labor must compete with foreign labor through the price competition of goods for sale in world markets; no legislation can entirely ward off that risk.

Finally, it is axiomatic that the roots of industrial depression are not to be found in the closing of factories and the reduction of staffs. Those are symptoms, not causes. One cause is overexpansion of credit, easy money which stimulates too much buying and selling at too high prices, too heavy goods-production, too many long-term deals, until at last confidence is undermined and creditors call the turn. In so far as installment buying and selling inflates credit—and it does just that on a tremendous scale—it is setting the stage for future reversal.

A banker put the case thus to me: 'A general situation like that is merely the net of a huge number of personal deals. If all of those deals are sound, there can be no possible danger financially, though there may still be some encouragement to extravagance. But, considering the mutations of employment and the chances of illness, it is not sound personal finance for a wage-earner to tie up more than 25 per cent of his disposable annual balance in long-term debt contracts. His disposable annual balance is not at all the same thing as his income. If a family man earns \$200 a month and his fixed necessary expenses are budgeted at \$150, his disposable balance is \$50, and he can pay \$12.50 a month on installment purchases without danger of getting caught and also save steadily. A bachelor might go further without danger. If part of the income is derived from securities, the margin of safety rises. But the facts are that too many persons have contracted to pay out practically all their disposable surplus. This means that unlooked-for expenses or loss of income may mean the loss of goods under contract or a cut in the standard of living. To save a phonograph the family may go short on milk, and to save the motor car a lad may go to work when he should be going to

high school. There is nothing wrong with installment buying as a system; but by every test I can apply it is being overdone in enough cases to alarm me, not only as a banker, but as a citizen.'

I have quizzed many employers as to the effect of installment buying on their employees. Only one could be found who gave whole-hearted approval. The others expressed various shades of disapproval, and for various reasons. I was told of the poor devil who has to borrow money from his boss each week, because he has overbought on contract goods. Also every town seems to have at least one unfortunate whose sales resistance is so low that his contracts total more than his earning power for the next year.

Into their decalogues for salesmen our best business houses have written this phrase: 'Thou shalt not oversell the dealer.' When the words 'or consumer' are added thereto, and the amended sentence is accepted by the responsible business community, all will be well in this Land of Dignified Credit for the Masses. For the consumer is financially all 'skin and bleed'; he is no artificial person with large reserves, like the corporation, but merely an optimistic, rather inexperienced flesh-and-blood fellow with a job, a family, a home, and an overweening appetite for the good things of this earth. Hit him, and he does two things—he bleeds and he hits back, usually by electing to office politicians who are bad for business. Our serious radical movements, those which put substantial blocs into Congress and affected legislation, have all been counter-attacks by the debt-driven. Those business men who are busily making debtors through credit sales may well take a few minutes off to ponder the possible social and political results of overselling the consumer on deferred payments.

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

I

ON what general lines has the map of Europe changed since the Great War, and, on a long view, have the changes been for the worse or for the better? Such questions are bound to occur to our minds at a moment when the settlement agreed on at Locarno seems not unlikely to stereotype, at least for some time to come, the territorial provisions of the settlement imposed at Paris half a dozen years ago.

The first answer is that there are several maps of Europe between which we must distinguish. There are the political, the linguistic, and the economic, and — running through them all — there is the map of feeling, of those subjective sympathies and antipathies which often cut sharply across the maps based upon objective criteria. For practical purposes this map of feeling may be the most important, yet its subjectivity, complexity, and sensitive variability make it the most difficult of all to plot on paper or describe in words. Before attempting to appraise the political map of Europe which has resulted from the war, let us examine these other post-war maps and discuss the relation of the political map to each of them.

On the linguistic map — to consider that first — there is a marked contrast in degree of change between Western Europe and Eastern Europe. In the West, the linguistic map has not changed perceptibly since the late war, or indeed since the Dark Ages. In a

general way it still displays the distribution of languages which prevailed in the last days of the Roman Empire. There are outlying exceptions, like Sicily at one extremity, where a Romance language superseded Greek and Arabic in the Middle Ages, or Ireland at another extremity, where English superseded a Celtic language in the nineteenth century; but mediæval Sicily was part of the Oriental world, and modern Ireland has many Near Eastern traits. These are exceptions that prove the rule; and in Western Europe for many centuries the rule has been that the peoples speaking different languages have been segregated in large, homogeneous, compact territorial blocks with sharp boundaries which have shown little if any tendency to vary.

In Eastern Europe, on the other hand, the distribution of languages has changed enormously during the past century and a half, and during the last ten years this process of change has culminated in wholesale massacres of minorities and wholesale exoduses of populations: of Muslims from Europe into Asia, of Greeks and Armenians from Asia into Europe, of Bulgars from Macedonia into a truncated Bulgaria. This steeply rising curve of change in Eastern Europe has been leading toward a goal which substantially has now been attained; namely, the assimilation of the linguistic map in the East to that in the West of the continent.

A hundred and fifty years ago the several linguistic groups in Eastern Europe were territorially intermingled. Their members lived, cheek by jowl, in the same districts and the same cities, and this intermingling was a fundamental principle in the structure of society, since each nationality was identified, often to the point of monopoly, with a particular trade or trades, so that the presence of each on the spot was indispensable to the economic well-being of the others. As a result of the changes which have culminated during and since the Great War, the East European peoples have been redistributed violently into more or less compact linguistic blocks on the West European model; and thus, on the linguistic map of Europe, where such a strong contrast between West and East displayed itself in A.D. 1775, the continent appears in 1925 as a single unit with a uniform structure.

In passing, it is interesting to note that, at the time when Eastern Europe has just completed the transformation of its linguistic map to the West European pattern, the United States — a country originally colonized from Western Europe and therefore substantially homogeneous in nationality, like the older countries of the western world — has developed a tendency (though it is, of course, no more than a tendency) toward the East European type of intermingling. During the last quarter of a century before the outbreak of the Great War, the shifting course of the stream of immigration brought into the United States great numbers of aliens who have not proved readily amenable to assimilation, but have continued to live their own lives and speak their own languages among themselves. They have even tended — again on the East European pattern — to economic specialization on lines of nationality. Greek immigrants have

concentrated upon selling fruit and shining shoes; Italians upon spade-work; Poles in the Connecticut Valley upon onion-growing; while Irishmen have almost monopolized the careers of policemen and politicians. This analogy is not fanciful; for the new immigrants into the United States who have behaved in this novel way actually came in large part from Eastern Europe, whereas their predecessors had mostly come from the northwest of the continent and had therefore arrived speaking English or kindred languages as their mother-tongue, and expecting to merge themselves in the national life of their new country, as they would have expected any immigrant into their old countries to merge himself in the national life of those.

II

To return to Europe, let us now consider how the new uniform linguistic map of the continent and its new political map are related to each other. In the redrawing of the political map, the declared principle of the statesmen who presided over the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 was to make it coincide with the linguistic map of nationality in so far as the exigencies of the economic map permitted. The divine right of nationalities was a dogma which governed their decisions as powerfully as the divine right of dynasties had inspired their predecessors at the Vienna Conference a century before.

On the whole, considering that in 1919 the passions and prejudices aroused by four years of war were still unabated, it is remarkable that the Supreme Council of the Allies did not show more unfair discrimination than it did in applying its principle to ex-Allies and ex-enemies. At the same time, its practice, in doubtful cases, of giving the benefit of the doubt to

its friends, and still more its tendency to substitute the economic map for the linguistic map, where the latter was economically impracticable, in favor of its friends and not of the defeated nations, have left a wide margin of difference between the new frontiers (professedly based in a general way upon the linguistic map) and the actual boundaries between the groups speaking the different languages. For example, on grounds of economic geography the 3,000,000 Germans of Bohemia have been included in Czechoslovakia, whereas the Slovaks have been detached from Hungary, although the economic arguments for retaining them within Hungary are just as strong as those for including the Bohemian Germans in Czechoslovakia. Thus different parts of the political frontiers of Czechoslovakia have been drawn on different principles, which, in the different cases, have invariably produced a result favorable to Czechoslovakia and unfavorable to Austria and Hungary. Again, Poland has been given territorial access to the sea by the creation of the so-called 'Polish Corridor' and of the Free City of Danzig, whereas Germany's equally strong claim, of the same order, for the maintenance of the previously existing territorial continuity between East Prussia and the rest of the *Reich* has been disregarded.

In fairness it must be said on the other side that, however impartially the new political frontiers had been drawn, a residuum of minorities would have been left, in any case, on the wrong side of the line, and would have found themselves in the power of alien majorities. This was inevitable because the economic map could not be left out of account, and, in most cases where it differs from the linguistic map, it possesses, in the last resort, a more compelling power, because the practical

consequences of ignoring it are more inconvenient. It must be added that the Supreme Council foresaw that minorities would need protection and drafted treaties to this end, in which it laid down the rights of minorities and placed them under the ægis of the League of Nations. The newly created or enlarged states of Eastern Europe were compelled to sign these treaties as a condition of receiving recognition of their sovereignties over their new territories, and the Supreme Council showed patience and determination in overcoming their disinclination (which was especially strong in the case of Rumania) to bind themselves in this way. Nevertheless, the aggregate numbers of the minorities left on the wrong side of the line are greater than they need have been on purely economic grounds, and therefore greater than they ought to have been in a settlement professedly based on the principle of nationality.

The authors of the Paris settlement will reply that at least the number of millions in Europe under alien government has been vastly reduced by their labors, in comparison with the pre-war political map, under which not only minorities but entire nations were living in subjection. To this it may be retorted that, though the subject populations are certainly less numerous now than before the war, yet their condition is worse — partly because the passions aroused by the war are only slowly dying down, and partly because there has been not only a reduction in numbers but a reversal of positions. The 'top dog' of yesterday is the 'under dog' of to-day, and the former under dog, finding his old oppressor suddenly placed in his power, is likely, at the beginning, to take his revenge and to indulge to the full his long-repressed instinct to domineer; whereas the old masters, who had been in control for

centuries, had no recent wrongs to avenge upon their subjects and had been sated with dominion too long to exercise it oppressively for the mere delight of tasting power.

These features in the new situation make the lot of the present minorities unenviable. All that can be said is that the passions aroused by the war and the desire of the under dog to 'get his own back' are presumably factors which will diminish as time goes on. Meanwhile, much depends on whether the Minority Treaties can be made effective. Twice-over the League of Nations, taking action in pursuance of the Polish Minority Treaty, has successfully intervened in favor of German minorities in Poland. One of these cases is noteworthy, in as much as the Germans concerned were colonists who had been settled, before the war, by the Prussian Government upon lands expropriated from their lawful Polish owners. Thus these Germans, though they were not personally blameworthy and though their acquired rights were undoubtedly safeguarded under the Minority Treaty which the Polish Government had signed, were in an invidious position, so that, if the League has been successful in this instance, it may reasonably be expected to succeed in less difficult cases.

On the other hand, another step on behalf of minorities, which would have created a valuable precedent, has proved abortive. During the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations in the autumn of 1924, the Greek and Bulgarian representatives were each induced to initial two identic treaties drafted as between their respective Governments and the Council of the League, in accordance with which either Government was to place under the protection of League officials on the spot the members of the other nation who were permanently domiciled, as a

minority, in its territory. The League officials designated for this task were a Belgian and a New Zealand officer, who were supervising the voluntary migration of Bulgars from Greek territory into Bulgaria and of Greeks from Bulgarian territory into Greece, under the terms of the Peace Treaty between Bulgaria and the Allies. The new draft treaties would have extended the protection of these officers to the members of both these minorities who elected to remain under alien rule, and would have made their new duties permanent. Unhappily the Greek Government repudiated the action of its representative at Geneva — partly because the mere news of the draft treaties produced an immediate slackening in the stream of voluntary intermigration, and this was not to the Greek Government's taste; partly because Yugoslavia brought great pressure to bear upon Greece to repudiate the arrangement. The motive of Yugoslavia's intervention is illuminating, while deplorable. One effect of the Græco-Bulgarian arrangement with the League, if it had been ratified, would have been the formal acknowledgment of a notorious fact — namely, that on Greek territory a Bulgarian minority existed. Now this Bulgarian minority in Greek Macedonia is linguistically and nationally part and parcel of the adjoining Bulgarian minority in Yugoslav Macedonia. The official Yugoslav view, however, regarding this latter Bulgarian minority is that it is nonexistent and that the people are Serbs. The acknowledgment of the Bulgarian nationality of the Macedonians on the Greek side of the frontier would have undermined Yugoslavia's entrenched position, and might have opened the way for a demand that she render an account of how the Macedonians under her rule were faring. This illustrates the present maladjustment between

the linguistic map and the political.

At present, the struggle between subject minorities and dominant majorities is being waged, in different parts of Europe, by very different methods. In Bohemia, as between the German minority there and the Czechoslovak Government, voluminous dossiers and counter-dossiers are filed with the Secretariat of the League by the disputants, without injury to life and limb. In Macedonia, as between the Bulgar minority and the Yugoslav Government, the argument is being conducted by battle, murder, and sudden death. A general solution of this problem can be brought, if at all, only by the hand of time. There is no solution to be found in a fresh change of frontiers tending toward a restoration of the political map as it existed before the war. Such a solution readily suggests itself to a detached observer's mind, because the Unmerciful Servant is such an unsympathetic character that we should naturally be glad to see him receive his deserts. The punitive or vindictive temper, however, is not the atmosphere in which fair and stable solutions are discovered. The very reason why the present map is unsatisfactory is because that fatal spirit inspired its authors in too great a degree. The true solution does not lie in throwing the political map back into the melting-pot, with the fearful destruction and suffering which this violent process involves — as we know from our recent experience in the Great War. It lies in modifying, not the lines on the map, but the resentment, the vindictiveness, and, above all, the fear in the hearts of both parties to the controversy.

III

The economic map of Europe next claims our attention, and here we observe an increasing tension between

two incompatible tendencies — a tension which has not yet been resolved, but which is bound to find its resolution sooner or later, and perhaps, in doing so, to revolutionize the European situation. The first of these two contrary forces is the tendency for the effective unit of economic activity in the modern world to increase in scale progressively. The second is the tendency for the acceptable unit of political life to decrease in scale under the influence of a more and more minutely articulated consciousness of nationality.

Before the war every independent state consciously aimed at economic self-sufficiency; and, as the scale of economic operations increased under the influence of the Industrial Revolution, the structure of the states at first adapted itself more or less successfully. Throughout the century preceding the war the general trend on the political map was for small states to be eliminated and for a few Great Powers to increase their domains, and in many cases — for example, the establishment and maintenance of the United States, the unification of Germany and of Italy, and the postponement of the break-up of the Hapsburg Monarchy — the Great Powers patently owed their creation and preservation to the fact that they, and no states of smaller calibre than theirs, were commensurate with the scale at that time attained by economic activities. During the last phase before the war, however, the scale of economic life continued to grow and the Great Powers began to be dwarfed by it. It was in vain that they partitioned Africa in the effort to acquire home-grown tropical raw materials. The increase in the scale of economic life persisted until the unit became nothing less than the world itself — leaving any state, short of a world-state, incapable of economic self-sufficiency.

Meanwhile, underground, even those aggregations of territory which the Great Powers had succeeded in amassing were being prized asunder by the leaven of nationalism at work among their component populations; and, under the impact of the war, one Great Power out of the eight was extinguished and two others were mutilated. The consequence is that, while the world-scale of economic life seems to have become established definitively, the independent states of Europe, on the present political map, are more numerous, and severally smaller on the average, — in other words, even less capable of economic self-sufficiency, — than before the war. Thus, while the new political map follows the linguistic map of Europe in its main outlines, so that the problem of minorities which arises from the remaining discrepancies is not insoluble, the new political map and the economic map are antithetic and irreconcilable. The present tension between them is so great that it cannot long continue. One or other map will have to adjust itself to the other; and, since the economic map is inexorable, or at least cannot be forced on to different lines without the permanent economic ruin of Europe, it is in the political map that the readjustment is to be expected.

The extent to which the political map of Europe has been broken up as a result of the war, in defiance of the economic factor, can be measured not only by the increase in the number of independent European states and the diminution in their average area and population, but by the increase in the number of small states without a seaboard. One of the most noteworthy features in the evolution of the political map during the nineteenth century had been the almost complete elimination of this class — a class which had been numerous in Europe in 1815 and at all

previous times since the break-up of the Roman Empire. In 1914 only two completely landlocked independent states were to be found on the continent — namely, Switzerland and Serbia. Of these two, Switzerland alone was highly developed economically, and Switzerland had learned how to adjust her economic life to her position by long experience — aided by the fact that she marched with no less than four countries with seaboard, none of which was unfriendly to her. Serbia, though less dependent than Switzerland on foreign trade, was less fortunate in her economic relations with her neighbors, and her consequent desire for a seaboard of her own was one of the contributing causes of the general war of 1914–1918.

When we turn to the post-war political map, we find, it is true, that Serbia has secured her seaboard by expanding herself into Yugoslavia; but on the other hand we find that the total number of landlocked states has risen to four — namely, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary — and that several other states are partially landlocked — Bulgaria being entirely cut off from the Ægean, and Russia almost entirely from the Baltic, while the access of Poland to the Baltic is inconvenient and precarious.

This means that there are many more states than before on the political map of Europe which are utterly incapable of economic self-sufficiency — a self-sufficiency which, already before the war, was ceasing to be possible even for a state of the calibre of Austria-Hungary. The most significant example of this general fact is the economic consequence of the reacquisition of Alsace-Lorraine by France from Germany. Before the peace-settlement of 1919, the coördination of the iron-ores of Lorraine with the coal-fields of the Ruhr was one of the rare remaining instances in which all the necessary raw

materials (though not all the necessary markets) for a first-class European industry were still contained within the frontiers of a single state. The political transfer of the *Reichsland* has temporarily broken up this economic combination, for the coal remains in German hands while the iron has passed into French hands. At present, when both parties, under the psychological influence of the war, are still thinking in terms of politics rather than of economics, each may dream of damaging her late opponent by refusing to go into economic partnership with her. With that half of the assets of the Ruhr-Lorraine coal-and-iron industry which they hold respectively, each has been scheming how to revive the industry for her own exclusive benefit; just as Czechoslovakia has been scheming how to recover the markets for her manufactures which she enjoyed before the war as a part of Austria-Hungary, while at the same time erecting high tariff walls against those other parts which have turned into separate 'successor states.' All these dreams are vain, and time is rapidly demonstrating that they are ruinous to those who harbor them. In the economic field, neither post-war Germany nor post-war France nor post-war Czechoslovakia is able 'to stand alone under the strenuous conditions of the modern world.'

What is the solution here? Again it certainly does not lie in redrawing the political map on the lines which it followed before the war. The point has been emphasized already that to throw the political frontiers of Europe into the melting-pot for the second time within the space of a few years would be to court irretrievable disaster. Nor would this in any way solve the economic problem, since already before the war, as has been pointed out above, even the greatest in calibre

among the Great Powers had become economically inadequate. Evidently the way to a solution is to be found, not in altering the new political frontiers, but in leaving them where they are and then gradually making them fainter. We can hardly expect that they will ever become so faint as are now the boundaries between the thirteen once sovereign states which were the historical nucleus of the present United States of America. In the New World, political unification on a continental scale has been made possible by the existence of a degree of political fluidity which in Europe is unattainable. Among a new population in a new environment there is a blessed absence of those ancient bitter memories which in Europe are graven deep on the face of the land and in the minds of the people. As far ahead as we can foresee, a United States of Europe cannot be discerned on the horizon; but a European *Zollverein* — or, short of that, a European economic entente, on a scale comparable to the economic unit constituted in America by the United States — seems much less unlikely to arise in a not too distant future. The Conference of Locarno has given greater hope of a political *détente* in Europe than we have had at any time since the outbreak of the Great War, or, indeed, since the last decade of the nineteenth century; and the objective necessity for a European economic entente is so urgent that, if once the political obstacles to it are removed, or even diminished, it is reasonable to expect that rapid and effective moves in this direction will be made. Otherwise Europe cannot possibly retain, or rather recover, her parity with the United States of America in the economic life of the world; and it is desirable in the economic interest of America, as well as in that of Europe

herself, that this parity should be reestablished, since the economic decline of Europe would deprive America of her chief natural field for foreign trade.

IV

We now come to the map of sympathies and antipathies, which is the least easy to visualize. We can catch the clearest glimpses of it in places where it runs counter to the linguistic and economic maps and produces instability or disturbance in their outlines. For example, the economic map, if left to itself, would have kept the Adriatic ports of Trieste and Fiume in political union with the countries of the Middle Danube Basin, which constitute the hinterland on which their commercial life depends. The natural economic map was expressed politically in the pre-war Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary. Yet the antipathy of the Italian inhabitants of the two ports toward Germans and Jugoslavs, and their sympathy for Italy, have resulted in their being cut off from their hinterlands by new political frontiers drawn a few miles inland, while they have been united politically with Italy — a country with which they have no natural economic connection. Again, the economic map would have kept Lorraine, and both the economic and the linguistic maps Alsace, in that political union with Germany which existed from 1871 down to 1918. Yet the antipathy of the *Reichslanders* toward Germany and their sympathy for France persisted so strongly for half a century that the counter-attractions of economic interest and linguistic affinity were eventually unable to prevail in Germany's favor.

How is this powerful but elusive force of feeling likely to affect the evolution of the political map from now onward? It is not inconceivable

that throughout Europe we may witness before long a sudden loss of interest in the dogma of nationality and in the effort to achieve national unity and uniformity by force. At any rate, this is suggested by the analogy of the Wars of Religion, which dominated the development of Modern Europe in her pre-nationalistic phase. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Europeans fought one another to a standstill in order to bring about conformity, on rival lines, between the political map and the map of religion; and then suddenly, toward the end of the seventeenth century, they ceased to fight over religion and began to fight over quite other things. So thoroughly noncontentious has the religious map become in Europe as a whole (with certain vanishing exceptions in Ireland and the Balkan Peninsula) that, though it can still be plotted out, it is now a curiosity of history and not an active factor which has to be taken into account in considering contemporary European affairs. The psychological reasons for the cessation of the Religious Wars seem to have been both negative and positive. On the one hand, the combatants at length learned from repeated experience that the results which they desired could not be achieved satisfactorily by force and that the efforts which they were making were bringing in diminishing returns. On the other hand, positive new interests, such as the rivalry for the economic control of India and North America, arose to occupy their attention.

In contemporary Europe the furore of nationalism may quickly be banished by similar psychological changes; and the most potent stimulant may well be the economic exhaustion which overindulgence in nationalism has produced. To a large extent the European nationalism which resulted in the general war

of 1914-1918 can be interpreted as a luxury of those who have waxed fat, a precipitation of surplus energy during a period when Europe was accumulating raw energy faster than she was learning how to employ it constructively. Throughout the century ending in 1914 there is a significant correspondence of line between the rising curve of national fanaticism and the rising curve of industrial production. In the terrific explosion of the war, however, this head of steam was blown off; and the problem which faces post-war Europe is not how to dispose of surplus wealth and energy, but how to avoid a permanent restriction of economic opportunity and lowering of the standard of living. This change in the situation is likely to divert attention from conflicts of nationality to conflicts of class; for, if there is a serious permanent diminution in the total wealth, the different social classes will be driven to contend fiercely for the possession of what remains. In the class-struggle, so far as it has yet become a reality, there is a marked tendency for the forces of the proletariat throughout Europe to combine on international lines; and, if this Communist international offensive becomes formidable, presumably the European bourgeoisie and skilled artisan class will be forced in self-defense to build up a common international front in order to resist it.

In this way the shifting map of sympathies and antipathies may affect the political map profoundly; and here again the rise of new Powers beyond the borders of Europe may assist the process. It has been suggested above that an economic entente between the independent states of Europe may be stimulated by the economic pressure of the United States of America, where an economic unit of the calibre of the whole European continent has the

advantage of being under one government. Similarly, a class entente of the entire European bourgeoisie may be stimulated by the sudden establishment, since the war, of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics on Europe's eastern border. The U. S. S. R., as an aggregate of territory, natural resources, and population, is comparable in scale to Europe or to the United States; but like the United States, and unlike Europe, it possesses the additional asset of political unity. If Europe is to hold her own, not only in economic competition against the United States, but in the class-war against the Soviet Union, she will have to coördinate her forces. 'United she stands, divided she falls.'

This leads us on, in conclusion, to consider the general position of post-war Europe in the contemporary world. The outstanding new fact is that the separate communities into which Europe has been divided hitherto, since the history of modern Western civilization began, have been dwarfed by the rise elsewhere of communities on a greater scale. Before the war of 1914-1918, the Great Powers of Europe were still the Great Powers of the World, even though only a fraction of the territory, resources, and population of the continent went to the making of each of them. Now, however, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy can no longer compete as separate units against the present strength of the United States of America and the potential strength of Russia, Canada, Australia, Argentina, and Brazil, not to speak of the latent possibilities in China and India. In fact, there has come upon the states of modern Europe the crisis that overtook the states of ancient Greece after the conquests of Alexander had suddenly enlarged the boundaries of the world and had thus increased the scale of political and

economic activity. The ancient Greek states which, in isolation and rivalry, had yet dominated their world in the fifth century before Christ found themselves faced, in the second century before Christ, with the alternatives of coöperation among themselves or subordination to new Great Powers of larger calibre — the 'successor states' of the Persian Empire in the Levant, Rome and Carthage in the Western Mediterranean. In this crisis of her history, ancient Greece did not lack prophets or statesmen. There were constructive efforts at permanent political coöperation, like the Achæan and Ætolian Leagues; and in 217 B.C. there was an attempt to 'outlaw war' in Greece while Rome and Carthage were

engaged in their life-or-death struggle for world power.

'Behold the cloud in the West,' said a speaker at a peace conference of Greek states which came together spontaneously in that year under the stimulus of the external menace. 'The states of Greece,' he added, 'are like wayfarers in a wilderness who have to cross a river in flood, and may count themselves lucky if, by linking hands in chain, they struggle safely to the other side.' In this crisis ancient Greece just failed to achieve unity, and immediately paid the penalty by falling under the dominion of the Roman conquerors of Carthage. The crisis with which modern Europe is confronted in 1926 is not dissimilar.

ONE FARMING PROBLEM

BY GLENN W. BIRKETT

I

In a local blacksmith-shop a few days ago a farmer and a salesman were arguing. The farmer, alleging that implements made in the United States were sold at lower prices abroad than at home, claimed that such discrimination against the American farmer was unfair. The salesman did not deny the allegation; he replied that farmers had no kick coming even if implements were dumped in the ocean so long as industrial workers were kept employed at high wages. Wages buy food. To which the farmer retorted: 'Yes — and food ought to buy implements. Maybe if we destroyed part of our crops you city people would benefit

because of our increased purchasing power.'

To me one argument was no more vicious than the other. However, to the salesman, although it did not seem wrong to limit production of farm implements, or even to destroy them, if necessary, to keep up prices and wages, there was something wicked about any tiller of the soil who would not extend every effort to produce food, because 'people must be fed.'

A fundamental error in all proposals to help agriculture is an erroneous attitude toward food. It has a sort of all-important, no-importance-whatever status. The first is a hangover from

tradition and the Malthusian theory, the second is the natural result of an abundance of food, of living where anyone who will work need not be hungry.

A young instructor of political economy challenged part of my arguments as presented in an article in the *Atlantic* for December 1924. He brought up Malthus and assured me that very soon the Malthusian law would be in effect in this country. I asked him what proportion of salary or time his food cost.

I have been wondering about the Malthusian theory for several years. It seems to me faulty in that it over-emphasizes land in food-production. Food results directly from land and labor. Either is a limiting factor, and much land plus little labor produces the same amount of food as much labor plus little land. Therefore an increase in population carries with it its own remedy — more labor for food-production. We American farmers are berated because the Belgian hen lays more eggs than the American hen, or because the Danish cow yields more butter fat than the American cow. In those countries, land being the limiting factor, more is produced per hen, per cow, per acre, and consequently less per man. The amount that this 240-acre farm produces per acre is low, but compare the labor on it with that on 240 acres in Denmark and it may appear that I produce as much as half a dozen Danes. In France I have seen twelve men and fifteen women making hay in a five-acre field. The only farms in this country which approach that amount of help are demonstration farms. On the local model farm, four to eight men go after one load of hay. Frequently the cost of the labor exceeds the value of the hay. To ordinary farmers who must manage on a business basis it is obviously uneconomic to use labor whose cost exceeds the value of the work done or the crop handled.

Another error in the Malthusian theory as present conditions obtain is that in the matter of food-production it makes little or no recognition of the value of products from nontillable land.

When Malthus lived tillable land had a load which has since been removed. Even before he died iron and coal had begun to displace horses and grain in transportation. We no longer get our artificial light from the soil via the sheep and cow. The candle remains only in the unit of measure. Twenty years ago automobiles, oil, and gasoline invaded almost completely the farmers' city market for horses and oats. A mountain or a desert, worthless as a direct food-yielder, furnishes minerals and mineral oils to do the work formerly done by farm products, and so releases sustenance for people. Up to ten or fifteen years ago draft animals, products of the land, required a considerable proportion of food to produce food. Now draft animals are being displaced by tractors, and the grain and forage which tractors do not eat become butter, meat, and bread. In the main, tractors have benefited food-consumers rather than food-producers.

When Malthus lived chickens resulted from eggs incubated under a hen. Grain furnished the heat. And while a hen was sitting, and for a number of weeks thereafter brooding the chicks, she could not be laying eggs. To-day a large proportion of eggs are incubated and the chicks are brooded by the heat of mineral oil or electricity (50,000,000 chicks are hatched annually by commercial hatcheries alone). When a hen becomes a 'cluck' she is 'broken up' and made to go to work laying eggs. Malthus could not realize that falling water would be transformed into heat and transferred on copper to do a considerable part of a hen's job. Man cannot make eggs or their equivalent, but he has learned to relieve the hen

of a number of weeks of nonlaying work.

Last winter I received a letter from a California fruit-grower who objected very much to the efforts of agricultural extensionists to increase production. He mentioned an annual surplus of 100,000 tons of raisins. These 200,000,000 pounds of fruit not wanted as food are made into denatured alcohol, for which purpose they are worth about one cent a pound. Selling at this price is, of course, a loss to the grower. A food is salvaged to some extent by transforming it into a fuel. Having turned to food-production minerals and fuels, some of which were not known in the time of Malthus, we are now trying to get a balance by turning food into fuel. If a process were discovered whereby milk might be made into gasoline or corn into rubber, farmers would be prosperous.

The Malthusian theory represents the theoretical attitude toward food. Price represents the actual attitude.

This is an old farm. Accurate accounts beginning in 1882 are available. It is these accounts which have destroyed my belief in the Malthusian theory. On the basis of hour effort, food and firewood are much cheaper since 1920 than during the four previous decades.

September 8, 1890, Joe Dobson received 'for cutting $9\frac{1}{2}$ cords of wood @ \$.75'—\$7.25' (apparently twelve and one-half cents too much). Wood sold for from \$4.00 to \$4.75 per cord. Therefore the labor cost in the wood was less than one fifth of its value. Last summer trees totaling over fifty cords blew down, and in order to get the wood worked up I gave fifty per cent of it, which was cheaper than hiring labor outright. Joe Dobson, now a retired farmer, was one of those working on shares. The purchasing power of his hour effort had risen over 150 per

cent. Joe, like many another older man, often tells how much the purchasing power of his dollar has decreased, but he does not see that the purchasing power of his hour has increased.

Along in the eighties butter sold for from eighteen to thirty-three cents a pound. The average was around twenty-five cents. Emergency help was hired for one dollar a day. Four pounds of butter paid for a longer day than a man will now work for six, seven, or eight pounds. If I were unfair and compared the highest prices then with the lowest since I have farmed, I should choose an entry of 'October 16, 1882: 8 hogs, 2050 lbs. @ \$7.80 — \$159.90,' and set it against the price I received for hogs of about the same weight forty-one years later — \$6.25 per hundred. In 1882 four hogs would pay the taxes and ten the hired man. In 1923 it would take twenty-three for the taxes and thirty-seven for the man. The fact that a farmer pays with his products is frequently ignored. As I look through the old records it is clear that the food-purchasing power of the laborer's hour has more than doubled.

About two years ago a friend whose business success depends upon a good demand for ferrous metals told me that business was dull — farmers were not buying enough tractors and machinery. I had \$1750 in a tractor, \$215 in a plough, \$445 in two binders, \$200 in a milking machine. All told, I had over \$4000 in equipment. (Farmers were not buying enough. But how frequently are we lectured on our misuse of machinery with resultant unnecessary overhead!) We discussed. It appeared that his household expenses were \$254 per month, and of that only \$35 was required for food. It would take him ten years to spend as much for food as I had invested in products made almost entirely from the metals with which his business was concerned.

According to the *Chicago Drovers' Journal*, the domestic-science classes of the agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas, were demonstrating that palatable, wholesome, sustaining meals could be prepared for hard workers for twenty-five cents per day. Such information is absurd, I am sure, but it sets a low food-cost standard for housewives to try for. Many of us farmers object when agricultural schools teach that money ought not to be spent for food.

It is maintained frequently that farmers profit if urban labor is very highly paid. I used to believe this, but I have learned that people do not buy more food with more money. Three years ago a capable young fellow who had worked for me all winter left to work on the road. He said that no farmer could afford to pay what road-construction offered. I agreed, but told him that higher wages for him meant higher prices for me. A little later he had a new car and I realized why food does not advance in proportion to wages. Automobiles are numerous not because they are cheap but because food is cheap.

Every attempt of organized labor to increase wages and decrease hours and output is an attempt to buy food for less effort and decrease the purchasing power of the farmer. Increase of wages increases his cost of production. It is a fallacy that a farmer can overcome high labor-costs by increasing his

VOL. 137 — NO. 2

ownership of equipment. He pays for labor whether he hires it outright or buys it in tractors or milking machines.

For many years organized labor has resisted successfully the law of supply and demand. It has increased its buying power through restriction of effort. One hour of bricklaying, carpentry, hair-cutting, buys several hours of food. While labor has bought more by producing less, the farmer has bought less by producing more. However, a readjustment is near. Just as labor and taxes forced up building-costs and rents, so are they forcing up food-prices. The fact that one can buy food for less hours at almost anything than at its direct production is the fact that is lessening the amount of farm products and will continue to do so until labor in food approaches the value of labor in other services and commodities.

Most of us have a tendency to assume the highest price we ever received for our own services as normal, and at the same time to consider any advance over the lowest prices we ever paid for the services of others as profiteering. With all our talk about coöperation and mutual dependence, we fail to realize that school-teaching or mining is a cost of food as much as food is a cost of school-teaching or mining.

Inasmuch, therefore, as non-farmers have increased their charges in food-production, they must expect to find these charges in the cost of food.

TELLING CINDERELLA'S FORTUNE

THE FUTURE OF CANADA

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

THE writing of history before it has been enacted is always interesting and may be profitable. More speculation — but not much more — is involved than in the recordation of past events, but on the other hand there is not the same temptation to attach undue importance to trivialities. A forecast of the progress of Canadian events in the next twenty-five years is the more interesting and should be the more valuable by reason of the fact that the British Empire and the United States are even more deeply interested in it than the Canadians themselves. Things *may* take a turn in Canada in the next decade or so that will lead to the ultimate breaking-up of the British Empire. They *may* so move as to affect vitally the economic future of the United States. They *might* so eventuate as to assure to the Canada of some still more distant day the position of keystone of the English-speaking and English-thinking arch. The one thing certain is that forthcoming events in Canada are bound to have economic, and are more than likely to have political, results of international magnitude.

Canada is a vast land with vast potentialities. These call for development on a corresponding scale, with large resources of money and men, and, above all, with big vision. The vision may be there, but the men and the money cannot be found by Canada herself. The

United States can and will find much money for Canada's industrial development, but has neither men nor money for the development of Canadian agriculture. Britain could, but does not, finance Canadian industrial development. She can find, but is not at present finding, both the men and the money for Canada's agricultural development.

Probably in the next ten years, and certainly in the next twenty-five, one of the following things must happen: —

1. Canada will become an integral part of the United States.

2. Canada will remain politically British, but will have complete economic union with the United States.

3. Canada will become more firmly attached to the British Empire by new ties of sentiment — the result of British settlement in Canada on a great and organized scale — and by new economic ties in the form of a very substantial measure of intra-Imperial free trade.

Canada cannot herself do much to help, and will certainly not do anything to hinder, her own development. It is true that the Dominion is saddled with racial duality, but this is not, as in some other countries, a source of chronic discord and corresponding stagnation. The large Catholic French Canadian population of Quebec is consolidating its position, but it is not extending it. The French Canadians

outbreed the Ontario English, but their surplus young men and women migrate, not to the newer Canadian Provinces, but to the New England mills. Of the seven largest cities of Massachusetts four have French Canadians as their predominating foreign element, and so has the State of Massachusetts as a whole.

The French Canadians take no interest in the British Empire and very little in France. The United States has no sentimental message for them. Their religion is their politics, and, as there is nowhere an ecclesiastically dominated State such as their almost mediæval Catholicism would allow them to be attracted to, they 'keep themselves to themselves,' as the charladies say, make the most of the power that their votes give them, and resist to the best of their ability such evils as conscription.

In so far as the future development of Canada is concerned, the French Canadian does not count. He is outnumbered, and in any case he has sense enough to realize that progress and development in any part of the Dominion must indirectly be of some benefit to himself.

The people of Canada are industrious, energetic, and prosperous. They have no capital, but they pay their way and can afford to manage their national affairs with great efficiency. No money is spared, for example, to supply the Canadian agriculturist with the very latest knowledge, the very newest machinery, the most productive seeds, and the stock best suited for his environment. Some of the performances of the Canadian Department of Agriculture — for instance, the establishment of the Prince Edward Island egg industry — read like miracles. Until recently Canada was the greatest cheese-manufacturing country in the world. To-day Canadian butter takes

its place in the British markets along with that of Denmark and New Zealand and is actually imported into Ireland. Canadian store cattle, shipped thousands of miles, fetch twelve shillings a hundred more than Irish store cattle shipped from Dublin and Belfast. Efficient organization is the answer. As the manager of one of Canada's many and splendidly equipped experimental farms said to the writer: 'There are only two things in agriculture we cannot produce as well as or better than any other country in the world. Those are farmers and money.'

Canada cannot produce farmers because she has no surplus population. She can make enough money to pay her way, but has no large invested reserve with which to finance great projects of development, agricultural or industrial. We are apt to think of Canada primarily as an agricultural country looking for agricultural development. Canadians themselves are convinced that their country has an industrial future comparable with the industrial growth of the United States in the last half-century. They will point out to you that at the present time only one of the many raw materials of industry with which Canada is well provided — pulp wood — is being appreciatively exploited. The United States has no pulp wood for its pulp factories, no pulp for its paper factories, and no paper for its news and other needs unless Canada obliges. So plenty of American capital is forthcoming to buy Canadian pulp wood, if Canada allows it to be exported, to buy wood pulp if Canada prohibits the export of the wood, and to buy Canadian paper if Canada prohibits the export of both wood and pulp.

Anything else that Canada manufactures she manufactures in competition with the United States, which has both factories and raw materials. There

is no American capital forthcoming to exploit Canadian steel, iron, coal, or copper, or articles manufactured from them. Eighty per cent of the world's asbestos is mined in the Province of Quebec. The United States needs asbestos; so we find that the capital behind the asbestos industry is mostly American. It is not always America's need of imports, however, that results in the development of Canadian industry. The McKenna Duties place an impost of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent on American motor cars but only 25 per cent on Canadian cars. To get the benefit of the difference many American cars intended for export to the Empire are now assembled in Canada.

One other accessory of industrialism — it can hardly be called a raw material — that Canada possesses, and is prepared to export to the United States in unlimited quantities, is water power. The most optimistic Canadian industrialist does not entertain hopes of seeing more than a fraction of this power driving Canadian mills for the next hundred years.

Another mineral that Canada produces and the United States needs is nickel, of which Canada mines about seventy per cent and New Caledonia the rest.

Water power, pulp wood, asbestos, and nickel represent Canada's hold on the industrial affections of the United States. Of these commodities the Empire takes no water power, one eighth of the unmanufactured wood-products taken by the United States, three fifths of the nickel, and a negligible amount of asbestos.

Canada's industrial potentialities have never been even approximately assessed. As an example, however, we may consider the fact that alone among the countries of the world she has the raw materials of an immense iron and steel industry in such proximity that

no one of them needs to touch a freight car. Cape Breton Island has immense deposits of the finest and most easily workable steam and other coal situated on tidewater. Near it is limestone in adequate quantities. A short sea-journey away, also on tidewater, are unlimited supplies of Newfoundland iron ore.

Canada is dependent on the United States at the present time for tobacco and cotton, and to a smaller extent for petroleum and sugar. Both tobacco and beet sugar are raised — at present in small quantities — in Canada, but these cannot be called thriving industries.

It is perhaps an imbecile act for any country to seek industrial development if it can export its surplus population and keep those that stay at home in tolerable comfort. The modern world does not take that view, however, and Canada would be glad to see its surplus young French Canadians going to work in Canadian factories, since they will not become Western farmers, rather than migrating to work in New England factories. Migrate they do, however, and even if Ontario had the factories to absorb them it seems likely that they would still prefer the milder and more Roman Catholic environment of Massachusetts.

The political absorption of Canada by the United States is a possibility, and that is all that can be said. Sentiment is involved, and national sentiment operates according to no known laws. At present British sentiment is very strong in Canada. Sentiment in favor of annexation to the United States is more often professed for political purposes than actually held. The United States-born population of Canada is only something over four per cent. Sentiment will never turn Canada toward the United States, but if pro-British sentiment dies out, and the

Canadian becomes simply a Canadian, economic considerations might easily pave the way to his becoming an American.

At the moment, Americans are regarded in Canada as freaks, in just the same way as the Mid-Victorian Englishman was regarded on the Continent as more than a little mad. One has only to see the middle-aged American females who bob up in Montreal and Quebec in 'plus fours' and horn-rimmed spectacles, and the collarless curiosities that accompany them, to realize why. A country can ill afford to be advertised by its tourists. Generally speaking, however, Canadians are moving, in all the details of their social and economic life, away from British and toward American models. One can imagine — without being dogmatic about it — that a judicious mixture of the two cultures would in time make Canada the hub of the intellectual English-speaking — or, rather, English-writing — world. At present, however, Canada is getting more and more out of touch with British culture and more and more identified with North American culture — in a word, with United States culture.

Canadians will quite possibly resent the suggestion that under any circumstances they are likely to acquire any culture that is not distinctively Canadian. It is practically impossible, however, under modern conditions, for a new country to evolve an endemic civilization, no matter how peculiar its environment may be. Climatic conditions may make the Canadian as different from the Southern Californian or Texan as chalk from cheese, but it will not differentiate him from the people of Maine and Vermont and Wisconsin and the Dakotas and Washington. Nor is race important beyond a certain point. All the great civilizations of the world have sprung from the amalga-

mation of two races, but there is no instance of an important new civilization materially and tangibly contributed to by half a dozen at once. If there is to be a great Canadian nation it must be contributed to equally by Britain and by the United States. Even now these two peoples alone are exercising a decisive influence on Canada's culture, notwithstanding the fact that considerably less than half the Canadian population is of British extraction.

Identity of environment, proximity, and unity of commercial interest, all tend to efface the guinea stamp with the dollar mark in Canadian national life. Those who believe that the United States will sooner or later absorb Canada do so on the theory that facts are stronger than ideals, and that Canada, which is rapidly becoming Americanized in fact, is bound thereafter to become American in sentiment. They also assume that Britain will not within the next few years 'pull her socks up' and make a bold bid to keep Canada British, but will continue her traditional policy of cultivating her enemies and neglecting her friends.

Britain has ready to her hand two means of keeping Canada British: the extension of Imperial Preference to the point where it becomes in effect Imperial Protection, a substantial tariff-wall within which the self-contained Empire does business with itself to the exclusion of the foreigner; and the settlement in Canada of Britain's surplus population on a large and well-organized scale. Before considering these possibilities, however, we have to ask ourselves whether economic union with the United States really offers — in the absence of any counter-move by Britain — the substantial advantages to Canada that it is generally assumed to carry.

The question is a very complicated

one, and figures do not provide a solution. The United States, like Europe, is overindustrialized, and immigration has been curtailed. Moreover, there is a steady movement of the industrial population from the colder to the more temperate parts of North America, as witness the shifting of the cotton textile industry from Massachusetts to the Carolinas and the beginnings of industrial development in and around Los Angeles. Canada has any quantity of cheap water power and can draw from Europe an unlimited quantity of industrial workers. It would be hard, nevertheless, to point to a single Canadian industry that is at present prevented by American tariff restrictions from securing a big or substantially bigger foothold in the markets of the United States. Canadian agricultural products would benefit, but Canadian agriculture is restricted at the present time, not by lack of markets, but by lack of labor. On the other hand, it is possible to enumerate a number of infant but thriving Canadian industries that *are* being fostered by the Canadian tariff and would be lost to the United States the moment the customs barrier was lifted. For example, Canada in 1924 employed over eight thousand people in the manufacture of tobacco, seventy thousand in the production of clothing, and eighty-five thousand in the manufacture of industrial equipment. Much of this employment might be lost to the United States if the Canadian tariff bars were to be lowered.

More important is the question of pulp wood. This, if cut on Crownlands, must be manufactured in Canada. Otherwise it can be exported. The result is that Canada manufactures 70 per cent of the pulp wood cut and exports the other 30 per cent to the States. The percentage manufactured in Canada increases yearly, and before

long there will be nothing to prevent her from establishing a monopoly for all North America, not alone of wood pulp, but of paper also. Without artificial protection a much greater percentage of the pulp wood might be shipped to the States and manufactured there.

Those who think otherwise argue that the result of economic union would be to bring American brains and capital into Canada in a way that would result in Canada's not only holding what she now has but increasing her industrial products at the expense of the United States.

Two other factors must be considered. In favor of the economic union is the fact that all boundaries are a source of expense and all customs barriers an unmitigated nuisance. The instinct of Governments is to preserve both; the instinct of the citizen is to do away with them. Against the economic union is the fact that at any time Great Britain, now the consumer of an enormous quantity of Canadian agricultural produce, may go in for protection. Already Canada has done well out of Imperial Preference, for it has given her a virtual monopoly of the Australian automobile market. To have the free run or a strongly preferential run of the British cheese, butter, egg, bacon, and cattle market against present Danish, French, United States, and other competitors would be a tremendous thing. Add to that, as we may, a possible preference over United States and South American exporters of wheat and meat, as well as a preference over Baltic exporters of paper and paper pulp, and enormous vistas of Canadian development and Canadian prosperity are opened.

In the long run, Canadian development means more trained agriculturists — not a few more, but hundreds of thousands more — and the great capital

outlay required to settle them on an organized and lasting basis. Great Britain is the only country that can undertake this with advantage to herself as well as to Canada. There are a million and a half unemployed in Britain — many of them becoming rapidly unemployable — and this even though there are more in employment than before the war. The upkeep of these unemployed is costing the country many millions a year; their presence is demoralizing the employed workers. The actual unemployed are not in most cases of the stuff that Canadian farmers can be made of, but if a million of the right kind were shipped to Canada a hiatus would be formed into which the existing surplusage could be absorbed.

Two things are required. Great Britain would have to set up a number of large agricultural training schools for the intended emigrants and give them at least a year's thorough grounding in the principles and practice of scientific farming before sending them out to Canada. A scheme would have to be formulated to settle these agriculturists in village colonies of five hundred to a thousand, each with its cinemas, chapels, concert halls, playgrounds, and other media of social existence,

and with some organized industry giving the opportunity of profitable occupation during the months when there is no farming to be done. Then these settlers would 'stay put.' Otherwise they will simply dribble back to the cities and finally into the United States, or back to England, as so many do at present. To-day Canada loses two of her population in this way out of every five added to it. All this would cost a tremendous amount of money, but the sum would not be a third of the capital value of the sums now expended annually on unemployment relief.

A million immigrants of this class would do a lot to keep Canada British in habit and temperament. The idea is quite practical, but there are no signs that the next few years will evolve a British leader or party with the vision or determination to carry through a scheme of such magnitude. Successive British Governments are much more likely to go on treating Canada as a more or less useful but not-to-be-too-much-encouraged Cinderella until she is driven to contract, *faute de mieux*, a marriage of convenience with the wealthy and eligible fairy prince who dwells on the other side of the lake.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONFESSION OR NOT?

My father, at the age of twenty, was a fiery young Irishman with three great ambitions: to free Ireland, to abolish stupidity, and to be a great actor. He read omnivorously, studied poetry, literature, and languages passionately, and taught school while he studied law.

In his class, an eighth grade, a little blue-eyed, curly-headed girl, the daughter of a long line of New England Congregationalists and Methodists, took fire from his fire. Two years later, when she was sixteen and he twenty-two, they defied their respective families and were married.

As the children came — we were six — each branch of the family fearfully looked us over for horns and tails. My paternal grandmother bitterly regretted thinning the blood of 'the one true faith.' My maternal grandmother, whose ancestors burned witches and papists indiscriminately, loved us devotedly, but had a ready hereditary excuse for any childish deviltry we perpetrated. Aunts, uncles, and cousins were all honestly lined up on one side or the other and never found a common ground.

In the midst of this sectarian whirlpool my parents went their own way. They read, studied, recited poetry, and talked, talked, talked on every question that stirred city or country. At the age of four I listened to Free Silver until someone remembered to put me to bed. Personally I thought free silver would be very nice. From that age to this I have never failed to support some side of each question and some candi-

date in each election with enthusiasm.

We lived in the best part of the best ward and went to what was then known as the 'silk petticoat' school. With the advantage of trying to hold our own at the family table, we debated all the questions of the day in the schoolroom. It was n't an easy existence. We were the only 'nice' people who ever went to the Catholic Church, voted for Democrats, and believed in Woman's Rights.

I remember well how bitterly my older sister cried when she debated Free Trade and outpointed her stolid opponent on every phase of the question, and then the class voted twenty-seven to two against her.

I myself was only seven when a big ten-year-old boy at dancing-school knocked my bonbons all over the floor because I said saloons should go. His father was a mighty brewer and the brewery now makes candy, but there never was stronger feeling on the prohibition question than on that day. It took the dancing-master and two very embarrassed mothers to separate us. Contrary to all the rules of the feminine game, I did n't cry over my candy, but proceeded to trip him up in the latest approved fashion.

My Irish grandmother marshaled us all to a children's Mass each Sunday at eight-thirty. We loved the ceremony, the candles, the incense, and dear old Father McGill.

My Methodist grandmother picked us up at ten o'clock and took us to Sunday School. We loved to sing lustily, to recite Bible verses, to listen to Bible stories, which we acted out in the afternoon. We loved dear old

Mr. Trueman, a saintly soul whom we called Father Time because of his venerable long white beard.

My Irish grandmother was little and quick. She wore her decent black silk and her bit of a bonnet with an air. 'The life,' she would say, 'of an old hat is the cock of it.'

'Now don't be crying,' she would say to one of us. 'Think shame to yourself. What will the wee good people be thinking?'

'The wee good people' were a species of canny little fairy who sat about under the leaves and danced in fairy rings o' nights, and who knew if you were afraid of the dark, or forgot your prayers. They would point their fingers at you and laugh at you. They knew things about you that you would n't even tell Grandmother Gordon, so it behooved you to steer a straight course.

'Grandma Gordon,' said my brother one day, 'if 't is wicked not to go to church of a Sunday, how about my daddy?'

'Now, glory be to God, will you listen to the likes of that!' answered she. 'Your father is a grown man and a good man. Say your prayers now that you may be as good.'

My Methodist grandmother was a big, capable woman. She was the one with the hospitable cookie-jar and the big platter of molasses candy. She took care of us when we skinned our knees or had measles. No fairies spied on us when she was about, but a long line of exceptionally upright ancestors did.

'No Emerson ever tells a lie,' was her forthright way of restraining us. Fibs were not in her vocabulary.

'An Emerson washes behind her ears,' was a remark often needed.

'Grandma Emerson,' I said one time, 'all the Emersons go to church except mother. Why does n't she?'

'My dear,' she answered, 'your mother is an unusually good woman.' And for some reason I felt reassured.

The grandmothers grew to be great friends. With the six of us they had inexhaustible material for finding and appropriating family traits.

We were a fleet-footed crew, so we won races when Grandmother Emerson took us to the Methodist Sunday School picnic. With great impartiality we repeated our conquests when Grandmother Gordon took us to the Holy Rosary picnic. The year the two picnics fell on the same day the second, fourth, and sixth went with Grandmother Emerson — for she was the better hand at taking care of the baby — and the first, third, and fifth went with Grandmother Gordon. We came the nearest to having a religious argument in the family when we discussed the respective merits of the picnics that night. We signed a peace treaty when my father threatened not to take us to the Irish picnic the next Saturday if we did n't go to sleep.

I think the polite rivalry of the grandmothers each Sunday was a source of great enjoyment to our parents. This competition gave them a chance to talk uninterruptedly for a whole morning.

My father, who was a lawyer, a district attorney, and a judge, and my mother, who raised and educated six children on the rather meagre salaries which go with these offices of honor and distinction, never did finish talking. They had been married thirty years when my father died. My mother was left with so many wide interests, so many vivid points of contact with the world, that after a year or so, during the war, she found herself again in service to the city. I think, though, that she is putting by topics in her mind to talk over when they meet.

During these years of growing up I

never remember my parents going to church but once. A Baptist preacher, a close friend, had urged them to come to hear a particularly fine sermon he had prepared. During their absence my brother broke his arm and my sister ran a crochet hook in her finger. My parents arrived home from church just after the second doctor left, and they found a very wan little family. That night I urged mother never to go to church again, because we expected her home when we got there, and besides, she did n't need it anyway. 'Grandmother Emerson said so.'

We went a controversial way through school and college. We were forced, because of our intimate acquaintance with both sides of what was then a most debatable question, to be on the other side always.

After a heated argument one group of friends would say:—

'Well, of course you are sort of Catholic, but you are different,' meaning to be complimentary.

'The black Protestant in you has done you no harm,' would be the final statement in another argument just as heated.

I think I was twelve when I explained at home that people did n't really talk about religion — 'they just got mad.'

'T would save a deal of bitterness if the world recognized that,' said my father.

So now when I hear a good K. K. K., who was once an A. P. A., and who has never known Father McGill and never had an Irish grandmother, explain the mysterious menace of the Church, I think of Uncle John. Uncle John, the youngest and dearest son of my Grandmother Gordon. Uncle John, an Annapolis man, who gave up a loved career in tireless devotion to an invalid wife. Uncle John, who writes poetry with a mixture of brogue, senti-

ment, mystery, and religion, but with a lovely lilt to some of it. Uncle John, who says his long Latin prayers with a sort of slow, melodious chant.

And when the Protestant churches are berated as social centres, as places where argument replaces faith, 'when, by accepting, one could be so content with God,' I think of Aunt Deborah. Aunt Deborah, who sacrificed her own life to be with her mother. Aunt Deborah, who works with little Poles, or Indians, or Mexicans, and wastes no time mourning over their sometimes temporary conversions. Aunt Deborah, who earnestly and devoutly each day addresses God in the somewhat chatty fashion of the Methodist revivalist.

My own religious convictions? Oh, yes. They are the fundamental things I learned from my Irish grandmother on the way to Mass, and which my Methodist grandmother emphasized on the way to Sunday School, and which my parents practised at home: Believe in God, believe in prayer, tell the truth, shame the Devil, and don't whine.

WE ASK YOU!

JIM is a nice boy with a strong natural urge toward the arts — one of that large appreciative class happy in the artistic temperament, if sometimes puzzled by its sterility. However, he is conscientious and faithful, and had been much excited at getting a position with Kueller and Company, the art dealers, evidently regarding it as having large potential possibilities. But he had lost his job.

'I opened the window and the air blew in on their exhibition of modern art,' he said ruefully.

It seems that the dealers had arranged the show of the season, a traveling collection of modern-school French painting, and at the same time had

complacently offered part of the gallery for an exhibition of the work of the younger children of the public schools of the city. The whole thing had been a great success. Everyone had come to look. The papers had spoken with proper discernment of the powerful, if provocative, work of the contemporary masters, and of the amusing, naïve work of the kiddies.

But one day Jim left a window open, and with one puff of wind the pleasant entente was over: the great and the little fell foul of each other as sketches and labels were strewn about. The works of the Modern French School and of the Harding Grammar School were inextricably mixed. Of course, Jim said, it seemed an easy task to sort them, and the sorting went smoothly enough until the first breath of suspicion cast its doubt over two sketches of nudes. One was known to be 'A Study,' by Rodin, and one was known to be 'Seen at the Beach,' by Minnie Schultz. They were alarmingly alike. The clerks took sides as to which was which of the extraordinary females, each merely outlined in pencil and with only a couple of washes — from Minnie and Auguste, not the ocean.

The confusion was increased when no less an authority than Mr. Kueller himself picked out as the Rodin the one the others were all finally agreed was a Schultz. Then the old man snatched away and hung carefully in the centre of the south wall, with the gilt label 'Cézanne,' the picture of a green girl, with one eye, leading a bale of hay, which young Mr. Kueller told Jim to hang on the school wall with the label, 'Mabel Hascam, aged nine years.' During this straightening-out process, although the doors were closed, a small child managed to leak in somehow and, pointing to the picture labeled 'South Sea Islander — Gauguin,' took what he was sucking from his mouth and

lisped stolidly, 'I done that — it's Pocahontas and the Indians.' Jim said that Kueller, distraught as he was, would have strangled the child if there had n't been witnesses.

'The fruit pieces,' said Jim, 'were the worst. There were four almost alike. Matisse and Van Googh had done two — we knew that — and Annie Bloomfield and Ed Jigger had done two, we were quite sure. The big one, with the butterfly on the banana, Mr. Kueller said he could see by the breadth of treatment, and the nice feeling for tactile values, had come from the brooding brush of Matisse, but Ed Saunders, the janitor, said flatly that it had had "Annie Bloomfield, Class III" on it when it came.

'Well, things calmed down after a while and got straightened out pretty well — though they insisted on calling the picture of the old brick high school "Cadiz Bay — Picasso" — and would 'a' been all right if they had n't sold the "Study by Rodin" to Mr. Hoffer, president of the Kiwanis Club, for \$5000.'

'Why, was n't it a Rodin?'

'It was not — it was a Minnie Schultz.'

'Did Ed Hoffer discover it?'

'No — but old man Schultz did. And when he found they'd sold Minnie's picture for \$5000 he naturally wanted to know where he — and Minnie — came in, and he sued 'em, and when Ed Hoffer found out he'd paid \$5000 for a Schultz, he sued 'em.'

'He did n't know before that he'd got a second-class article?'

'Oh, it was n't second-class — Minnie was in the First Class, all right. As for me, who opened the windows and caused all the trouble, they fired me.'

'They did n't believe in letting a breath of fresh air in on modern art?'

'No, sir, and you can't blame 'em. I leave it to you — if the labels get mixed, how's anybody going to tell?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

George Byron Gordon is the Director of the University Museum of Philadelphia, whose field expedition in collaboration with the experts from the British Museum has been since 1922 uncovering Ur of the Chaldees, the city where Abraham lived and whence he started on the pilgrimage which his descendants have not yet completed. ¶Liquor is to-day the most advertised product in the United States, and if there is anything in the American idea of publicity every citizen is consciously or unconsciously occupied with the complex question of Prohibition. **Dr. Frederick Ernest Johnson**, Executive Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, conducted the most impressive investigation to which the Volstead Act has been subjected. Beside his conclusions we place those of **Morton P. Fisher**, for nearly three years a Federal district attorney of Baltimore. **J. B. S. Haldane** is the Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge, with a war record of the utmost daring. Mr. Haldane has won in these last years a reputation as brilliant as that of any young chemist of Europe. He is a nephew of Lord Haldane, late Chancellor of the Exchequer. **André Maurois**, who is coming to America this winter, wrote and published *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* during the war, and *Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady*, *Ariel*, *Dialogues sur le Commandement*, since. His latest manuscript, the half-ludicrous and wholly charming love-story of young Goethe, was begun in our January number and is concluded in this. The delicate task of translation has been well done by Mr. George L. Howe of Providence.

* * *

Louis I. Dublin, chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, meets with eloquent facts and figures the arguments of the advocates of birth control, and meets them squarely with their chosen weapons from the arsenal of modern science.

284

¶A Chicagoan of three generations, **Mrs. Louise de Koven Bowen** has grown up with the city and has long been identified with its social and civic progress and with its pleasantest society. ¶From Pembrokeshire **Wilfrid Gibson** sent us his verses, so full of sensibility to poetic things and to the still deeper affections of the human heart. ¶The wife of a naval officer, **Carol Haynes** has followed her husband 'east coast, west coast, all around the world.' 'When not engaged in meeting ships,' she writes, 'checking baggage, or settling for a short while in house or hotel, I have been writing poetry. "Travails with a Donkey" is my first attempt in prose.' ¶In the present agitation over the control of crime **John Barker Waite** utters some cautioning truths. In his own experience Mr. Waite has seen why the arm of the law can seldom strike home.

* * *

Not thirty leagues from Broadway **William Beebe** proved that there were queerer fish in the sea than ever men lied about. ¶The irreconciliation of social and spiritual gospels, which since 1914 has distressed many Liberals, is described by an Anonymous minister in terms of poignant sincerity. **Richard Le Gallienne** is a versatile Englishman long resident among us, distinguished for his verse and prose as well as for his portrait by the incomparable Max. **Edmund Wilson**, a Princeton graduate, has found many subjects for lively criticism and conversation since his coming to New York City. ¶A member of the most traveled nation in the world, **Alan Sullivan** finds in his wanderings the bright and elusive threads for an admirable yarn. ¶For three and a half years **Judith Sceva** taught English in Tsing Hua College of Peking. We quote the following from her recent letter:—

It's a bit startling, upon being called to account to you, to discover that my career consists of a

long list of unrelated, futile, and sometimes uncomfortable items, — a journey by steerage, a job in a cigar factory, for examples, — each to no better purpose than to enable me to 'see what it's like.'

For that reason, which appears to have been the ruling motive of my past, I went to China five years ago. Out of three and a half years there, I like best to remember such moments as those recorded in the sketches. I did n't mention, therefore, in connection with the journey on the Grand Canal, that we lay at night between rows of incense — sacrificial offerings that we were — while a cloud of fierce and hungry mosquitoes waited above for a stick of incense to burn down, to be about their dreadful business. Neither did I remark how we bumped our heads to vertigo on the lintel of the cabin door, whose pigmy proportions we could seldom quite appraise. Nor how our journey's supply of butter melted all over the deck. After all, these are the things one easily forgets.

Farmer, editor, and author by turns, **Arthur Pound** lives in the Hudson Valley, is an associate editor of the *Independent*, and is the author of *The Iron Man in Industry*.

* * *

Arnold J. Toynbee, the author of a Survey of 1924 for the British Committee of International Affairs, visited this country last summer to take part in the Williams-town Institute of Politics and later to lecture at the invitation of the Lowell Institute. ¶ A Wisconsin dirt farmer, **Glenn W. Birkett** acquired with his land an old account-book beginning in 1882, which has proved a valuable source for disproving certain accepted theories. ¶ In an illuminating visit to Canada last autumn **C. H. Bretherton**, an editor of the *London Morning Post*, was moved to write about the future of that vast and wealthy Dominion.

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We wish that this letter may be widely read. We would sincerely eradicate the impression that the *Atlantic* does not believe in the single-minded and beautiful devotion of most evangelists. Occasionally we do permit ourselves to doubt whether the results of certain missionary work are what many people like to believe. Yet, as in all such issues, full justice must be done to the good on either side.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read you faithfully every month, and I notice letters at the back of you in modest fine print. I would like to be one of these.

I don't like your articles on evangelism. I like everything else, but almost every religious article hits evangelism hard and paints a portrait of an impossible evangelist. This is n't fair, and I have a right to portray my experience.

I am the daughter of an evangelist, and I married the son of an evangelist. To be sure, they were both pioneers in this field, and their type may be rare. However, the public should know that it does exist.

My own father was a prosperous business-man in Chicago. When he resigned from the Elgin Watch Company, the head of the company offered to double his salary if he would stay. My father then had a wife and two children, but he held firmly to his conviction that he had been called to be an evangelist, and from that time until his death he lived a life of absolute faith. He never allowed money to be spoken of in connection with his work. He took what God sent him and we never lacked for the necessities of life. Once in Ireland those in charge of his mission insisted upon taking a collection each night to defray expenses. This so grieved my father as a token of weak faith that he refused to accept a penny when he left that place after two weeks of preaching three times a day. There was an interesting sequel to this. When I was married a marvelous box of linen came from this committee in Ireland, with a message to the effect that they would be even with my father if I would accept this token of love for him as a wedding gift.

My father had a 'passion for souls,' which is the requisite for every true evangelist. Every man, woman, or child whom he met at dinner, or traveling, or in meetings, was to him an immortal soul, needing his Saviour. The love of God was shed abroad in him by the Holy Ghost. It looked out of his face; it impelled his every action and word. He was never greater than during his last three years of terrible physical pain. Often he would have callers who believed in faith healing, and my father, a man of prayer, would have but one answer: 'My brother, it takes more faith to suffer and believe that God loves you than to claim your healing.'

The last time the family gathered about his bed to partake of the communion he said: 'While you are all here with me I want to give you my testimony. I have never once doubted God's love for me.' Only those who had witnessed these years of his terrible agony could realize the power of his words.

I watched him like a cat all my early years. I proved him to be absolutely sincere and humble.

For him, to live was Christ. He was always willing to apologize to his children when in the wrong, and so we never stumbled over him. 'I am sorry I spoke to you in anger. My Master would not do that. Will you forgive me?' These are words which spoke to my childhood of the power of God.

There will be many in Heaven because of his faithful living and preaching a Saviour's love.

My father-in-law was better known, though he could not be a better man. They were devoted friends and co-workers. It is true they were pioneers, and that since their day hundreds of evangelists have been made who possibly were not 'called' to give up lucrative positions and live by faith. Yet what I wish your readers might know is that there are still evangelists of power and sincerity.

In our small village we have just experienced a week with such a man. Our whole village has been stirred by a supernatural power. As Dr. Newton says in his article, in the December *Atlantic*, they have been making the discovery that religion is actually true and that to neglect it is for the race to perish. From every direction one hears appeals for a revival. Why, then, cast any disparagement over the medium for revivals whom God has used for that purpose since the world was — the evangelist?

MARY W. MOODY

* * *

Here is an identical education fostering two widely divergent creeds.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was born and reared in a county adjacent to the one in which Mr. Calkins, the author of 'The Natural History of a Soul,' spent his youth. In a near-by denominational college was received a training which has aided me in making a living, and contacts were formed which strengthened and enriched my character.

Many of the experiences of which he tells were duplicated in my life, but with entirely different reactions. While they left him uncertain as to whether there is a God or a future life, they built up in me a very definite and sustaining faith in a Power that is directing the universe, and a confidence that the best that is in humanity will go on living and developing throughout eternity.

The homely little churches, the revival meetings, and the Bands of Hope were a conserving force that has made these Middle-West communities good places in which to rear families and has produced men and women who are a stabilizing force in the midst of the unrest to-day.

M. C.

Faust and damnation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There was very much to interest me in your issue of November, particularly the article by Earnest Elmo Calkins, entitled 'The Natural History of a Soul.'

Just before leaving far-off Bucharest, where I had been for the past four years as an attaché of the American Legation, I beguiled one lonely evening in setting down the following — from my own experience: —

Are there any limits to what a boy can be made to suffer by an ancestry compounded of approximately equal parts of Dutch Puritan, Scotch Covenanter, and Irish Primitive Methodist ancestry? I am not denying that there are also benefits and satisfactions — these show themselves much later. I am now speaking of the boy himself, as a boy.

It was a dreary, dour creed to which we were bidden to subscribe, and might have been summarized something like this: All natural desires are wrong and must be suppressed.

I recall an occasion when my young soul, though 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' showed that it had dynamite enough to explode under pressure. For a Christmas present I had received a large fine new writing-slate and pencil. How I yearned to use them! But Christmas that year had come on Sunday and, though our presents had been given out that day, we were not permitted to enjoy them. Sunday morning at ten o'clock all the older folks were at divine service. I had been excused only because I had a sore throat. As the moments slipped by, the temptation finally became too strong to be withstood. I must write on that slate. I marched to the door of the room in which lay that precious slate. Then I paused. The game must be played fairly. My training prompted me that the Power about to be flouted must be warned. That was only fair and just. Therefore I paused. Then I saluted and spoke, firmly, if somewhat fearfully: 'Now, God, I'm going to do it!'

The joy — forbidden, sinful joy — was worth the price. Moreover — a break had been made. I was never in quite the same fear afterward lest thunder and lightning might follow upon a violation of the Sabbath-keeping regulations.

One outstanding feature of my religious life in early days was its very partisan and sectarian character. The boys of my set were all bitterly anti-Catholic. The young Catholic boys of the neighborhood, of course, were just as anti-Protestant. Both sides must have afforded the community a very unlovely exhibition of the beauties of Christlikeness.

My grandfather was horrified when I told him

that I had been to service in one of the beautiful Roman Catholic churches of the neighborhood. On the other hand, I recall vividly how one day, when I had succeeded in persuading an Irish boy friend (less bigoted than his parents) to go with me to a Methodist Sunday School, his people came near to disowning him. He told me the priest had imposed a severe penance. How times have changed!

Incidentally, I must not neglect to record how thankful I have always been to my stern grandfather (the Scotch-Irish Puritan aforesaid) for having compelled me to learn by heart long passages of Scripture. During the years from eight to fifteen I committed to memory almost one half of the English Bible.

In my boyhood our Sundays were very sombre periods. Six times during that 'Day of Rest' we were conducted (I had almost said driven) to religious services: —

- 9:30 — Sunday School
- 10:30 — Morning Preaching
- 12:00 — Class Meeting
- 2:30 — Temperance Meeting
- 5:00 — Epworth League
- 8:00 — Evening Preaching

Besides these, there was midweek prayer meeting and Christian Endeavor meeting.

For seven long years this programme was adhered to rigidly. Then the weariness of the flesh began to react on the spirit. Vague feelings of dissatisfaction, of imprisonment, arose in me.

The end came when, at twenty years of age, I was a 'Steward' of the Methodist Church in one of what were then suburbs of New York — now in the greater metropolis. It was actually proposed to bring me to trial — with expulsion as the penalty — for attending a performance of grand opera. I had heard and seen *Faust*. Human nature rebelled. I withdrew from the Church. And this event was my intellectual and (I say it reverently) my spiritual emancipation.

I traveled much; I visited many of the holy places of the world — Palestine, Greece, Rome. I saw the cathedrals, the mosques, the synagogues, all the temples and shrines of men's faith and aspiration. In all I found God — meaning by God the embodiment of the highest, finest, and most lofty conceptions of which the human soul is capable.

I do not know what is the meaning of the extraordinary changes in our morale as a race which have come about since the Great War. As a man of fifty, I fear some of them greatly. But we are, at least, more frank and less hypocritical and petty than we were when I was a boy.

Very truly yours,
LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

A prettily turned compliment from Mr. Arthur Peter of Louisville.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE DECEMBER ATLANTIC

Print more verse with a lilt, and rhymes
With a swing of words we understand;
And tho' such form's behind the times
It's more enjoyed than the later brand.

Put in one for the highbrow crowd,
All blank verse and blank impassioned;
'T is all, we think, should be allowed,
For most of us are still old-fashioned.

'Hakluyt Unpurchased' fills the bill —
Good old verse with no uplift.
It makes us glad to welcome still
Atlantic for our Christmas gift!

* * *

Dr. Walcott, the professor from the Middle West who attended one of the Margery séances at Cambridge, feels that his part in the proceeding was incorrectly described. Dr. Walcott is a sincere investigator. We are glad to print important excerpts from his letter and to ask the reader to remember that the 'impulse' which he acknowledges below was — despite its annoyance of Walter — instrumental in solving the problem of Margery's 'teleplasmic arm.'

HAMLIN UNIVERSITY
ST. PAUL, MINN.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC,
DEAR SIR: —

In your issue for November 1925 is an article by Mr. Hudson Hoagland entitled 'Science and the Medium,' which unwarrantably impeaches my integrity. . . .

On page 675, left-hand column, the writer says: 'Now it so happened that the visitor from the Middle West had, during the course of the evening, said certain things that greatly annoyed Walter, though he had come with the understanding that he would not deliberately offend Walter or the Crandons.' The term 'deliberately' is wholly unwarranted. . . .

In regard to blowing the so-called 'doughnut,' I will say that I did so the first time wholly impulsively, without any deliberate intent, and then stopped, fearing that I might have violated my pledge, but later repeated the attempt, urged on by those sitting near me and by the medium herself, as I think the dictagraph will show. . . .

Very truly yours,
GREGORY D. WALCOTT

What 'Good Business' cannot buy.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It hardly seems probable that the banker in 'Good Business' of the November issue died from shock, for the article contains nothing really new, although the facts as stated cannot be denied. Yet, anyone familiar with the real values of life knows that there are some compensations which are above even 'Good Business' and which money cannot buy.

The banker did not talk Horace with his English butler, nor did he put into the hands of his head chauffeur his rare collection of early editions. He paid them each a salary for services rendered. There was, on the other hand, a non-negotiable bond between the banker and 'the humble instructor' which was tied up with the genial wit and lyric grace of a poet.

As I write this, I am on a train which is bearing me away from a university town, where for eighteen hours I have seen the culture and the charm that 'Good Business' can never buy. The contacts reach out from that quiet, scholarly group of people to the ends of the earth; and the international, understanding minds, which will some day save 'Good Business' and America, are there being developed and conserved.

* * *

N. P.

In all fairness to other *Atlantic* contributors who may go tramping, we publish this warning from the Shotgun Belt.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

DEAR EDITOR: —

Permit me to call attention to the article of one Paul Ernest Anderson in the December issue of the *Atlantic*, entitled 'Tramping with Yeggs.'

In the concluding paragraph of his article Mr. Anderson states, 'In the end, perhaps, only darkest and most backward Arkansas will be left as his (the tramp yegg's) sole hunting-ground.'

This statement is so misleading that one comes to suspect that the whole article is rather worthless; nevertheless I feel it must not pass unchallenged.

For the information of Mr. Anderson and his yeggs, it is a fact substantiated by the insurance

companies that there are fewer bank-robberies in Arkansas than in most of the states of the Union, New England excepted. Moreover, the records of these companies are more likely to be precise than are the statements of any of Mr. Anderson's associates. It is well to note here, for the benefit of Mr. Anderson's friends, that in practically all the cases of bank-robbery, whether daylight or yegg method, the criminals have been apprehended and are now serving sentences of from twenty-five years to life duration.

Mr. Anderson would impress his readers that the knights of nitroglycerin are accustomed to hold the entire population of 'yokels' at bay by simply firing a few shots over the heads of the citizenry, which reduces them infallibly to a state of abject terror. I wonder if Mr. Anderson ever read the story of the Siloam Springs Bank robbery?

Yes, Mr. Anderson, this is the Bible Belt — but it is also the Shotgun Belt.

Yours sincerely,

J. P. FISHER

* * *

Here is a challenge for someone who understands Einstein.

SIR!

I beg to report the finding of geometric explanation of *why* twice two is four.

I use 'positive geometry and logic' originated entirely by myself, after thirty-two years of effort.

By results of this finding, I offer to disqualify the current 'Theory of Relativity' which I understand to be postulated by one Einstein as a universal condition; such disqualification to be accomplished in not more than two hours, before a competent jury.

I shall criticize or suggest nothing; the jury is to make its own conclusions.

Being without education whatsoever, I command no scientific credit whatsoever.

Reasons for disqualification of the 'theory' are unprecedented and of utmost importance to future actual civilization of mankind in general and of white race in particular.

Your good offices or return of this letter with or without comment are requested by,

Yours truly,

R. A. SEDLACEK